PENTHOUSE

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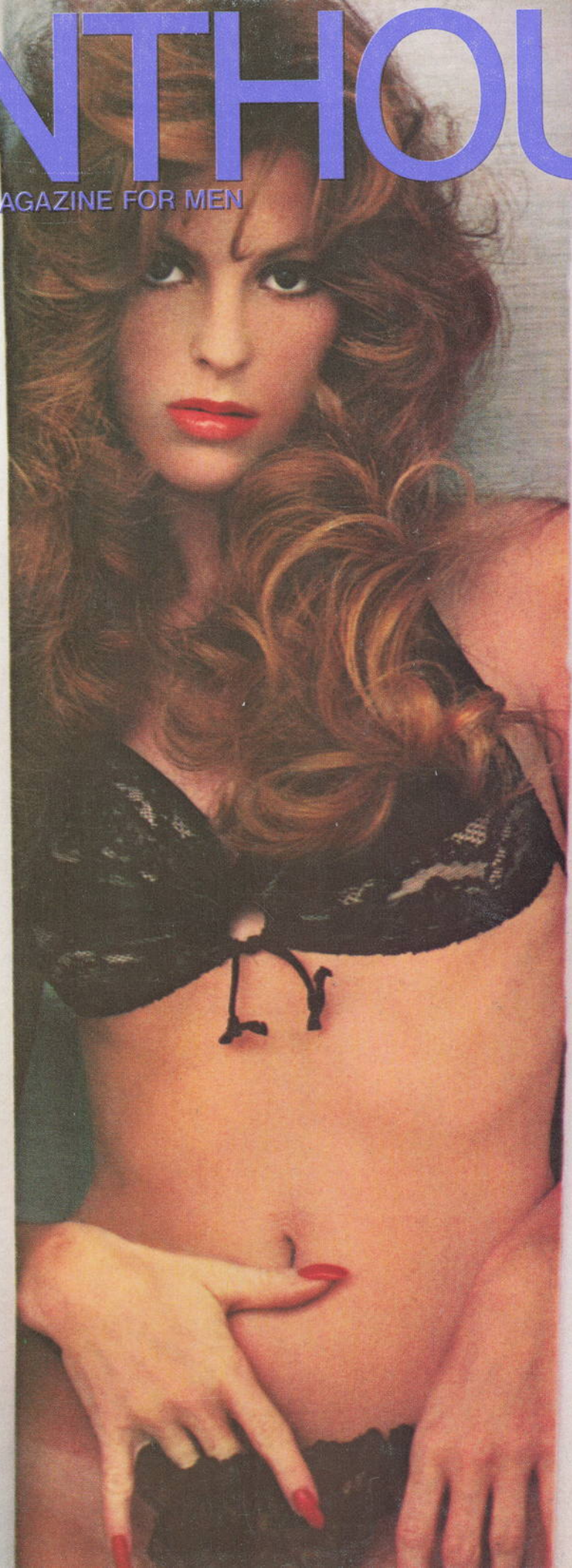
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1976 $1.50



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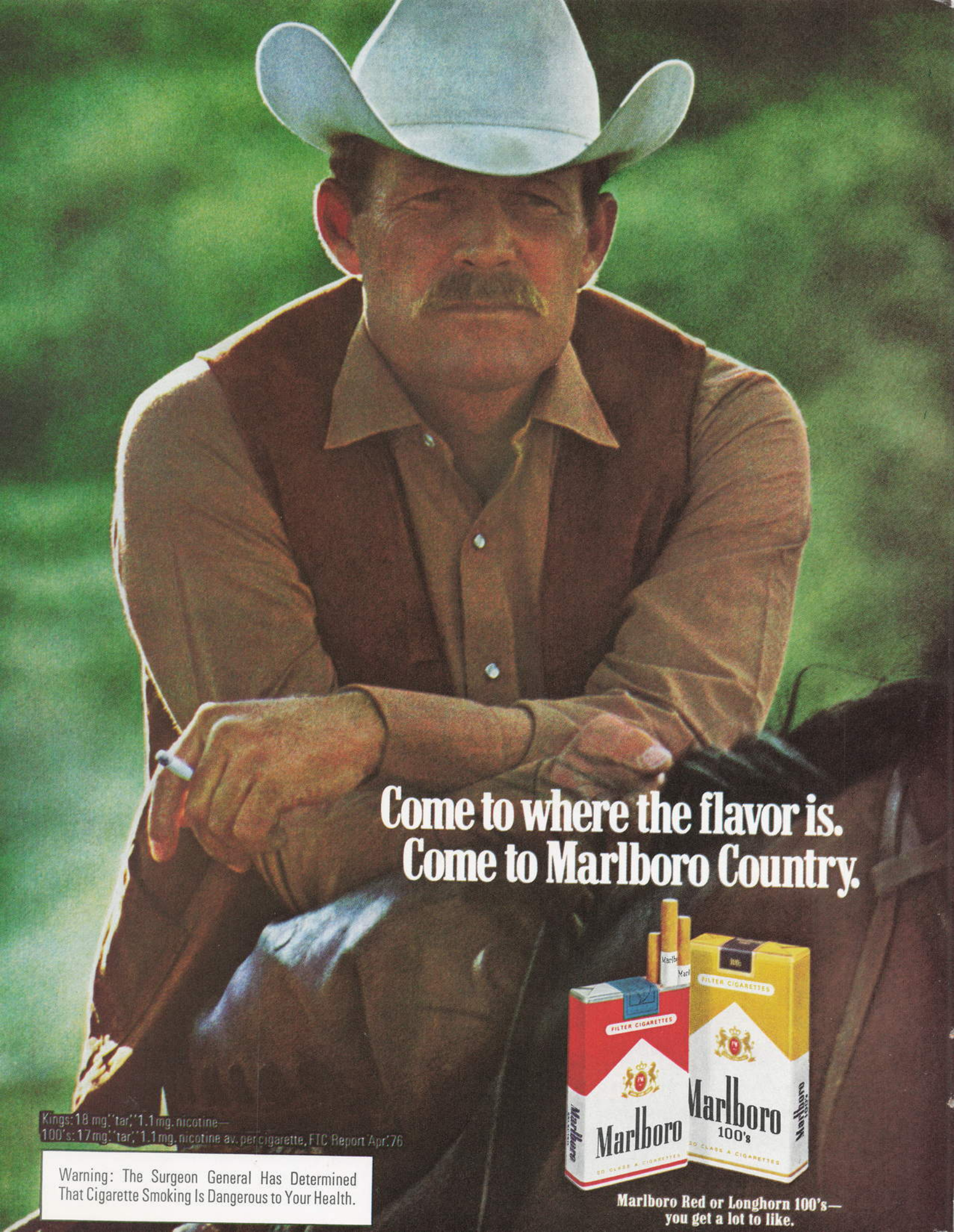
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PENTHOUSE

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What makes the Volkswagen Rabbit a winner?

Just about everything.

No other car will give you the combination of economy, performance and interior roominess that you'll find in a Rabbit.

What about economy? 39 miles per gallon on the highway, 25 miles per gallon in the city.

These are the highly impressive EPA estimates of what the Rabbit got with standard transmission in the 1976 EPA tests.

(The mileage you get can vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.)

What about performance?

We didn't name it the Rabbit for nothing.

You're propelled from 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds.

At that range, a Datsun B-210 is 60% slower than our Rabbit.†

Roominess?

As Road & Track put it: "Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable."

87% of the space in the car is devoted to functional room. That means the Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some "mid-sized" cars.

Open the large Hatchback, put the rear seat down, and you have more luggage space than in the trunk of a Cadillac Fleetwood.

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Performance.
Roominess.

There's only one car that can give you the best of all three worlds.

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†Agbabian Associates test results. © Volkswagen of America.

IT'S THE RABBIT

THE TAPE THAT FOR MOST

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

It's not difficult to make tape.

What is difficult is making great tape. Tape that's absolutely quiet, has no dropouts, is free of distortion and covers the entire audio spectrum flawlessly.

We've found the only way to make that kind of tape.

First, we only use the best quality materials. (Not only the best polyester, but even the best screws, hubs and pressure pads.)

Second, we're very careful.

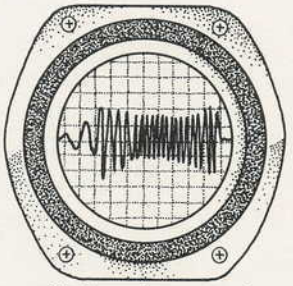
Nothing gets into our tape until it's been tested out.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed. (Yes, vacuumed. From the top of his head to the soles of his shoes.)

Unlike most tapemakers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of

Every employee, vacuumed.



We know how good our tape will sound because we've listened to it.

every Maxell tape for magnetic characteristics, frequency response, noise, dropouts, sensitivity. Then we listen to it: totally blank, unrecorded tape.

(And if we hear anything, you never get to hear the tape.)

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end. From tape to tape. From year to year. Wherever you buy it.

It's also the reason why you can't buy three Maxell tapes in a plastic bag for a dollar.

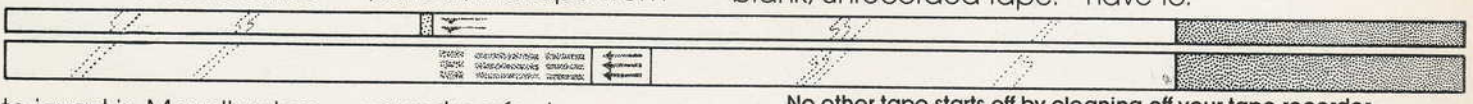
We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Many people don't realize it, but a cassette is actually a part of a tape recorder's drive mechanism.

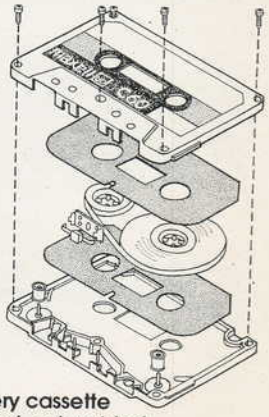
So we make our cassettes better than we have to.



No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

So they'll take years of abuse, we put more polystyrene in our shells than other companies. For precision, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than the standards call for.

And we spot-check over 200 separate spots on our cassette shells



Every cassette screwed, not welded.

'S TOO GOOD EQUIPMENT.

before we release them.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material. And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

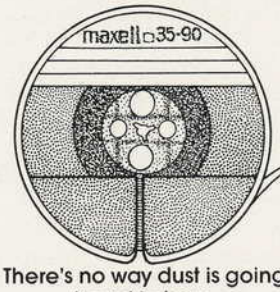
A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette. They act like steel reinforcing rods. (They also give you a way to get inside in the event that you ever need to.)

And before any cassette gets a Maxell label, it gets hit with a heat and humidity test that you couldn't tolerate. This is to make sure you'll never get stuck with a Maxell cassette that sticks.

Our $7.50 tape comes with a better take-up reel than most $400 tape recorders.

There are those who buy their first reel of Maxell tape just to get their recorder a better take-up reel.

That's because we've put more time, effort and polystyrene into our reels than other companies. Which has made our reel stronger, more rigid and less likely to warp



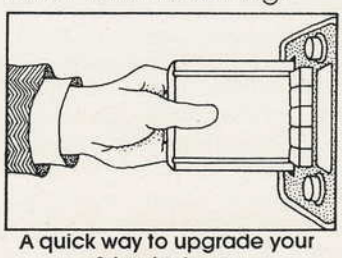
There's no way dust is going to get in here.

than others.

Also, unlike other take-up reels, ours has no holes in it. This not only keeps dust from getting on our tape, it keeps the tape more accurately centered on the reel.

Our 8-track tape can get more performance out of any 8-track player.

We've found that many of our 8-track tapes end up in underpowered 8-track automobile players. So our top-of-the-line 8-track cartridges come with high-output tape. It has a bigger signal, and a better high end than any other 8-track tape. Which means any 8-track player you put it in will put out a higher sound level, at a lower volume setting.



A quick way to upgrade your 8-track player.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

We figure, if you've invested in the kind of equipment that can properly use our tape, you're not apt to misuse it.

So anytime you ever have a problem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds at your nearby audio dealer. (Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)

Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, N.J. 07074

MARK GOODMAN

BEN SCHEMMER

ERIC LAX

SAL NAPOLITANO AND JIM MITTEAGER

HOUSECALL

Among the many lessons of Vietnam—the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time for the wrong reasons—was the fact that almost everything which happened during that era of wretched excess was the very opposite of what it seemed. It was a looking-glass war with Orwellian overtones. Murderers of civilians were hailed as heroes. Villages were destroyed in order to be "saved." One of the most bizarre excursions through the looking glass was the "heroic" mission by United States commandos to rescue American POWs from the Son Tay prison camp.

In fact, as **Ben Schemmer** has learned, the raid on Son Tay, riddled as it was with incompetence and blundering, resulted in the slaying of some 200 Russian or Chinese soldiers—*which* remains a mystery—and brought the United States closer to a direct confrontation with Russia than has any other incident since the Cuban Missile Crisis. In this month's *Penthouse*, Schemmer, who is editor of *Armed Forces Journal*, gives us a riveting blow-by-blow account of the assault in "The Raid." His article is adapted from his forthcoming book of the same title (published by Harper & Row). If you needed more evidence to convince you how mindless the war for the "hearts and minds" of the Vietnamese really was, here it is.

Schemmer himself leads a comparatively peaceful life in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C., with his eighteen-year-old son. Skin diving, skydiving, golfing, and flying the latest military aircraft supply whatever thrills he needs.

Of course, while it is true that those who fail to learn from history are condemned to repeat their errors, it's equally true in the twentieth century that those who fail to plan for the future are likely to wind up without any future at all. One man who is very much involved with a highly probable future is **Gerard O'Neill**, a scientist at Princeton University. His current project is the promotion, development, and construction of gigantic orbiting space colonies. Farfetched as the idea may sound, O'Neill—in this month's exclusive *Penthouse* interview by **Jim Mitteager** and **Sal Napolitano**—explains why space colonies may be the only long-range method of solving the apocalyptic problems posed by earth's overpopulation and pollution. And, as O'Neill points out, this project can be realized with technology that either now exists or will be available by the early 1980s. Far from being some time-warped Buck Rogers fantasy, colonies orbiting in space with more than 10,000 people may well be a reality by the millennium.

One thing that may not be around by the year 2000, though, is the Olympics. As **Mark Goodman** tells us in "The Olympics Racket," this year's sports spectacle in Montreal may well mark the finish line for a tradition that began as a pure idea in one man's mind but has now become a focus of world terrorism, cheating, brawling, and nationalistic competition as keen as that found in the social, political, or economic arena. Goodman, who covered sports and films for *Time* magazine for six years and now freelances in New York City, has held the Olympic ideal up to actual practice. He believes that unless sweeping reforms are implemented, the chances for a 1980 Olympics are slim indeed.

And looking at fiction, **Robert Coover** is a name to watch. He is considered one of the most promising and innovative talents to arrive on the literary scene during the last decade, and his first novel (*The Origin of the Brunists*, Putnam) won the William Faulkner Award. Later books and plays have brought him even more distinction. "Lucky Pierre and the Cold-Water Flat" marks Coover's first appearance in the pages of *Penthouse*. He lives in England with his wife and three children and has just finished another novel, *The Public Burning of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*.

Also making his debut in *Penthouse* is **D. G. Bredes**, whose short story "You and the Cool, Cool Kitty" demonstrates his sharp ability to turn a phrase and stoke a fantasy. For any reader who has ever had a crush on a teacher, or for any teacher who has harbored a secret (or not-so-secret) desire for a student, Bredes's tale of jealousy, lust, and possession will have the ring of truth. Although Bredes already has one novel in print (*Hard Feelings*, Atheneum), the role of a contemporary novelist is not quite so posh as it was for F. Scott Fitzgerald. As a result, Bredes makes ends meet by working as a waiter in a restaurant that features ninety-two different varieties of sandwich.

Honesty, in another guise entirely, is what makes Ed Hanna, the mayor of Utica, N.Y., one of the most compelling politicians now in office in America. **Eric Lax**, who wrote the profile "The Not-So-Impossible Dream of Ed Hanna," is a well-known writer who is based in New York and plans to celebrate the Bicentennial with a trip to Canada. Nevertheless, his discovery of Hanna renewed his faith in the ability of America to produce, from time to time, an honest politician who has his constituents' real interests at heart.

But Spaceship Earth and all us little earthlings do have our lighter side, and occasionally we bruise our funny bones on our pretensions. This month we have three features that we're sure will give you a smirk, a chortle, or a guffaw. "Going Bananas" is the true, first-hand (so to speak) account of America's most used and abused organ. Naturally, this organ didn't actually write its own story but told the tale to Jim Clark, who faithfully noted every nuance. And Clark, a crack promoter for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, was quick to file the pages with us so that the world would know what it is to be America's favorite whipping boy.

Meanwhile, on one of America's favorite beaches, our resident humor editor, **Bill Lee**, has taken pen and brush in hand. His rendering of some of the more peculiar habitats and habitués of the Hamptons gives us all a new insight into the great American beach scene. And strange scenes abound on the campuses as well as on the beaches this year as "Letters from a Teenage Mouth Piece" by Maggie M. will attest. It seems that Maggie fell madly in love and foolishly swore to keep her private parts sacrosanct for "that special guy." Happily for all concerned, she found a way to succeed—beyond her wildest wet dreams.

Over and beyond all the above, may we suggest that you pay close attention to the latest thing in beachwear this summer and to the very latest Italian GT import, the Fiat Lancia Scorpion. And for those of you who have been thinking about joining the CB craze now sweeping the nation, we have surveyed the very best in CB transceivers currently on the market and suggested what you need to know to own and operate one. So, here's a big Ten-Four to all you good Buddies and to you, First Mama, as well. O+

Was every cigarette you smoked today smooth?

The taste of extra coolness makes smooth taste a sure thing with KOOL.

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Discover your own special place. Mix your orange juice with white rum from Puerto Rico.

White rum screwdriver

Things aren't always what they seem to be.

To others this is a deserted bandstand. To you it's a special place.

When others think of a screwdriver, they think of gin or vodka. But you use white rum instead, for a screwdriver with a new twist.

White rum blends perfectly with all your favorite mixers because it's smoother than gin or vodka.

Noticeably so.

By Puerto Rican law, white rum ages for at least a year before it can be bottled and sold.

Gin and vodka are not bound by any such requirements. Age is not one of their virtues.

The smoothness of white rum from Puerto Rico, while new to gin and vodka drinkers, is known to *rum* drinkers. 84% of all rum sold in the U.S. comes from Puerto Rico.

You can have white rum to yourself a little longer. Until the crowd starts to see things your way.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

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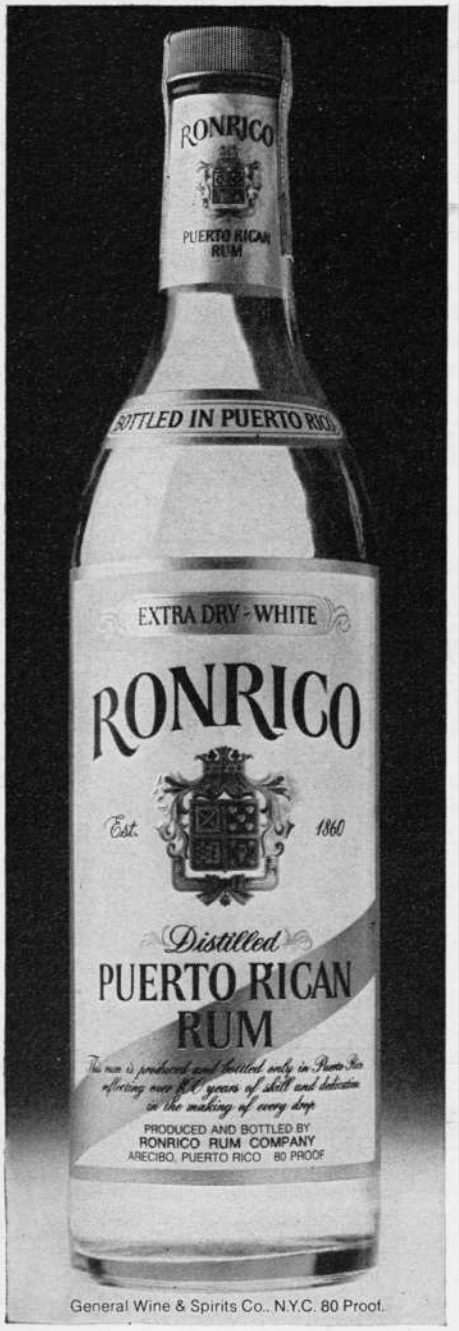
Ronrico.
Great white rum from Puerto Rico.

Ronrico white rum.

Every drop is made and bottled in Puerto Rico, using mountain spring water from the world-famous rain forest.

See how much smoother your drinks are when you use Ronrico real rum in place of gin or vodka.



General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 Proof.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Flash meeting

My wife is a true exhibitionist, and we both really get off on this. In fact I met my wife two years ago because of her exhibitionism. I was attending a summer party one evening when I noticed a beautiful girl with a lovely figure and long, slender, well-tanned legs, which she generously showed off from under her short shift. At one point during the party, when I was lying on the floor and she was sitting on the rug next to me, we got to talking. After an hour or so, she got up to get another drink. As she did so, her thighs spread apart for only a moment, not so that *I* could see anything, but the eyes of the guy sitting across from her nearly popped out of his head. My curiosity, quickly aroused by this spectacle, was soon satisfied. As she came back with her drink, she became engaged in a short conversation with another dude. Standing practically on top of me, she did not appear to realize that I could see right up her shift. There greeted my eyes one of the most cock-twitching views I've ever had. She was wearing bikini panties, which exposed to my eager eyes just the form and the edges of her thick, black bush. Never had I been treated to such a deliciously unexpected sight, which I fully enjoyed for almost five minutes before she resumed her former seat beside me. I later learned that she had known all along what she was doing. This so utterly thrilled me that it became the beginning of a very exciting relationship.

Since we were married, we have devised several games to get off on her flashing habit. Often at night she will get undressed in our bedroom, with all the lights on, without pulling down the shade. I will go outside and watch her as she slowly removes all her clothes. She gives no hint that she knows she is being watched, which makes the whole experience even more enticing, and I practically climax just watching her. On other occasions I will hide outside and watch as other men come by (we live in a first-floor apartment, and our bedroom window looks out on a well-traveled sidewalk). They will inevitably observe my wife and will strain to catch every movement she makes as she slowly strips until she is completely naked. After she has given them a good show, she turns off the light. I find this intensely stimulating, as does my wife when I later describe the expressions of lust on the faces of the men who watched her. We generally end the game with a long bout of passionate lovemaking, which relieves an incredible tension for both of us.

Another game we play is this. Sometimes my wife wears a short skirt and nothing underneath, neither stockings nor panties. When we ride to work together on the bus in the morning, I will sit across from her. She will cross her legs several times or sit with her knees slightly apart, affording me several eye-filling views of her well-tanned thighs and her triangular mass of dark pubic hair. This gives me a tremendous hard, which seems to last for hours, until I can get home and have my wife relieve me. Sometimes she will sit across from another man on the bus as I watch from another seat. Although her general appearance will usually attract his attention, his gaze will inevitably become riveted between her thighs as she casually opens and closes them; and from his facial expression, I know he is being treated to a breathtaking view of her gorgeous pubic triangle. All this she does without ever giving the slightest indication that she knows she is exposing herself, although it excites both of us almost unbearably.

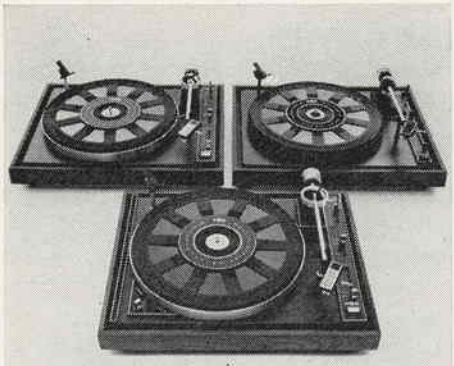
I only wish that more women were like my wife!—*Name and address withheld*

Arkansas fox hunting

I have enjoyed reading your magazine for some time now and, like others, have looked for the Forum foremost. I would like to relate to you an experience that I had on a recent business trip.

Working for a rather large firm, I am fortunate to meet many women on my trips — especially now as the number of women in business increases. This particular incident happened in Arkansas, where I was staying for the night at a well-known chain's motel. I enjoyed a good dinner and went back into the lounge to have a few before hitting the sack.

But there was a sweet fox, Billie, that would prove to be quite the number. We had a few drinks, played the juke box, and burned up the small and not-too-well-lighted dance floor. This lead to that, and she began to give me what I interpreted as hot and lustful looks. It was about then that two *super* foxes came in (the lounge was empty except for us two and about three other people and the bartender and waitress). These two new foxes seemed to be a little disappointed because it was so empty, so I asked them to join us. I thought I'd better cool it with Billie for a while or I would shoot my wad right there on the dance floor. I wanted to put my throbbing pecker to better use later.



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Recently, we received a letter from Peabody, Mass. which explains the B·I·C phenomenon better than we ourselves ever could.

"As an audio salesman (our correspondent writes) **I have the opportunity to compare very closely many different makes of equipment.**

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Need we say more?

*THIS LETTER IS IN OUR FILES. IN THE INTEREST OF PRIVACY THE WRITER'S NAME HAS BEEN OMITTED. TURNTABLES LEFT TO RIGHT:—B·I·C 960, ABOUT $160—B·I·C 980, ABOUT $200—B·I·C 940, ABOUT $110. FOR LITERATURE, WRITE: BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., WESTBURY, L.I. 11590—A DIVISION OF AVNET INC. ©1975.

Well, the next thing I knew they were making sexual advances toward *both* of us! From the way they both were playfully brushing my crotch and squeezing my upper thigh while brushing against and patting Billie's breasts, it was soon obvious that we'd better get out of the lounge. So the four of us went up to my room, and we enjoyed an evening of sexual pleasure beyond compare.

I came to find out later that they were a team and got their "ya-ya's" from group sex. And, as I found out, so did I.

They also enjoyed lovin' on each other (I wondered later if they might've been related in some way), and could they put the sex on a person—screw, blow, and suck! I will give that chain a very excellent rating and will most assuredly visit there again. —*E.E., Rapid City, S. Dak.*

Book lover

Since so many of your other readers have been kind enough to share some of their sexual adventures, I thought it only proper to share one of mine.

I had been seeing Shirley for several months and was talking to her on the phone one day when I learned that her girl friend, Sherry, was there. Immediately thinking of my friend Dennis, I asked Shirley to try to fix them up. It was decided that the four of us would go out Friday night. We hit a couple of the local night spots and eventually ended up at Sherry's. We were just sitting around having one more nightcap or two and talking when we noticed that Shirley had fallen asleep. She wasn't exactly drunk, but she had had quite a bit and on top of a very exhausting day at her office. So we just continued talking, and the conversation turned to reading. I asked Sherry what kind of books she liked, and she said, without blinking an eye, "Pornographic." Well, we didn't believe her at first, but she took a few off the shelf and showed us. Sure enough, she had all kinds of fuck books.

Well, we had all been drinking a bit so when Dennis said that he thought Sherry should read from her favorite book, she thought it would be fun. She began reading it aloud, and after about two pages, Dennis and I both had bulges in the front of our pants. I'm sure Sherry knew this because she kept looking over and laughing as she continued to read. Finally, Dennis got up and walked around to where Sherry was sitting in an arm chair and asked if there were any pictures in the book. He bent down and grasped the corner of the book. When she said no, he acted disappointed and let his hand fall on her lap. She didn't make any attempt to move it; she just went on reading. But as she got to another hot section, Dennis started rubbing first her upper thigh, then her stomach, and finally right on her crotch. By that time, he was motioning me over with his free hand for me to join him. I came over and began rubbing one of her tits through her blouse. Sherry, all this time, just continued to read on while laughing and giving a little squirm now and then—and the squirms were obviously getting more and more frequent.

Finally Sherry jumped up and said that we weren't very nice to be doing things like that in front of Shirley even if she was asleep. She said that we should go into her bedroom.

Dennis and Sherry raced into the bedroom, and I was behind only long enough to cover Shirley with a comforter and turn off the lights in the front room. By the time I got to the bedroom, there was a soft, glow-like lighting, and Dennis and Sherry were taking off their clothes. I figured I might as well take off my clothes, too. The two of them didn't seem to mind—if they noticed at all. Already Dennis and Sherry looked too busy. And it didn't take me long to realize that they were acting out the last scene that Sherry had just read from her favorite book. With her on top, they were doing a fast and furious sixty-nine, with each of them describing out loud what they were doing to and feeling from the other. Well, even though it hadn't been in the scene that Sherry had read, I couldn't take it any longer and had to join in.

They seemed ready for a change of position, too, because they offered no objections. Dennis slipped his slippery cock into her dripping pussy while I knelt over her face and let her work on my cock with her hands and mouth. By the time Dennis came, I was almost ready myself so he sat back and watched as I worked my readied cock in and out of her already come-filled pussy. By the time I shot off, Sherry had gotten off a second time and so was well satisfied, too.

After we all rested for a bit, we put our clothes back on and went back out into the living room. Shirley was still lying on the floor, sound asleep and apparently none the wiser. With some difficulty we finally got her up and out to the car so we could leave. Dennis never did see Sherry again. But I still do. I'm a book lover.—*S. L., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Nothing like a little Sherry before bed, we've always said.—The Editors

Picture Lover

When I was sixteen years old, my friend Dave and I were in his sister Paula's room, listening to some records and just boring ourselves to death. Dave said that he had found some pictures of Paula and her ex-husband, Sal, and asked if I wanted to see them. I was amazed to find that they were nude pictures, and my prick quickly began to swell. While we were looking through the album, Paula walked in unexpectedly (she had had her hairdresser's appointment canceled at the last minute). She realized immediately what I was looking at and cursed us up and down—beat the shit out of Dave and threw me out of the house! I figured I'd never see the rest of those pictures—or Paula. So that night I went to bed

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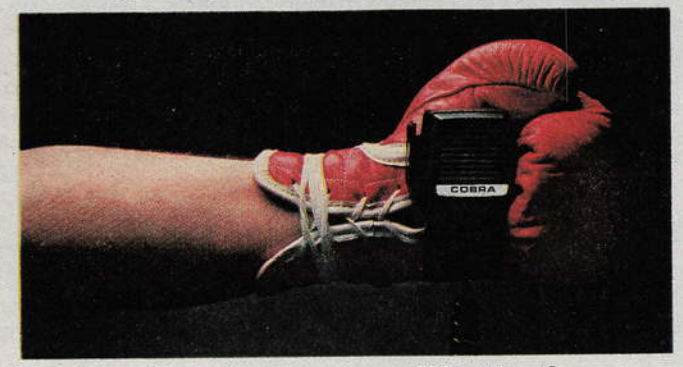

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AUGUST

and proceeded to fuck the shit out of her—in my imagination, of course.

But then about two weeks later, I went over to Dave's house to see if he wanted to play some b-ball at school. After ringing the doorbell several times, Paula answered the door. I was about to take off without saying a word—I figured she was still mad—but I hesitated just enough to get a better look at her in the bathrobe she was wearing. And that was just enough time for her to smile and invite me in, explaining that Dave would be home shortly. She said she was just making some coffee for herself, and she took me into the kitchen to give me a cup. Remembering the pictures, and seeing her five-foot, six-inch body move beneath that bathrobe as I followed her, gave me an instant hard-on. I didn't want to bring up the subject of the album, and I was hoping she wouldn't either. (I thought at first it might be a trap so she could chew me out.) But she did bring it up. I was still very embarrassed by it all and began to turn red while I stammered my apology. But she just said not to worry, and in a very matter-of-fact tone told me that I could look through the album if I wanted as long as I promised not to tell anyone—not even Dave. I swore I wouldn't say a word although I still wasn't sure what was going on.

She told me to bring my coffee, and she led me up to her room. Sitting me on the bed, she placed the album on my lap and began telling a little story about each picture. I turned to one picture where she was spreading apart her beautiful cunt lips, and she started to laugh. She said that always got Sal hot, and as if to prove it, she opened her bathrobe, with nothing on underneath, and showed me how she did it. She could probably tell how my cock felt from the pained expression on my face because after fooling with her pussy lips for a bit, she slid her hand under the album and began rubbing my cock through my jeans. We were soon both out of our clothes, she getting naked first and helping me with mine, and we stretched out on her bed. She tickled me around my asshole first, then began to blow warm air around the head of my cock.

This didn't last long enough (I could have taken it all day), but she quickly got above me and squirmed her pussy down onto the glistening length of my cock. While she rode me, she rubbed and fondled my nuts while I played with her bouncing tits. She moaned for me to pinch her nipples, and as I did, we both came.

I never told Dave, but I was never able to screw her again either. She got married and moved away. But I still enjoyed looking at Dave's "family album."—*F.K.B., Norman, Okla.*

What—no home movies?—The Editors

Rear window

I've been a regular reader of your magazine for the past year. I really enjoy the Forum and would laugh at some of the stories, believing only a few. *Nothing* like that *ever* happened to me, or for that matter, *anyone* I know! Since then, however, I have my own little story and would like to share it with your readers.

I have been married for two months, and my wife and I live in a big house, divided up into six apartments. Our apartment consists of three rooms facing the house next door. The people next door are probably in their forties with three teenage sons at home. While on our front porch one day, I had noticed one of the boys eyeing my wife. He is about seventeen, but from the bulge in his cut-offs, he looked like he could outdo me. That night my wife and I were lying in bed making love (we always leave the lights on), and I was eating her, when I happened to glance up and see a movement at the window. I had forgotten to pull the shades. I knew someone was there watching, but I didn't say anything to my wife. Knowing I had an audience, I became very artistic in my cunt eating and then gave her a good, slow fuck, exposing as much as possible of her cunt to my unidentified voyeur. I was more excited than I had ever been and really put on a performance. I didn't mention it to my wife until two days later (not knowing how she would react). Surprisingly, she got very excited at the thought of someone watching, and we decided it was probably our seventeen-year-old neighbor.

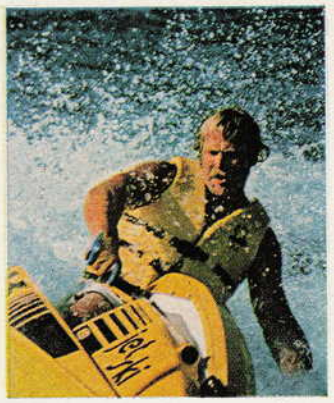
That night, with lights on, we decided to put on an even better show if he came around again. Sure enough, as my wife was sucking me off, I noticed out of the corner of my eye a slight movement outside the window and caught a glimpse of a football jersey. I indicated to my wife, by a prearranged code, about our audience once again, and we intensified our love-making—only this time it was two-sided. I was so hot I was ready for anything. So I looked directly at the window and said, "Why don't you come in and join us? The door's open." My wife lay back on the bed and closed her eyes, and I didn't know if she was mad, scared, hurt, or what. (This had not been prearranged.)

After about a minute, the door opened and, sure enough, in stepped our young neighbor. His jeans were unzipped, and he didn't say a word—just walked to the side of the bed, fell on his knees, and began eating out my wife's pussy like he knew exactly what the hell was going on. I lay down beside him and began enjoying the show.

My wife was soon so excited that she opened her eyes and pulled off his jeans and shorts, and engulfed his eight inches right into her mouth. I was getting so excited myself that I began to work my meat while I watched my wife work his. But as soon as my wife came the first time, he pushed her around onto her back and began fucking the shit out of her as she threw her legs up around his neck. He would pull almost all the way out of her and

"Jet Skiing past Toronto's CN Tower, I found I was on a collision course with a speedboat!"

"A Jet Ski can streak over the water as smooth as silk. But if the waves get wild, it's like a bucking bronco with a burr under the saddle."



"Diane saw the speedboat bearing down on us first. 'Look out!' she shouted. I swerved and narrowly avoided a bone-crunching crash. But now I was trapped in the boat's choppy wake.

"No cork in a storm-tossed ocean was ever more jolted, jarred and jangled. Next time, I thought, I'll pick a sleepy tropical lagoon to Jet Ski on.

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then slam all the way into her. As they both came—she for a second time—I shot off all over the both of them, and he hollered so loud that I thought everyone in the house would hear.

But he didn't say a word the whole time. And afterward, he pulled his pants on, and the next thing we knew, he was gone —still without saying a word. We think he's a little strange, and he hasn't been back yet. But we still leave the light on.—*R.R., San Diego, Calif.*

Wrong van

I had an encounter in a plaza parking lot that still makes my joint jump when I think about what happened.

I came out of a store in the plaza on a Saturday about five in the afternoon, and as I cut through the parked cars, I noticed a very noticeable redhead standing near my van. She had on a short, light-green dress and sheer hose that showed off her copper hair and long, slender legs to the best advantage.

As I opened the rear doors to toss in a couple of packages, she approached me, asking if it was my van. She appeared nervous and upset, so my first thought was that she had hit the van when she tried to park her car. But without a word of introduction, she blurted out a story that put me in a cold sweat. She said she had just left a wedding reception after an argument with her husband, who had been drinking too much. He had confessed to having an affair with my wife, and had told his wife how well my wife treated him in bed, giving him the best blow-jobs he had ever had. This redhead went on to inform me that she had a temper to match her hair and that she wanted to get even with "those two SOBs." She said she was ready—right then and there—and that she could suck cock with a technique that would put the best of them to shame.

Her story *almost* held water—she was dressed as if she'd just come from a wedding reception, and she was wearing wedding rings and was nervous and upset besides being really pissed-off. The only catch was, I'm not married.

Not being one to argue over such a small detail, I said I had suspected my wife of cheating but didn't know who the guy was. I asked her how she had found me. In the argument she said she had found out that I worked in the plaza and had a black-and-yellow Dodge van. She had come looking for me. Well, at least she wasn't color blind, but I did put myself between her and the van, covering up the F-O-R-D lettering on the back door.

Letting on how mad I was, too, I complained that since the back of the van was full of tools we couldn't get even with "those two" right then and there as she wanted. She pointed to a Lincoln parked two rows over, and I followed like a puppy dog, enjoying the bounce of two little ass cheeks under the green silk.

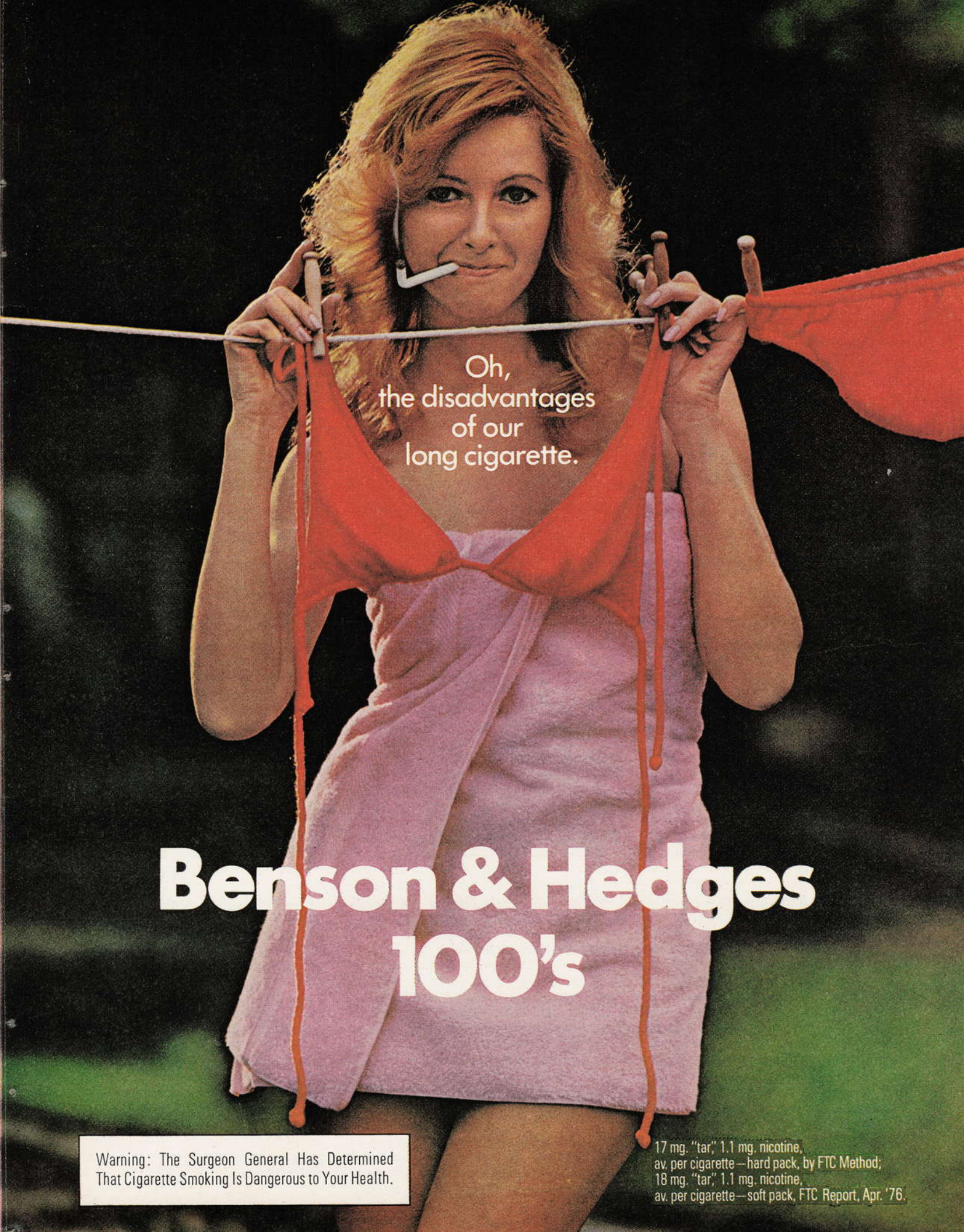
As she put the car in gear and peeled out of the parking lot, she began ranting and raving about her no-good husband. She didn't give me a chance to say a word, so I just sat back and admired the view as with each gesture her dress inched its way up those lovely long legs and her breasts jiggled and swung loosely underneath. Within ten minutes we had pulled into a motel, and she was opening one of the rooms with her key. She had really come looking for me prepared.

As soon as she had locked the door behind her, she unzipped and slipped the dress from her shoulders and down past her hips and onto the floor. She had on a light-green bra and matching panties and garter belt. The bra pushed the tops of her breasts into two beautiful half-moon globes, and the panties were so brief that I could see soft, red cunt hairs sticking out on either side of her crotch. I stood there in a trance for a few seconds, drinking in the beauty of this and trying to figure out how her old man could be fucking around with someone's wife when he had a queen like this at home. But I was soon out of my clothes and, as was obvious to both of us, ready for action. Apparently, so was she.

Kicking off her heels, she pulled me onto the bed, then knelt down between my legs. With both hands she took my cock and held it as if it were on display, seeming to study it for a minute. Then she reached in front of her and released her bra. Two beautiful, pink-tipped mellons swung free, and as she bent forward, I began to work my cock between them and over her protruding nipples. My cock had moistened, and she rubbed it along her neck, cradling the head against her cheek. Then peeling back the foreskin, she lowered her soft lips down and around the mushroom head, slowly working her mouth up and down. She let out a soft moan—trying to take more of my stiffened cock into her mouth. Palming one of my balls in one hand, she drove her mouth down over the length of my shaft, and I felt the tip of my cock reach the back of her throat. Twice I pulled her head off because she had me going, and those soft, sucking lips felt so good that I was afraid I'd come too quickly. Squeezing my shaft in her hand, and running a wet tongue down its length, she gently took one ball into her mouth. I could feel her tongue move my ball from one side to the other. I found *myself* moaning now as she applied pressure with her mouth and tongue. Then plunging her lips back around the shaft, she again started the pumping action, gradually increasing the length of each stroke. She feverishly pumped it deep into her hot, wet-breathed mouth. Feeling my balls stiffen, I thrust forward and let go. Again she moaned and sucked harder and faster.

After she gave me her name and phone number, and a promise for the following Saturday, she calmly got dressed as if she were alone in her own bedroom.

That was the first and last time we ever met as the name and number turned out to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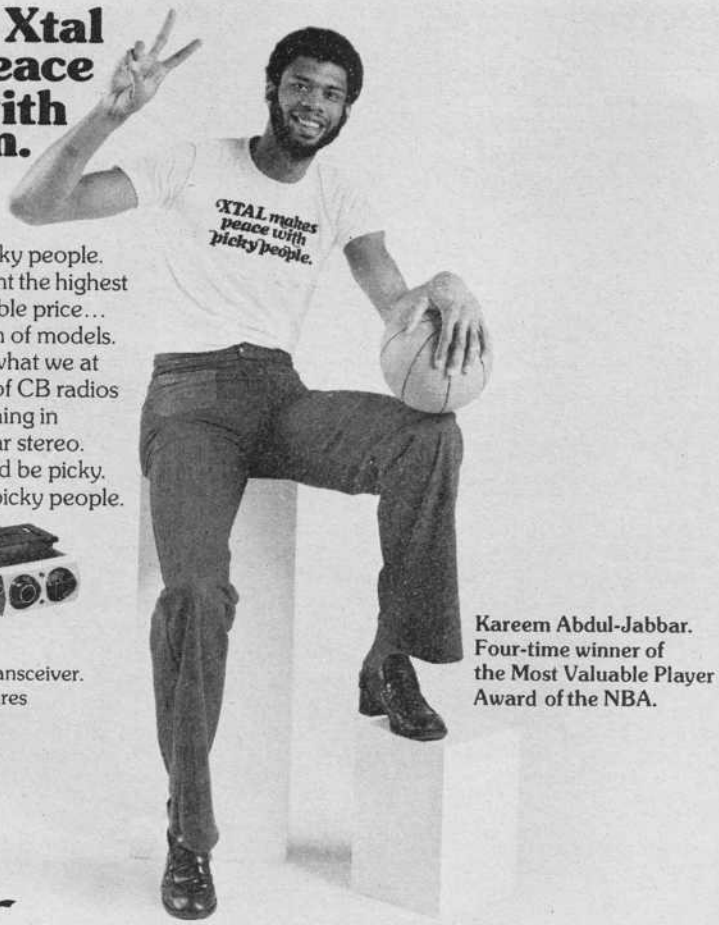

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be phonies. I sometimes wonder if *her* story was even true—maybe it was just a game that she got her kicks from. But I still can't help hoping that if it was a true story and she ever does get pissed-off at her old man again, that I'm in that same plaza parking lot.—*R.H.D., Aurora, Ill.*

Private schooling

My most erotic experience is not at all kinky, but I'd like to share it with your readers. Perhaps they'll empathize with what I consider its high degree of sensuality.

Some years ago I taught in a rather strict, prudish high school—even within the recognized, limited standards of the genre—situated in a small community upstate. The administration was preoccupied with their concepts of the more important facets of education, such as morality and dress codes for both faculty and students. But, during this particular year, student rebellions, racial conflicts, and X-rated movies proliferated, and some of the antiquated rules and their infractions were overlooked because of the greater and more realistic dangers confronting the enforcers. For example, the wearing of hats, mini-skirts, and tight jeans, once strictly forbidden, was permitted.

It was also the year when an absolutely incredibly beautiful woman joined the science department, of which I was also a member. She was quite petite, except for what appeared to be an ample bosom and behind; her legs were shapely, and she wore her long blond hair framed around her face. Carol was also extremely intelligent, an excellent teacher, a strict disciplinarian, very aloof, and married.

Like everyone else, I was infatuated with her—a situation grossly aggravated by my very poor social life and the proximity in which our work brought us. Her demeanor toward me was the same as it was to everybody else, strictly professional, and there was never a hint that we would be any more than colleagues. She was barely friendly. This did nothing other than increase my attraction for her. Often, when I was near her, I'd become dizzy with desire, surreptitiously having to turn my back to adjust my erected penis within my bulging pants. My sexual frustration was building up to an unbearable pitch.

One afternoon at the beginning of the final quarter of the school year, just after the final bell dismissing the students, I walked unannounced into her homeroom, which was connected to mine by the adjoining lab, to find her seated on her desk, her feet on a chair in front of her, her legs positioned so that her short skirt fell away from them. I could see the lovely curve of her thighs, which were slightly parted, and was able even to make out the color of her panties. In that instant I became flushed and hard, my pants beginning to protrude in front of me, and without an opportunity to conceal my excitement. She practically leaped from the desk when she saw me, and I noticed that her cheeks reddened quickly. "Yes?" she said. "I just wanted my plan book," I replied, my voice noticeably trembling, and my hand shaking as I pointed at her desk.

As I walked toward her, I felt a tremendous tension build quickly between us, and I was jolted to see her lower her eyes and look at my pants. She breathed sharply and then turned quickly around, realizing I had seen the niche in her defenses. I was bursting with sexual energy and pent-up desire, feeling as though I had a high fever; and in an unusually aggressive and daring moment for me, I put my hands on her shoulders and whispered to the back of her head, smelling the sweet perfume of her hair, telling her softly how I had been attracted to her from the first moment I saw her, how beautiful she was, how desperately I wanted her, and, in order to stop these feelings, she'd have to turn around and smack me hard across the face. I didn't think of what I was saying; the words just tumbled out of my mouth, perhaps incoherently. When she didn't reply or move, I leaned forward, pressing into her, my erection resting atop the curve of her rounded bottom, my aching balls feeling the softness of her large cheeks. I was inflamed! She only tilted her head up and back, exhaling a little hiss of breath, which encouraged me to slip my hands under her arms and fondle her breasts. She moved her behind into me with a small, circular motion and strained her pillow-soft bosom outward and hard against my now grasping, clutching hands, and I thought I might come at that very moment. She turned around quickly, and my mouth was on her lips, so sweet, so soft and pliable, her tongue flicking across mine.

She drew back, stammering "I've got to go," but her eyes were half-closed, and she was breathing as heavily as I. I muttered, "You can't leave me like this. For a moment she just looked at me, very intensely, breathing fast, as though her mind were racing through a series of options, and then she actually pushed me back into her chair, telling me to sit down as I sat down. My mind almost snapped with disbelief as she knelt on the floor in front of me, parting my legs wide apart with her tiny hands. She stroked the bulge in my pants gently and put her face on my zippered fly, rubbing her cheeks gently over my hard-on, kissing it through the straining material. We both went for my zipper at the same time, and in a frantic moment, my penis, taut and full, was throbbing in the air.

Sliding her moist lips up and down my still-lengthening shaft, Carol sucked on me gently. Never before had I been so aroused. I really think I became delirious! Just as I felt the first spasm begin deep within my groin, she stopped sucking me for a few seconds, and with her hand still pumping me, she said, her lips moving softly with her words against my steel-hard, glistening prick, "You've got the most

beautiful cock I've ever seen." I literally burst forth. I came and came and came in long, slow, powerful spasms, and when I was able to open my eyes again, the pleasure was heightened by seeing her ecstatic face. Only as the intense excitement began to subside did the realization start to creep through my mind that the classroom door had been left open. I had the strangest feeling that we had been seen.

When my spasms ceased, she once more sucked on my softening but still lengthy organ. Just watching her do that, with her face wet with perspiration, I started to feel aroused again. But common sense and paranoia combined in my psyche, and I put myself back in my pants. Carol seemed dazed and, for the first time, apparently realized where we were and what we had done there. We both stood up, and I took a handkerchief from my back pocket and dabbed it gently on her face. I then wiped her hair where some of my come had fallen and blotted up the puddle from the floor while Carol looked on, horrified. We looked at each other and suddenly began laughing, pausing to embrace and kiss each other quickly, but warmly. We left the building together, and as we were leaving we met the janitor, who kept glancing at us as if he knew what had happened. But we were too ecstatic to care.

That was the incredibly pleasureful beginning of a beautiful, loving affair that lasted the six weeks until school closed for the summer. It might have gone on longer, but I went away to school for the summer, and for reasons never explained, neither of our contracts were renewed for the fall, and we both moved away to new schools in different communities. But, oh, the stories I could relate about those six weeks!—*Name and address withheld*

Monopede mania

After the urging of one of my close friends, I have decided to write to you about my case, which is a bit different from most.

I first met Peggy in the Philippines in a bar, where she was employed as a hostess, the kind that will also take you home for a little roll in the hay, provided your roll is thick enough. I spent a rather enjoyable evening with her shooting pool and dancing and eventually drank myself into quite a stupor (Peggy doesn't drink). I staggered home with her, and we proceeded to get it on for that night and about the next ten nights in a row. I would say we balled about twenty times in that period. I think it important to add that I was drinking heavily during this time frame and was, generally speaking, quite lubricated every night by sack time. In fact, our usual pattern was for me to hit the rack a couple of hours before her; then when she got in bed, she'd wake me up for a fuck or two.

One night when I was a little less wasted than normal, I reached down to position her legs around my waist, and to my utter amazement, she was missing her right leg!

HOW THE AZTEC WARRIORS KEPT UP THEIR SPIRITS.

In Pre-Columbian Mexico, warriors needed something besides the god of war on their side. So legend has it that they invented tequila. Along with lots of ways to drink it. Which are just as appropriate today as they were then.

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Travel light. Not empty.

Try carrying a box of crackers or a jar of pickles around with you, and you'll probably get a lot of funny looks from people.

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I would have to rate that moment as the single most shocking moment in my life. None of my friends could believe that it was possible to ball a chick for an extended period such as this and not realize she was missing a limb. I attribute it in part to my intoxicated state and the fact that she was a pro who was quite adept at being discreet about it. Actually, I never really bothered to count her arms and legs as I was stroking it; it just never crossed my mind that she wasn't all there.

Since that night, we have been quite open about it, and our relationship has really blossomed. I just love to watch her hop around on one leg, her tits flapping all over the place. She gets off when I tenderly caress and play with her stump. Recently, she made herself a little dress that she puts on her stump and does a little dance around on the bed with it. This really excites me, but when she rubs her stump on my crotch, I go bananas.

Anyone who shies away from a person missing a limb really doesn't know what he is missing. Peg and I have a wonderful relationship, and I doubt that the fact that she has a wooden leg will ever change it.—*Name and address withheld*

Panty gourmet

Your Forum is the first thing I read each month. The subject I am writing about holds a great deal of interest for me; yet I don't recall having seen any letters about it.

The subject is panties—not wearing them, but filled by women. This subject relates back to my first sexual experiences when, as kids, we took a great deal of pleasure "seeing up" girls' dresses. The first experience was collecting tonic (soda) bottles under wooden bleachers at football games. The view above was out of this world for us. In the summer time we would go under the boardwalk at the beach on weekends. The popular colors in those days were white in the daytime and black in the evening.

Now when my wife wants to be very nice to me, she will let me pick out a nightgown and panties for her to wear. My favorite is a three-quarter-length, black gown with white lace panties. She then stands over me on the pretext of combing her hair while I eat her panties off. We then fuck wildly.—*M.W., Boston, Mass.*

With a bottle of bicarbonate nearby no doubt.—The Editors

Kalamazoo Karen

I am twenty-six and am living with a tall, six-foot, two-inch, athletic-type, twenty-one-year-old woman now for two years. I'm only five-feet ten and very thin (142 pounds). I met Karen at a party and fell head over heels in love. I never really dated girls taller than me, but let me tell you guys who are shorties what you're missing. I don't wear platform shoes because I haven't the slightest need for them.

Karen excelled in all high-school sports. She has a beautiful face (not plain like most big women) and a personality that goes beyond words. When we both come home from work at night, she greets me with a huge hug and a kiss that knocks the breath out of me and numbs my lips! She bends over a bit. I put my arms around her neck, she locks her arms and hands around my ass, and then she just picks me up and holds me in a strong grip that would do King Kong proud. I insist that she wears five-inch platform shoes, making her more than six and one-half feet tall. And weighing 168 pounds, Karen has little trouble hoisting me up and holding me for minutes at a time. It's instant hard-on for me and a sexual eroticism that can only be experienced by doing. I've sat high up on her shoulders in sex play, and to my real delight, I've been slung over both her shoulders and then given a wrestler's "body slam" onto my queen-sized bed—in which she then covers me with a "press" that no wrestler could ever do!

Another pleasure I get is to go out with her in public. You should see all the funny stares we get when we're standing in a grocery line or whatever. Here's this big (with heels, six-feet, seven-inches) blond next to a guy who comes up to her shoulder. I always get a smile when she rests her chin on top of my head. Can you imagine what goes through a guy's head when he sees me standing mouth-height to her tits?

I feel like a little boy in her long arms. It's a fantastic feeling and can only be accomplished if you're a pee-wee like me. I'm just light enough, and she's just strong enough. Our love-making is a performance that would keep even the horniest bastard happy for hours. So, guys, don't snub your noses at tall women; they're an asset. And, hey . . . how about some pictures of short guys being "mauled" by big gals, Mr. Editor?—*J.K., Kalamazoo, Mich.*

We may be short, but do we look like the type that goes around looking for a bust in the mouth?—The Editors

Inner strength

In the letter "X-her sizes" (May 1976), one of your readers asks whether female athletes have a strong vaginal muscle tone, like dancers and hardworking maids.

As the author of a book on strong and aggressive women, entitled *Amazones, Guerrières et Gaillardes* (not yet translated into English), I have researched the question. The answer is yes.

If a female athlete is interested in heterosexual sex, she usually develops very strong inner muscles and becomes able to control them at will. Examples I know include a kung-fu black belt, a (female) weightlifter, a lady-wrestler, and a former parachutist.

Good muscles somewhere, good muscles everywhere! In bed these women can

Pocket CB

New integrated circuit technology and a major electronic breakthrough brings you the world's smallest citizens band transceiver.

The PocketCom measures approximately ¾" x 1⅛" x 5½" and easily fits into your shirt pocket. The unit can be used as a personal communications link for business or pleasure.

SMALL ENOUGH FOR YOUR POCKET

Scientists have produced a personal communications system so small that it can easily fit in your pocket. It's called the PocketCom and it replaces larger units that cost considerably more.

MANY PERSONAL USES

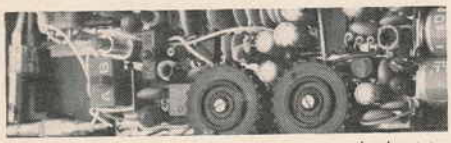
An executive can now talk anywhere with anybody in his office, his factory or job site. The housewife can find her children at a busy shopping center. The motorist can signal for help in an emergency. The salesman, the construction foreman, the traveler, the sportsman, the hobbyist—everybody can use the PocketCom—as a pager, an intercom, a telephone or even a security device.

LONG RANGE COMMUNICATIONS

The PocketCom's range is limited only by its 100 milliwatt power and the number of metal objects between units or from a few blocks in the city to several miles on a lake. Its receiver is so sensitive, that signals several miles away can be picked up from stronger citizens band base or mobile stations.

VERY SIMPLE OPERATION

To use the PocketCom simply turn it on, extend the antenna, press a button to transmit, and release it to listen. And no FCC license is required to operate it. The PocketCom has two Channels—channel 14 and an optional second channel. To use the second channel, plug in one of the 22 other citizens band crystals and slide the channel selector to the second position. Crystals for the second channel cost $7.95 and can only be ordered after receipt of your unit.



The PocketCom components are equivalent to 112 transistors whereas most comparable units contain only twelve.

A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH

The PocketCom's small size results from a breakthrough in the solid state device that made the pocket calculator a reality. Mega scientists took 112 transistors, integrated them on a micro silicon wafer and produced the world's first transceiver linear integrated circuit. This major breakthrough not only reduced the size of radio components but improved their dependability and performance. A large and expensive walkie talkie costing several hundred dollars might have only 12 transistors compared to 112 in the Mega PocketCom.

BEEP-TONE PAGING SYSTEM

You can page another PocketCom user, within close range, by simply pressing the PocketCom's call button which produces a beep tone on the other unit if it has been left in the standby mode. In the standby mode the unit is silent and can be kept on for weeks without draining the batteries.

SUPERIOR FEATURES

Just check the advanced PocketCom features now possible through this new circuit breakthrough: 1) Incoming signals are amplified several million times compared to only 100,000 times on comparable conventional systems. 2) Even with a 60 decibel difference in signal strength, the unit's automatic gain control will bring up each incoming signal to a maximum uniform level. 3) A high squelch sensitivity (0.7 microvolts) permits noiseless operation without squelching weak signals. 4) Harmonic distortion is so low that it far exceeds EIA (Electronic Industries Association) standards whereas most comparable systems don't even meet EIA specification. 5) The receiver has better than one microvolt sensitivity.

EXTRA LONG BATTERY LIFE

The PocketCom has a light-emitting diode low-battery indicator that tells you when your 'N' cell batteries require replacement. The integrated circuit requires such low power that the two batteries, with average use, will last weeks without running down.

The PocketCom can be used as a pager, an intercom, a telephone or even a security device.

MULTIPLEX INTERCOM

Many businesses can use the PocketCom as a multiplex intercom. Each employee carries a unit tuned to a different channel. A stronger citizens band base station with 23 channels is used to page each PocketCom. The results: an inexpensive and flexible multiplex intercom system for large construction sites, factories, offices, or farms.

NATIONAL SERVICE

The PocketCom is manufactured exclusively for JS&A by Mega Corporation. JS&A is America's largest supplier of space-age products and Mega Corporation is a leading manufacturer of innovative personal communication systems—further assurance that your modest investment is well protected. The PocketCom should give you years of trouble-free service, however, should service ever be required, simply slip your 5 ounce PocketCom into its handy mailer and send it to Mega's prompt national service-by-mail center. It is just that easy.

GIVE IT A REAL WORKOUT

Remember the first time you saw a pocket calculator? It probably seemed unbelieveable. The PocketCom may also seem unbelieveable so we give you the opportunity to personally examine one without obligation. Order only two units on a trial basis. Then really test them. Test the range, the sensitivity, the convenience. Test them under your everyday conditions and compare the PocketCom with larger units that sell for several hundred dollars.

After you are absolutely convinced that the PocketCom is indeed that advanced product breakthrough, order your additional units, crystals or accessories on a priority basis as one of our established customers. If, however, the PocketCom does not suit your particular requirements perfectly, then return your units within ten days after receipt for a prompt and courteous refund. You cannot lose. Here is your opportunity to test an advanced space-age product at absolutely no risk.

A COMPLETE PACKAGE

Each PocketCom comes complete with mercury batteries, high performance Channel 14 crystals for one channel, complete instructions, and a 90 day parts and labor warranty. To order by mail, simply mail your check for $39.95 per unit (or $79.90 for two) plus $2.50 per order for postage, insurance and handling to the address shown below. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax). But don't delay.

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retaliate if you do not take their desires into account. But, if you do, they are loads of fun and joy! I cannot recommend female athletes highly enough. Try one. You'll surely love it.—*P.S., Paris, France*

Patti Smith

I'm writing about the Patti Smith interview. After hearing "Horses" only one time, I concluded that Patti Smith was some kind of practical joke—at the most just another rowdy, East Coast punk. Then, last week, I stumbled outside to find my copy of *Penthouse* sitting in my mailbox. I read it and was amazed to find out just how rational and feeling Patti Smith really is.

And she knows how to talk, too! I had no trouble following her. She used cuss words and figures of speech beautifully. And she talked about rock-and-roll instead of politics, and immorality instead of philosophy. And daydreaming—daydreaming is one of my favorite pastimes. She even analyzed Erica Jong!

If I ever have a child and it's a boy, I'm going to name him David Bowie, Junior. But if it's a girl—which it may well be!—I think I'll call her Piss Factory.—*Joyce Hemmenway, Redwood City, Calif.*

I enjoy your magazine very much, but I have to take issue with some of the comments that were made in your April issue by Patti Smith.

First of all, Patti, you had the guts to say that Helen Reddy didn't belong as host of the "Midnight Special" and that Ms. Reddy's "I Am Woman" is "crap." Let me tell you something, honey: Ms. Reddy can sing. That caterwauling you do is not music, and anyone who thinks it is is nuttier than you are. Secondly, no network should give you a show, lady, because you have a vulgar mouth and a chip on your shoulder the size of the Empire State Building—and your face would give the viewers nightmares. When was the last time you combed that straw on your head that you call hair? 1964? You have balls to talk about any other performer, bitch, particularly Elton John and Helen Reddy.

Another thing that got on my nerves was the comment you made about being called "Ms." You asked, "Who would want to put their hand up the dress of anyone who goes around calling herself 'Ms.'?" Maybe *some* people haven't gotten sex lowered to the animal level, as you seem to have.

I am not some hung-up, forty-year-old (I'm twenty-three, and consider myself very liberated), but some of the stuff out of your mouth, you so-called Rock Superstar, is for the birds. I think you are just a little girl who never grew up, and you're trying to be "big and bad."—*Mrs. Terry Donnelly, Philadelphia, Pa.*

When I heard Patti Smith's new album, I knew that she would be "the next big thing." Not since Bob Dylan have I heard such raw, beautiful, and powerful imagery. It was refreshing to read her interview, to find that Patti is as intimate and expressive as her poetry. Thank you again for revealing the real Patti Smith to the masses.—*B.G., Winnipeg, Canada*

Bizarre and intriguing. Let me say without qualification that these two adjectives are a vital part of any description of Patti Smith. After seeing Patti in concert, which is a mentally and emotionally stimulating experience, and after reading your interview (April 1976), I believe I have found an artist who is much more than sweet melodies and corny lyrics. Unfortunately, the intellectual level of most of today's music is sinfully and deplorably low (The Captain and Tenille). The commercial market may force Patti Smith to return to the Greenwich Village clubs; but all the same, her efforts are appreciated by those who ask for more out of rock than a pleasant tune to whistle along with. Thank you for presenting a truly memorable view of an artist.—*Lee McGrath, Washington, D.C.*

Concorde's career

In the March issue James J. Haggarty does a fine job of putting Concorde's problems of pollution, noise, and ozone-layer deterioration in perspective. There is little or nothing Concorde will do that United States military planes aren't already doing—and on a much larger scale.

However, the claim that Concorde is "just another airplane" carries somewhat of a sarcastic overtone. When Boeing 707s and Douglas DC-8s cut the Atlantic crossing time to eight hours with jet engines and swept-back wings, were either of them called "just another airplane" while sitting next to DC-6s and Lockheed Electras?

These new, large jets succeeded because they were economical. Today, a Boeing 747 can operate cheaper than the famous DC-3. This is an economical level Concorde will never see.

Haggarty's claim that Concorde's speed advantage (its only apparent advantage) is enough to "worry the hell out of airlines that don't have SSTs" is quite false. Concorde's makers tried desperately to sell their plane to all major international airlines in the world, with the possible exception of the U.S.S.R. They had no luck. Here in America, Pan American and TWA had ordered thirteen Concordes—but subsequently canceled. Why? Simple. Concorde is not economically feasible. When planes are crossing the Atlantic, what is the difference between three and one-half hours and eight? Especially when the fare is 15 to 20 percent higher than that of First Class on a conventional jet.

Transportation Secretary Coleman's decision of a trial period was as fair as could be. If the SST were ours, are we sure England and France would close their airports to it?

In any event, once the novelty of commercial supersonic flight has worn off, Concorde's boarding rate will drop to a point too low to meet operating costs.

Pioneer has conquered the one big problem of high-priced turntables.

The high price.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about $100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

First, note the precision-machined look and feel of the PL-510.

The massive, die-cast, aluminum alloy platter gives an immediate impression of quality. The strobe marks on the rim tell you that you don't have to worry about perfect accuracy of speed at either 33⅓ or 45 RPM.

The S-shaped tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the super-stringent JIS standard. And that's why the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a turntable should be.

Vibrations are damped out by the PL-510's double-floating suspension. The base floats on rubber insulators inside the four feet. And the turntable chassis floats on springs suspended from the top panel of the base. Stylus hopping and tone arm skittering become virtually impossible.

But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

The PL-117D for under $175*. The PL-115D for under $125*. And the amazing PL-112D for under $100*.

None of these has a rumble level above -50 dB (JIS). None of them has more wow and flutter than 0.07%.

So it seems that Pioneer has also conquered the one big problem of low-priced turntables.

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Concorde will, after a short, illustrious, and controversial career, retire.—*Scott Alexander, Billings, Mont.*

U.S.S. Liberty

You may be interested in one person's reaction to the article (May 1976) by Anthony Pearson on the Israeli attack of the U.S.S. *Liberty* in the June 1967 war between Israel and the Arab countries.

First, if what Anthony Pearson writes is true, I am impressed with the admirable courage of little Israel intentionally attacking a ship of the U.S. Navy, and Israel's ingenuity in getting the United States to accept an apology for the "mistaken identity."

Second, the machinations and intrigues of the Arab states, the United States, and Israel are almost beyond belief. Israel can properly justify its actions since its very survival is and was at stake. But the other states, including America, have no such reason.

Third, the remedy was and is today quite simple. It is for the United States to stop playing games and instead guarantee Israel's right to live in secure and defensible borders. We should likewise guarantee the independence of the Arab states and their present borders—unless they commence another war. If we make such guarantees, there will be no fourth Arab-Israeli war.—*Reuben Lenske, Portland, Oreg.*

After seeing the media giving the silent treatment in the 1967 Israeli attack on the U.S.S. *Liberty* and our leaders giving the lie to it, I was surprised to see *Penthouse* finally disclose the truth. All I can say is that Bob Guccione has one *great* magazine—and prodigious testicularity!—*Name and address withheld*

Phoenix murders

It is a pity that Joseph Treaster succumbed to the temptations of yellow journalism in writing about so-called Phoenix Murders in the December *Penthouse*. Since I was apparently his only source who was willing to talk on the record (doesn't this tell us something?), let me again clarify the real facts:

(1) Phoenix was *not* "an American" program. It was a South Vietnamese effort, which we tried hard to influence but could in no sense control. Americans did not "run" the DIOCCs and PIOCCs.

(2) Phoenix was *not* "a CIA" program. Even advice and support was primarily a military function, with the CIA playing only a minor role.

(3) Phoenix was not even a discrete "program" but an attempt to pull together and coordinate better the ongoing efforts of numerous SVN military and police agencies that had been trying ineffectively for years to roll up the enemy's insurgency apparatus. For example, Treaster speaks knowingly—or so he thinks—about "cordon and search operations," "PRUs," "PICs," "ambushes," "tiger cages," and the like. All of these existed before Phoenix, during Phoenix, and after Phoenix.

(4) To call Phoenix a "murder" Program, except in the sense that war itself is murder, is grotesque. It was a legitmate wartime effort, in fact more discriminating than most. Neither Treaster nor anyone else has advanced any hard evidence whatsoever that "tens of thousands of ordinary South Vietnamese civilians were murdered . . ."

(5) Nor is there any correlation between numbers in Vietnamese jails, most of whom were common criminals, and the Phoenix program. These are just a few of Treaster's many errors.

True, Phoenix was a fiasco, as I called it once. Like most things we pressed our Vietnamese allies to do in defense of their country, it was not carried out the way we urged. This is one reason why they (and we) failed so miserably in the end. But let's not exaggerate Phoenix out of all proportion—and lay all its alleged sins at the door of the CIA—just because the practice is currently so fashionable.—*R.W. Komer, address withheld*

Joseph Treaster replies: *Mr. Komer, who was the chief of the U.S. "pacification program" in Vietnam in 1967 and 1968, keeps making the same tired arguments. He reminds me of Gen. William Westmoreland, who is still trying to convince us that the 1968 Tet Offensive was a triumphant victory of the United States and its now-defeated South Vietnamese allies.*

Komer says that Phoenix was not an American program or a CIA program. Well, who invented it? Komer himself described in my article how he (then a White House special assistant) and William Colby (then the head of CIA's Far East Division) initially developed Phoenix. Both later went to Vietnam to oversee the program. Did someone other than the United States finance Phoenix? Does Komer wish to argue that Vietnam was not an American war? I'm afraid that it was Komer's style of twisted logic that served us so well in Vietnam, and I think we've all had quite enough of it.

Female forum . . .

Please allow me to extend my deepest thanks to you for "Auto Erotic" in the April issue of *Penthouse*. The handsome Adonis you picked has to be my absolute ideal. I have constantly thumbed through this pictorial section, each time the young man turning me on more and more.

My fiancé and I are avid readers of *Penthouse*, but I have enjoyed this particular fantasy more than any other you have so far printed. Please continue using couples (male and female, preferably), as they are very enticing to those of us "hetero females" out here who also enjoy reading *Penthouse*.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . bare office

I am a twenty-six-year-old, big-butted, blond secretary pampered by my wonderful boss for my abundant 41-28-38, five-foot-three figure, and I remind him of his

high-school math teacher, who fucked him so silly in school he can't forget her.

He is a well-respected man in the upper civic, social, and business circles of our community, and he owns a growing business, of which I am the sole employee. His inner office sports wall decor that always brings a comment: one wall is adorned with a large bear rug and another with the mounted head of a huge bull buffalo, trophies of his younger days (he is now in his early fifties).

On this bear rug tossed on the carpet, we have held court for the past year almost every Wednesday afternoon. It has become our "in the bare, on the bear, butt busting, beer bust." It all came about after he surprised me reading a current issue of his *Penthouse* one afternoon while I was sitting at his desk. I had become so hornily engrossed in reading Forum that I just couldn't resist pulling up my skirt and putting my hand in my pantyhose. I was diddling when he slipped into the office and kissed me on the neck and suggested some fat peter for his fat princess.

Now, thanks to *Penthouse* Forum, I would like to tell all the plump gals like me about his wonder rod. Sure, I've fucked guys with bigger cocks, but none with his endurance, technique, and built-in satisfier. His beautiful cock is garnished with a massive head with heavy glandular flanges protruding out like shoulder pads on a pro tackle, and the thick shaft has a downward French curve when he is standing. We enjoy a variety of sex on our bear-rug circus. My favorite is when my cheek and boobs are pressed on that hairy rug and my butt is stuck up high, and he's pounding into me bear fashion—his dreamy prick constantly massaging my clitoris with full pull-outs and then body-jarring thrust-ins as I reach one orgasm after another. I almost pass out from sheer joy of his built-in French tickler and wonderfucking technique.

If I mix this bare-huggin' rug fucking with a few bottles of chilled beer as he indulges in his favorite—that of butt busting that hughmongus dong up my ass, coated generously with vaseline—he will pound away, driving me crazy as I hang on for dear life with double handfuls of bear hair.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . job satisfaction

I am a married girl, age twenty-six, and a part-time secretary. I am considered attractive, and know I have a nice figure—and I say this from the attention I receive from men everywhere I go. My sex life at home is the same as my girl friends' from what they tell me. I have just straight sex at night after going to bed, not much play, and sometimes my husband makes me climax, and a lot of times I am still left hot and unsatisfied. However, this problem I have solved.

I took a part-time job five years ago. Jay, my boss, is a fine, good-looking man, now forty-nine years old, trim, six feet tall, a sportsman, and second only to my husband as being the best-looking man in the world. During my first nine months of employment, Jay didn't make a pass at me, but I did notice my figure drew his attention every day, and many times I would notice a large bulge in his pants from a semihard cock, and I would wonder what I did or had said that caused it. We did nothing more than share jokes, kid each other, and talk of things in general. Sometimes the topic was sex. There were times I had the impression he would like to make it with me, but he would not make a move.

I came to work one day, and the first thing I noticed was a large bulge in Jay's pants, and I knew he saw me look at it. The night before my husband had screwed me but had left me unsatisfied. As I started my work, my mind was on that hard cock in the next office, and I then decided to find out if I could make out with him. I went to Jay and asked if a certain item had been completed. He said yes, and I then asked was he sure (I in fact knew it had been), and he replied yes again. I then bet him a kiss against a dollar that he was wrong. After showing me he was correct, he said, "Okay, Betty, pay off," and took me by the hand and led me into his office. I laughed and said okay, and followed him. He leaned back on his desk, and I put my hands on his shoulders. I leaned forward, and gave him a peck on the lips. He looked at me and said that wasn't a kiss, then put my arms around his neck, pulled me up to him, and our lips and tongues met at the same time. His hands then slipped down around my hips, pressed me to him, and I could then feel that hard cock pressed against me as his hands slid up to my tits and then started the act of undressing me. When he had me undressed, his kisses moved to my neck, then to my titties, and finally down my belly until I felt his tongue moving around in the hair of my pussy. He had me ready to fuck then, but his kisses didn't stop there. I felt his tongue touch my pussy lips, and in thirty seconds he made me come. I told him I had come; yet he kept on kissing my pussy, with his tongue going in and out and up and down, and in no time, he made me come again. He stopped sucking me, and when I looked down at his cock, I saw seven inches of the most beautiful shaft in the world. He laid me on the carpet behind his desk, and I told him to go easy with that thing, and he started slowly. But after a few strokes he was giving me every inch of his tool and a screwing that made me come three more times.

During the next few days, I found what it's like to make love to a cock by sucking it and playing with it. My husband doesn't go for oral sex, so I'm getting what I'm missing. This job and my boss have made the past four years of my marriage a happy one.—*B.F., Atlanta, Ga.*

. . . bridge club

My friend since high school and two other girls have been very close for years—we

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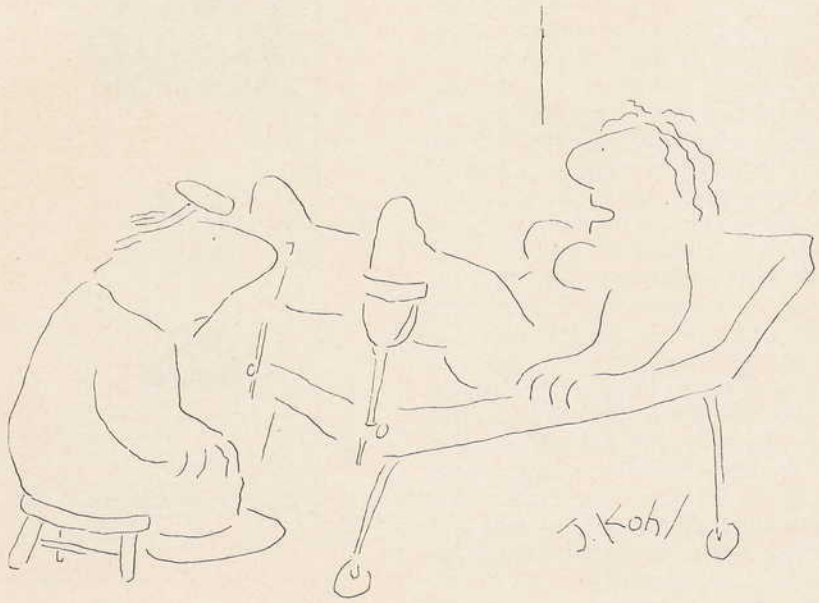
would go on vacations together, play cards, go to the theater and movies, and double date and so forth. Then my friend got married, while the other three of us have stayed single (we range in age from twenty-two to nineteen). But the four of us have still remained close friends, and her husband has sort of become part of the group, too. The fella she married is extremely good-looking and well built, *and* a nice guy. And I must say that whatever resentment there was among the remaining three of us when she got married—it was mostly jealousy—soon passed as we got to know him better, and we found out our group was not splitting up. When she was not there, the three of us often joked about how well hung he must be (especially after being at the beach with them, or seeing him in short, cut-off jeans) and speculated about their sex life. But not in her presence.

But one day Liz and I and one of the other girls were in Liz's house, looking over some magazines with male nudes, and comparing the qualities of the various men pictured. Liz was pretty quiet until she burst out that her husband was better than any of those pictured—even one of the pictures we were drooling over. We kind of put her down when she walked out of the room (we thought she was mad), but she returned with a box of photos. Were we surprised to see that they were all of Bob (that's her husband) in the nude in some fantastic poses—quite a few with a hard-on. Liz (I'm going to have to change some of the names in this letter since we might be recognized; otherwise, everything in here is completely true) was in a few of the pictures herself (self-timer, she told us), but she was dressed or partially dressed. For example, she would be standing behind him holding or stretching his hard-on. We knew that she was a really avid photographer (from the various trips we'd gone on together) and that she had expensive photo equipment, but this really caught us by surprise. Also we got really turned on by looking at these photos (much more than by the magazines since he really *was* better looking and better built). Since she was being so open with us, we admitted to her about how we often talked and fantasized about Bob—especially after we had seen him in swimming trunks and cut-offs.

The next time we had our monthly bridge game at her house (our fourth friend was there this time), Liz had quite a surprise for us. Bob, who usually talked with us for a while and then disappeared, stayed around all the time being extremely friendly and talkative. After about an hour of playing, Liz asked if we'd like to watch a photo session with Bob. Of course, none of us protested, although we weren't quite sure what she had in mind. We were down in the family room in the basement of their home, and she brought out her photo equipment and lights while Bob set up the backdrop and some other props. He left the room and returned in a robe. When Liz was ready, he got in position for the cameras and threw off his robe. The three of us let out an audible gasp as we saw him completely nude. He's really quite a man—beautifully proportioned, just the right amount of body hair and muscles for my taste, small tight ass, nice legs, and best of all, a thick penis which was about four inches in its soft stage at that point. Liz took several poses before she invited each of us to get in the photos also. We all made believe we wanted the others to go first, but I finally started. I stood next to him, behind him, etc., but didn't touch him with my hands. When the next one went, Liz posed her and Bob more precisely and told the girl to touch him on the hips, chest, etc., in some rather sexy poses. Finally, when the fourth girl went in, Liz told Bob she wanted a hard-on for this one and then asked Ann (the name I made up for the fourth girl) if she wanted to help, and without further instructions she grabbed his penis and he was hard in almost an instant. Then we all took a second gasp as his penis grew and grew and grew. (Later we all measured it at about eight inches long and six inches around.) Although we had seen it in the pictures before, it was much more exciting in the flesh. She posed with Bob, stroking his penis, balls, ass, and she and Bob (and the rest of us) got really worked up. When I got a second chance to pose with him, I knew I wanted to take some of my clothes off and get groped in return, but I didn't want to turn this into an orgy without Liz's okay. (Incidentally, as far as I know, none of us had ever engaged in any kind of group sex—certainly not amongst our group.) Finally, Liz said she wanted a picture of Bob coming, and she told me to hold his penis very tight and pull way back on it (from behind) so his penis was stretched real tight—and not to pump it at all. This was unusual for me (I'd jerked boys off before, but never like this, and I didn't think it was possible for them to come without any motion). I held his penis for about two minutes like this, squeezing harder all the time. I could feel it throbbing and contracting in my hand. He made a few back-and-forth movements, and finally he squirted at least three feet. Liz got every bit of that in the photograph (which we saw a few days later).

After that Bob left the room, and Liz cleaned up and—believe it or not—asked us to play some more bridge.

Where all this will lead to is anyone's guess, although let me say for myself, it's gotten me real horny—to the point where I masturbate at home much more often and also to where I've gotten much bolder and more aggressive with my dates and the fellas I go out with. On several dates I've had recently (once even on a first date), I began groping and undressing them before they did anything except kiss me.—*Name and address withheld*



"No. I don't want it removed . . . I just want the batteries changed."

. . . workman's compensation

I am a coed at a California university. The

dorm I live in was discovered to have dry-rot. As a result, workmen have been working everyday on the scaffolding around the outside of the dorm.

Well, one day last week, I was writing a paper in my room when I decided to take a break because the workmen were on their lunch break. I climbed out of my window and stretched out on a narrow plank of wood, enjoying a cool breeze in the heat. Well, I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I recall was opening my eyes to see a large figure above me. It was a workman. He was tall and muscular, really well built. He had light brown hair and eyes of the same color, with gold flecks in them. He also had a funny half-smile that let me know he wasn't displeased to see me out there where I didn't belong. I'm pretty good-looking—my figure is a 38-24-36, I have naturally blond hair, and really blue eyes. So I was used to the kind of look he was giving me.

We started talking, and he sat on the scaffolding next to me. I'm something of a feminist, so when I see something I want, I go after it. This guy (his name was John) was something I wanted, so I pounced. I turned the conversation around to sex and asked him what he thought about making-out in public. He looked me in the eye and asked if I had something specific in mind. As an answer, I reached over and grabbed him by the shirt neck to pull him where I could kiss him easily. John drew back a little and asked about being seen. I told him that my roommate was in her afternoon class by then so that if he was that worried about being seen, we could go back through the window into my room. Once there, we quickly stripped and took up where we'd left off. Soon I was ready, but John was still a little behind. I decided to take matters into my own mouth, so to speak, and gave him a partial blow-job. I didn't want him to come—just get hard—so I didn't suck him very long. I just teased him up with quick, light licks and kisses. In a few moments, he was just where I wanted him, stiff and begging for it. I gently pushed him on to his back and sat astride him, letting his marvelous, bulky penis slip deep into my wet cunt.

We were just getting a good rhythm going when I heard my bedroom door open. I looked over to meet the startled stare of my best girl friend. She didn't stay surprised very long, though. She quickly closed the door—and locked it! Then she came over to the bed and asked if there was room for one more. Jill has a beautiful face and dark brown hair. Her measurements aren't as large as mine, but they *are* as perfectly proportioned. Obviously, John didn't mind, and I was turned on even more by both of us fucking him at the same time. Jill took off her clothes and joined us.

To make a long story short, we had a bang-up time thinking up and trying all kinds of three-way combinations. We would have gone on a lot longer if John hadn't had to get back to work. As it turned out, he was fired for taking too long for lunch, and we never saw him again.—*R.L., address withheld*

. . . standard bearer

I am a freshman college coed and have carried the school flag in the band during the past year. This is how my experience came about.

I am now eighteen years old and had my first sex at the age of fifteen. Since that time I have taken on many men. It actually got to the point where I felt I was addicted to boys' cocks and had to have three or four each week to be satisfied.

Flag bearers at our school carry their flags in a type of harness so that the base of the flag rests directly on the pussy. This never once bothered me while I was practicing, but the first time I carried the flag in uniform for a football game, I suddenly started to get hot from the constant pressure of the flag on my pussy. The end of it was continually massaging my clit as I marched down the field. I was especially horny this night anyway, but to my surprise, this flag satisfied me so much that I had to carry it again the next night in order to satisfy my craving.

Up to this time, as I said before, I had had plenty of experience with sex, taking on as many as thirteen members of the football team in one night and loving every minute of the gang-bang adventure. After this, though, I use my flag whenever I get too horny.—*K.S., address withheld*

. . . contented Canadians

We are three, healthy young university students who are now living in an average Canadian city.

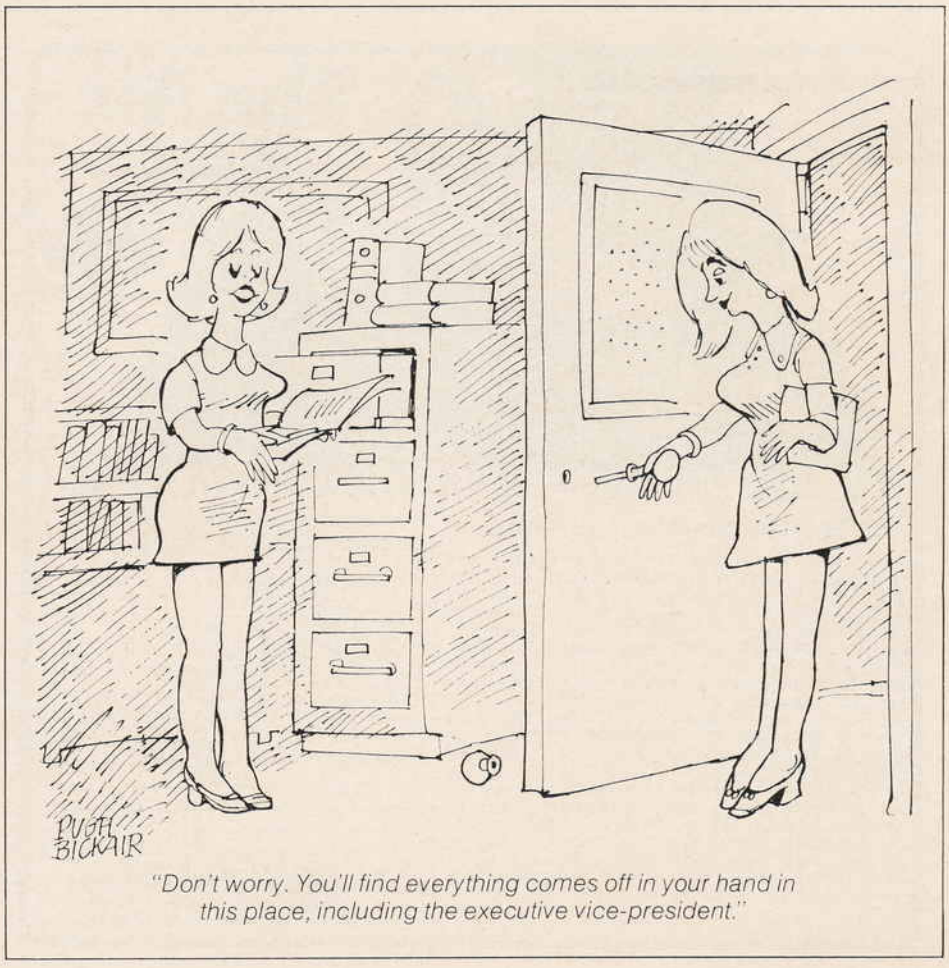
In writing to you, we want to share our beautiful experience with the *Penthouse* world. We are a blissfully happy *ménage à trois*—one man and two women. Contrary to popular opinion, this arrangement has not distracted us from our studies. In fact, we have found that our constantly aroused, fulfilling sexual existence has done wonders for our school work.

Unlike our fellow students (they are unaware of the nature of our relationship) who regularly suffer through the tensions of the peak pressure seasons, we find ourselves constantly relaxed and contented.

The arrangement was originally quite innocent. As students on a limited budget, we felt that it would be economically beneficial for us all to share an apartment, each, of course, having a separate bedroom.

The brother-sister relationship dissolved suddenly when Fiona and I returned home to find Jay in bed with a gum-toting, first-year cheerleader he picked up during orientation! Fiona and I were so turned on by this that we decided that we would wait until that night when Jay was asleep, and then crawl into bed with him.

What a turn-on! Jay was shocked, but he loved it! As a psychology major, Jay had studied a "Sleep and Dreams" course and had told us that at certain times in the sleep cycle men get a hard-on. Well, there



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he was, ready and waiting to receive us. After fucking for a glorious hour, the three of us slept peacefully through the night in each other's arms.

The next morning we were all a little embarrassed. We didn't quite know how to react to what seemed a fantasy that we dreamed in the night. It had been like a dream. Our embarrassment, however, was short-lived. We quickly admitted that it had been the most exciting sexual experience of our lives. Our close friendship rid us of the inhibition and awkward unfamiliarity that most people experience. It was obvious that our arrangement had the potential for a magnificent *ménage*.

Since then we have fulfilled ourselves sexually in every possible way, realizing our fantasies to their utmost. We romp together whenever we feel aroused and, believe us, variety really is the spice of life! Our relationship is made all the more titillating and exciting by the fact that it's a secret. In fact, we all have healthy relationships outside of our *ménage*. Our partners are completely unaware of the arrangement. My boyfriend often remarks about how exciting I am in bed. Little does he know that he can thank my roommates. Domestic eroticism has taught the three of us techniques we never thought possible.

Our *ménage à trois* has proven a healthy, happy experience, and we belive that others should try it. The delights are unceasing.
—Names withheld, Ontario, Canada

. . . brief encounter

I am a twenty-five-year-old, well-built woman who enjoys reading the Forum, especially with my man looking over my shoulder. In your February 1976 issue, I read a letter you titled "In the boxer's corner," and I beg to differ. I think a pair of bikini panties on a man is a fantastic turn-on, especially when he has a body like my man does. Just seeing that line across the rear through a pair of tight jeans makes me want to grab his cheeks to my puss, and the front is better yet because there's always a beautiful bulge just aching to be caressed.

My lover first introduced me to his panty fetish about a year and a half ago, and we have shared some wonderful experiences ever since. I've never felt anything as exciting as a man's balls and hard prick through a pair of soft, sheer panties, and the more I caress the larger he grows until his prick begins to grow out of the scantily laced edge, and we are ready to make love.

I'll never forget one evening, when he came over and said he wanted me to undress him. So he first stripped me of everything but a lace-string bikini, and as he kissed me and caressed my large-waiting breasts, I began to disrobe him. I slipped my hand into his jeans and felt his cute little cheeks through that soft nylon, and I couldn't wait to get his jeans off. To my delightful surprise, he didn't have one pair of daring little pretties on, but five pair—each more daring than the one before.

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First, I slowly removed a soft print pair, caressing his balls as I slipped them off, only to reveal a pair of black, wet-look string bikinis that by now held only his balls, for his prick had grown quite large. As I took those off, his hand slipped into my lace pretties and began to explore my already very wet pussy, making me want him even more.

The next pair left almost nothing to the imagination—they were beautifully sheer and pink and gave a fantastic view of his throbbing organ. I stripped him of those dainty things only to see he had adorned his body with two pair of crotchless panties. We left the last pair on for they were slit from front to back with a little black lace—just to tease. I was so hot that I knew as soon as he entered me I would come and that I did—not once but several times until we both exploded together in a fantastic climax.

My lover has over 100 pair of panties, many of which I have given him—he loves the way they feel on his body, and so do I.—*M.P., Minneapolis, Minn.*

. . . telephone toying

I am a twenty-five-year-old girl, and all the guys I know really dig your magazine. I thought I would show my appreciation by writing this letter.

It was a rainy Monday night, and I had just come home from the office. After a hard day of typing and filing, I just wanted to relax! But, of course, Forum, I have my own special way to relax.

I decided to play with my usual assortment of toys with me that night—a feather duster, a fresh avocado pit with the pulp still on, and a vibrator. I should add that I have an intercom phone in my apartment. This is the standard receiver, on top of a control speaker, with volume buttons. More about this later. I was going to have a fun evening, at least.

By the time I had laid out all of my gear, my panties were soaked. I dimmed the lights and began my usual ritual. I ran the feather duster lightly over my breasts and nipples until I started to tingle inside. After becoming thoroughly excited, I spread my lips and slowly pushed the avocado pit into my cunt. I began to arch my back in an up-and-down rhythmic motion, constantly aware of the pit moving inside me. The pulp on the pit and my natural secretions made the pit slither and slide. After about twenty minutes, I placed a moderate-sized vibrator in my aperture until the pit within me started to vibrate. This got me more thoroughly aroused and only served to increase my appetite. Trembling, I continued this form of stimulation until I gave about twenty heaving sighs and expelled the pit with an orgasmic explosion. I needed more.

I don't usually go in for obscene phone calls, but I was so excited I felt I had to share my joy with someone. I dialed the first telephone number that came into my head and turned on the intercom I mentioned. As luck would have it, a man answered. I immediately told him in detail what I had just done. He said he thought I was crazy but that he'd listen if it would satisfy me. Then I placed the intercom receiver between my legs and rubbed it against my still-steaming honey pot. I then heard muffled cries from between my legs. I asked him how big his cock was, and he said, "Right now, about eight inches." He said that his eight inches could surely satisfy me more than an avocado pit. I asked him what he would do with it. When he described how I would suck his long, smooth dick, feeling it tickle my tonsils and fill my mouth, I started to moan very loud, almost unable to control myself. I told him I was fingering myself, and he said that was fine as he was jacking off. By the time he finished describing how we would fuck, I had reached my third orgasm, and he said his seed had spewed over his fingers and onto the carpet. Unfortunately, I was so overcome that I hung up without writing down his phone number.—*E.H., Huntington, N.Y.*

. . . night watch woman

Thanks to the letter in Forum, written by a man who described how he masturbated by lying on his stomach and massaging his cock between his thighs and buttocks, I, too, have enjoyed fantastic orgasms.

As a girl who derives extreme pleasure from having men jerk off in front of her, this added a new dimension.

Last night, one of my men and I picked up a copy of *Penthouse* and brought it home to read. I like having a man get completely undressed as we read the magazine together, and I tell him to play with himself as we read together. Sometimes I get nude, or partially nude, or stay dressed, but I insist on his being naked and playing with himself. Well, last night as we read the letter from the guy above, I decided it would be fun to make my man do the same thing. I had never heard of it before, and it excited me.

I placed a couple of towels under his genitals while he was on his stomach and told him to reach down and push his cock between his thighs, and then into the crack of his ass. I didn't have any K-Y jelly, so I used baby oil on his cock and the crack of his ass, and to both of our surprises, he was able to reach his cock almost into the hole of his ass. I was kneeling behind him, quite fascinated by it all, and kept squeezing drops of baby oil on his cock and into his ass crack as his cock got harder. To make it easier for him and more fun for me, I separated his ass cheeks and squeezed his cock right into his ass. Then I said, "Come on, Tony, get your cock all the way in your ass hole. Come on, fuck yourself, fuck yourself. Does it feel good?" He answered that it felt wonderful. What a fantastic sight. I got turned on by it and told him to turn over and I sat on his face and

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had him suck me off slow and deep.

After that, I finished off the evening the way I do with all my men. I recline comfortably on my stomach with a pillow underneath, raising my ass, and have my man lick my ass for a very long time. Such a lovely, wonderful feeling to just lie there and have your ass sucked and licked and pampered! Fantastic! After that, I tell him to stand in front of me and jerk off. It's such fun watching him.—*V.T., Princeton, N.J.*

. . . friend in need

I am twenty-four years old, have shoulder-length black hair, blue eyes, stand five feet, eight inches tall, weigh 116 pounds, and figure in at 37-22-36. My husband, Larry, insists that I have the best legs and ass around, and most everyone finds me very attractive. Although we have been married only three years, our sex life has become quite mediocre and at times even boring. Larry suggested I experiment extramaritally, and though I was sure he had, my mind was closed to the possibility until . . .

Tom, Larry's old and close friend, came into town for a few days. I had always found Tom to be slightly obnoxious (he never failed to pinch my ass), but his rugged good looks and muscular body were rather appealing. Tom would drop in from time to time, and one day it was the early afternoon when he appeared. I was lounging around the den in a bathrobe, and as we spoke, I noted the bulge of his crotch, a smirk on his face, and I was sure he knew that Larry would not be home for several hours. I began to tremble with excitement and fear, but before I could make any moves, Tom's pants were at his knees. My god! He was hung like a stallion and certainly had the largest flaccid tool I had ever seen. The faint odor of cock was stimulating, and as if by instinct, my thighs began to grind. Tom approached and then slipped off my robe, leaving me in just a silk bikini panty. He asked me to assume the prone position, and I obeyed as his thick, massive cock hung dormant in my face. He grabbed my tits, and I drew him closer with my hands on his muscular ass. His tool began to stiffen and swell to magnificent proportions as my lips wrapped tightly about its head. I began to suck up as much as I could (no more than half that shaft) while gently licking the undersurface, and then it happened; neither of us heard the knock, and then Larry was standing right in front of us in the doorway.

I was too crazed to stop, and the two men said nothing. To my amazement, Larry stripped down, approached me from the rear, and yanked off my panty. He began to tongue my entire crotch and ass hole and soon entered my steaming pussy. He pumped furiously, and I felt his balls slamming against my sweaty thighs as I continued to suck Tom. Larry began to grunt, withdrew, and spilled his load onto my buttocks. He rubbed his juices over my ass and cunt, deftly slipping his fingers into my still-quivering slit. Then, to my delight (and I think Tom's also), Larry began to slap my ample, wet buttocks. All the sensations I felt—the smacking from behind, my hard nipples between Tom's fingers, and his super-stiff cock in my mouth—were driving me to heights never before imagined. Suddenly, Tom's hips moved faster; then he grabbed his tool. The sight of that huge prick sliding through his clenched fist and the treatment from behind brought me to the most intense climax I have ever had. Tom screamed, and his cock erupted onto my face.

There were no more of these sessions, but this experience released passions that added new dimensions to my marriage with Larry. At a later date, I learned that Larry had arranged the entire encounter with his "good" friend.—*K.L., Tucson, Ariz.*

Editor's note: the chiffon dress worn by our May Pet, Sonny Smith, was designed by Rome Hyer New York City, courtesy of The Other Woman boutique.

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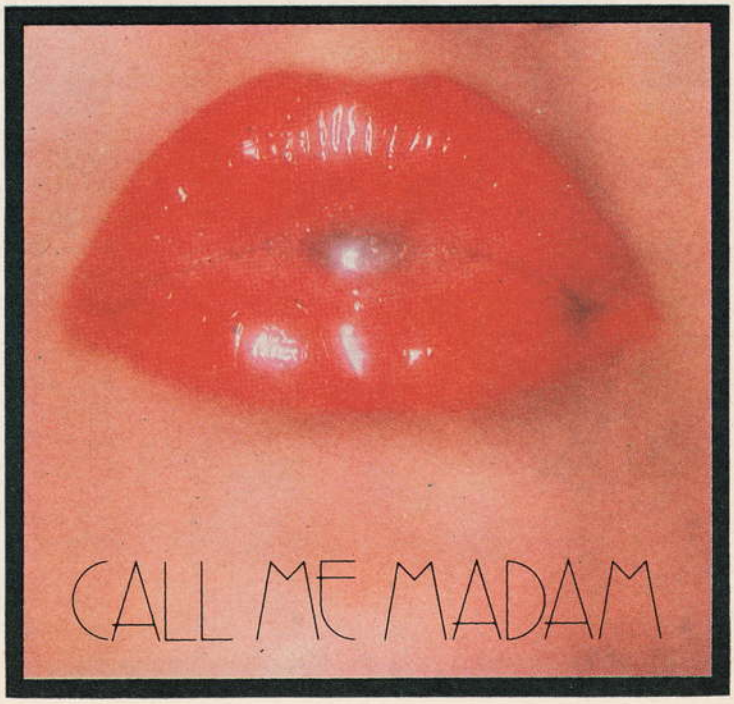
"The $100 fee may seem high, but it's about average for "slavery service" from a male prostitute."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH



It all began when my husband and I went to a ranch in Nevada for a week's vacation. We asked around to find out what was happening, and a bus driver gave us a yellow card advertising a live sex show. Well, it didn't take much coaxing for me to go because I'd always wanted to see a real pro operate.

We drove out to the nightclub mentioned on the card, and my husband went in to check it out. About ten minutes later he came back to tell me that there were eight gals in there with their escorts. The 11:00 P.M. show was about to start. By this time I'd really gotten horny and sort of moist in the crotch, but I didn't want to appear too anxious for fear of being kidded by my husband.

We went into the nightclub and paid our twenty dollars apiece. The stage was in the center of the room, and all seats were parallel to the stage. At about 11:10 the stage lights went on, the music started, and the area where the audience was grew dim. Joyce, a very beautiful white gal, came onto the stage and proceeded to do a hot strip. In a matter of three minutes she was totally nude and was sensually moving about the stage. She stuck her tits out in front of the audience and let the men feel her up. To my surprise, she took my hand and allowed me to feel her tits and pubic area. Wow! did that turn me on. Although I never thought I was bisexual, her firm breasts really got me going.

About this time, Barbara, a tall, buxom black chick, came on the stage and began to strip. She offered her bronze titties to the audience, and in no time everybody there was hot to fuck. Joyce then turned to the audience and asked, "Anybody out there care to take your clothes off?" This really turned everybody on, and several guys and gals stripped immediately. I nudged my old man, and he started to take his clothes off. What the hell! I stripped down, too. I could hardly stand it any longer, and so I grabbed my husband's cock. I needed a good fucking immediately. It was then that Joyce and Barbara started their lesbian love scene. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that they were really into it—sucking, licking, eating each other's bodies. At the finish of their girl-to-girl gig, each lay over on her back and shrieked, "Fuck me, fuck me!" Two dudes from the audience came over immediately and proceeded to screw them. I pulled my old man on top of me and let him work his rocks off.

Barbara then stood up and shouted, "Slave, slave, come out here!" Everybody looked up as a white male came out from the dressing room. He was wearing a big chain around his neck. Barbara and Joyce made him kneel before them. Barbara said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this at my feet is a real live slave. Slave, tell them who and what you are. And tell them who you belong to."

He mumbled something about being hers. "Louder!" Barbara shrieked, swinging a whip across his back. Barbara then added that this slave was to serve us. Turning to my husband and me, she said, "I dig getting screwed and then making my slave suck it all out. Honey, finish fucking with your man, and I'll make this slave suck you dry when your man's done."

Somehow or other I'd never enjoyed a screw so much in my life. Barbara towered over us, whip in hand, my old man popped his nuts, but I was still horny as hell. Barbara struck her slave with the whip and in a soft voice said, "Slave, suck her dry."

Well, let me tell you, this slave knew his business. I thought my head was going to be screwed off! As the come was being sucked out of me, I blew my rocks off. I just can't describe it! My old man lay down beside me and whispered, "Baby, baby, I've never seen you so satisfied." In other words, our forty dollars was well spent.

Photograph by Frank Laffitte

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

My husband and I have kept a correspondence going with Barbara and Joyce. I recently received a letter from Joyce, who claims she will rent me this so-called slave for a night if I pay her $100. Certainly, the experience would be worth the fee, but my husband says that we can't afford it.

I don't believe I'm a sadist, but I'd like the luxury of having a sex slave. When I get hot, I'd like to be serviced immediately. Is this queer? My husband satisfies me, but many times when I get the urge to fuck, he's just not enough. The fantasy of getting screwed and sucked by a slave just seems to be the ultimate experience. What do you think, Xaviera?—J.F.

I've always believed that one should live out one's fantasies. The $100 fee may seem high, but take it from one who knows, the amount is about average for such kinky service from a male prostitute.

If you can't afford this special service, maybe your husband would comply with another arrangement. Make a deal with him, and the two of you can alternate as slave and master. But if you prefer your "slave" to be an anonymous man, I'm afraid you're stuck with that high fee. Then again, there are many sex clubs in larger cities. You located one of them, and it shouldn't be all that difficult to find others. Ask Barbara and Joyce the next time you write. After all, a forty-dollar admission price is rather cheap for slavery service. What with all those other customers who were watching you get fucked and sucked, you'll probably prefer a crowded club to the intimacy of your own bedroom.

TO BE SHE OR NOT TO BE SHE

My girl friend and I have been together for about three years. We have a sixteen-month-old girl. The thought of marriage just seemed to turn us both off; so we never bothered to do so. Our daughter shares both of our last names, which brings me to the main issue.

I think I'm a transvestite—at least, that's what I've told my girl friend. Actually, I believe I'm an incurable transsexual. I've read a lot on both subjects, and my sexual behavior closely follows that of a transsexual's. My girl friend, Barbara, says she doesn't want to live with a man who keeps going through these changes.

Barbara never wanted to have kids—at least not until later—but she's been a very good mother. I'd raise our child myself if I had to. I easily pass as a woman right now; and if I took some hormone treatments, there wouldn't be much suspicion about my sex. Could I legally raise our child if I completed a sex change?—Tom

If you truly want a sex-change operation, you must consider a few facts of life:

First, you'll probably lose your girl friend.

Second, it will take you quite a while to go through the male-to-female transformation. No doctor will simply give you hormone treatments, whack off your testicles, and stick on a vagina.

Third, the law will undoubtedly take your child away from you. Judges aren't terribly liberal when it comes to transsexuals.

Which is most important to you in life: your own life and happiness, your girl friend, or your child? I imagine that the three are closely interrelated, and so your decision cannot be an easy one. Good luck!

TAKING THE MATTER IN HAND

My problem concerns the shape of my penis. I am a fairly typical, sixteen-year-old male, and I find it peculiar that I've already encountered something to stymie my sexual life-to-come.

For several years I've been masturbating regularly—since the age of twelve, to be exact. At this time I first discovered the joys of a good orgasm, and so I indulged in this newfound sport—I love to call it "self-abuse"—quite often. All in all, it's been great fun, and I don't think I've ever gone longer than five days without feeling the desperate need to exercise my right hand.

I'd been masturbating for at least a year when I first heard all those horrible stories about jerking off. Some of these myths are so old that I'm sure they started when some lucky Neanderthal discovered his pecker. I assumed that these stories were all pure bullshit and continued to jerk off in my own happy way. In fact, I was so undaunted that I found myself beating the meat four, five, and sometimes even six times a day. It seemed that I could get a raging hard-on about every half-hour; so naturally I felt that I'd be doing nature a disservice to let an erection go by the wayside.

I became a S.I.O.F. (Self-Induced Orgasm Fanatic) who seemed to exist solely to beat off in various places at various times. Well, let's face it, when you are sixteen and Catholic, there's not a hell of a lot more you can do. The high-school girls are not so horny as a dude would want, and a few even border on the puritanical. Having been brought up with the strictest religious training, I was, and am, a little wary of losing my virginity. There's nothing happening in my town at all, and even a driver's license isn't a ticket to freedom and balling. In other words, I'm simply bored out of my fucking skull. What can a guy do but palm his prick?—which is an exercise I recommend to all guys.

I'm quite good at masturbation. I've learned to jerk off unobtrusively almost anywhere—in buses, cars, school, and backyards. I've used every implement known to man: bananas, grapefruits, jelly beans, fur, vibrators, kumquats, and watermelons. I have gone through endless assortments of meat, liver, and hot dogs and tried every type of lubricant available. After I tried all the creams and lotions on the market, I got into using jams, jellies, honey, molasses, mayonnaise, peanut butter (even extra-crunchy is good), and many

more. I've used these different devices and lubricants to achieve the ultimate self-induced orgasm. By the way, I haven't gotten there yet.

I've just done it and done it and done it and done it until I was too worn out to do it again. For four years, I've jerked off on an average of twice a day. (I just completed another session right here at the typewriter. You see, I start fantasizing about the girls in high school, and I just can't control myself. God, I just shot off all over the keys!) Xaviera, have I gone too far?

I used to think I couldn't hurt myself by masturbation, but now I fear that my excessive jerking off has been responsible for my cock's peculiar curvature. Yes, my poor pecker doesn't stand out straight and tall anymore. It stands hard but not straight, as it curves very definitely from the base to the tip. The curve is about a thirty-degree angle, and I fear the day when I finally do get the chance to fuck some girl. Will she gasp or laugh at my contorted cock?

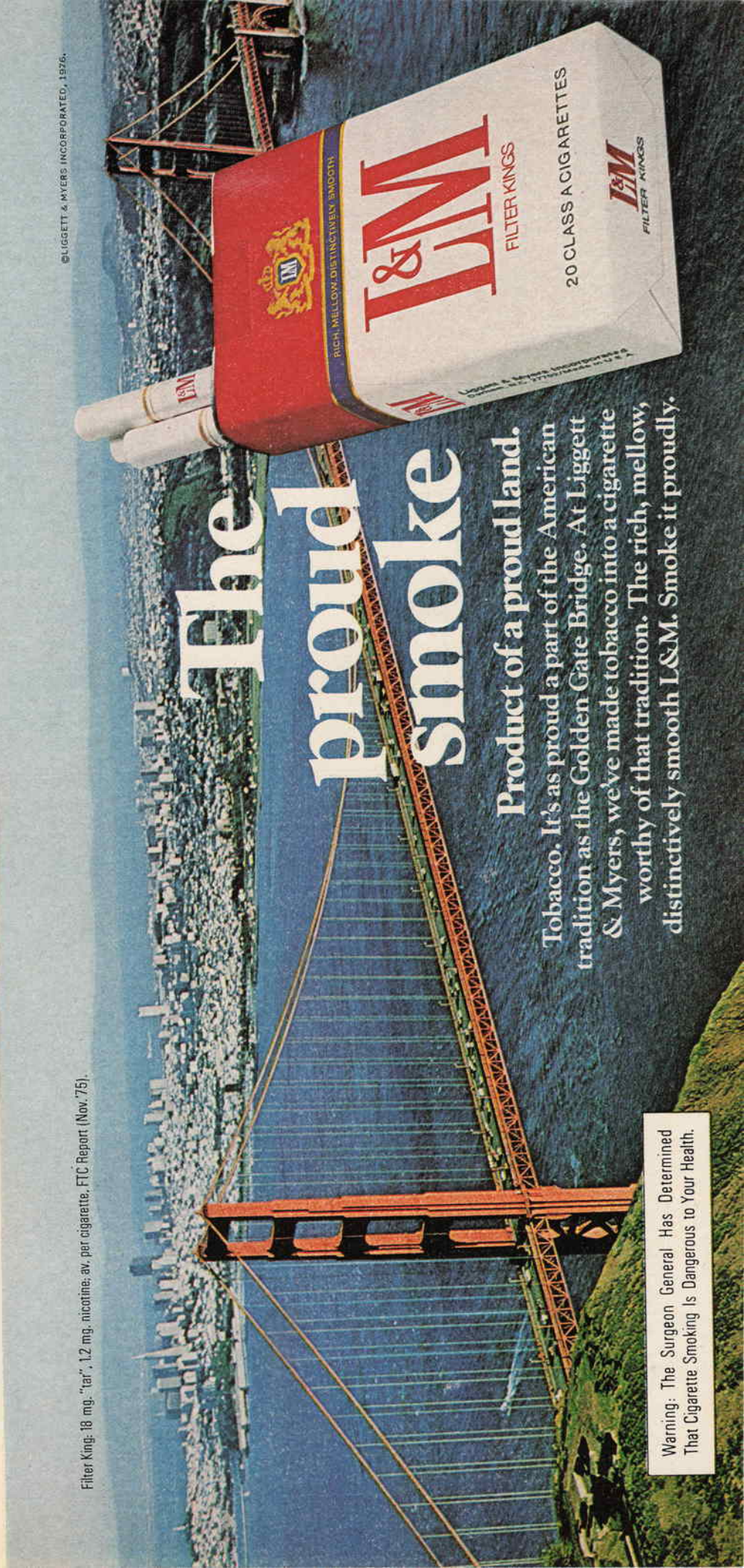
My dick has served me faithfully all these years, and I want it to serve the girls just as well. Unfortunately, it is not all that impressive to begin with, and I'm afraid this odd curvature will present problems.

Xaviera, my cock is my friend; it needs help, and I need to help it. It's done right by me; so please tell me what to do. I'm desperate! I've thought of cutting down on my masturbation, but that would drive me right up the walls. Can anything be done that could possibly straighten out my poor old trusty prick?—Jim

Just for the sake of novelty, you might try using your left hand for a while. I doubt whether a change in hands will straighten your cock, but then I don't think masturbation had anything to do with the curvature in the first place. During puberty a boy's cock usually grows quite a bit, and for some reason yours decided to bend somewhat. What is surprising, perhaps, is that many men's cocks are not perfectly straight and bend every which way. While a few women may be turned off by dented dicks, I myself find that a curved cock can really help to hit the spot.

STRENGTH NOT LENGTH

I'm a high-school senior, black, and eighteen years old. One of my biggest problems is that I live in a Chicago suburb, and my high school is only 2 percent black. Most of the girls in my school think that blacks have fantastic cocks. Since I'm very athletic, a basketball player, and have a fairly large frame (six foot one, 165 pounds), the girls expect me to be hung like a bull. The trouble is that my cock is only an average six inches in length. Could you set my mind at ease on this subject? It has haunted me for some time now. Am I a disgrace to my race for not having a bigger cock? For kicks sometimes, my friends and I go to downtown Chicago to see skin flicks. The blacks in these porno films have enormous cocks. Have I been short-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changed? My success in sports has permitted me to have many sexual encounters with girls, and I hate disappointing them.

My next problem: I'm dying to have a blow-job. All of my friends have told me how good it is. I don't want to come in the girl's mouth. I just want her to suck me until I'm ready to come, and then I'll shoot it on the bed or something. I've also wanted to go down on a girl for quite some time. I can't bring myself to do it, though. I've licked and kissed girls just about everyplace else except there. My friends tell me the stench of pussy is unbelievable.

I remember once how I was getting it on with this white chick when I started kissing her on her legs and working my way up her thighs. When I started licking her thighs, I knew she wanted me to eat her out because she spread her legs even wider. Unfortunately, I couldn't go through with it because I remembered my friend telling me how awful the smell was. The girl and I were pretty worked up; so I made it up to her by apologizing. She understood, and so we wound up fucking.

Tell me, Xaviera, is the stench of pussy bad? Associate it with something so I'll know what you're talking about.—R.W.

Like I've always said, when it comes to cock I'm more interested in strength than length. If you've got a good motion and thrust behind your cock, no woman should complain. Six inches is average and nothing to be ashamed of. I once knew a guy who had about three inches when his cock was erect, and yet he was the most fantastic lover ever. Why? Because he worked on perfecting the art of cunnilingus, and I wouldn't have traded in his tongue for any man's ten-incher. By the way, don't believe everything you see in the movies. Porno flicks are masturbatory fantasies, and of course the guys all have gigantic cocks. It's part of the fantasy, just as the women all have big boobs. You should get your head back to reality.

If you want a blow-job, why don't you just ask the girl for it? I will admit that many teenage chicks may not like the idea, but why not initiate them? I wouldn't walk down the hallway, grab some girl, and say, "Hey, how about a blow-job after the basketball game tonight?" Wait till you've got her good and hot for your body and *then* pop the question. Or, simply position your cock over her face when your making love and see if she goes for it. You might be surprised at her reaction.

As for cunnilingus, try it; you may find you like it. Some men say that pussy smells like fish; some women say that cock smells like cheese. More liberated individuals find that the body's private parts exude a beautifully erotic perfume. Judge for yourself, but at least give cunnilingus a try.

LAID BUT NOT MADE FOR EACH OTHER

I've worked in the same office with this girl for some time now. It was always a hi-and-good-bye–type relationship until recently. One day she came up to me, and we started talking about all kinds of things. Then she asked me to her apartment. She's twenty-five, semi-attractive, and she doesn't have the greatest reputation in the world. I'm twenty years old, most people think I'm fairly good-looking, and I look a lot older than I am.

Well, eventually I made it over to her apartment. When I got there, we both got good and drunk and proceeded to fuck. I began by kissing her neck, and after I unbuttoned her shirt, I went under her bra for her tits. From there I started working her cunt with my hand and removed her pants and panties. She was completely nude, and so I started to eat her out. That's when she went wild on me, tearing the clothes from my body. Before I could even get all my clothes off, she was grabbing and pulling at my eight-inch cock. I hadn't had sex in six months, and you'd figure that I'd be overly anxious to fuck, but it took me at least ten minutes to reach climax. Even stranger was the fact that during this entire fuck session, I couldn't keep my mind on what we were doing.

A couple of weeks later, I again spent the night with this girl and just about the same thing happened. She is very good in bed, and she's very aggressive. Best of all, she likes to please her partner as well as satisfy herself. To sum up the situation, I enjoyed having sex with her but not nearly so much as I should have. It was hard for me to keep an erection, which is unusual for me. Nothing like this has ever happened before, and I can't understand why it's happened with this particular girl.—Confused

Although you've laid, you may not be made for each other. Occasionally, a girl friend and I used to trade off bed partners. She'd tell me this guy or that guy was the most fantastic lay ever. I'd try him out in bed—and nothing. The next day I'd telephone her and say, "What's the big deal? That guy you lined me up with was a real dog!" Then on occasions I'd let her screw one of my favorites. The same thing would happen! She'd call up to ask me what all the excitement was. When it comes to sex, different strokes for different folks.

Each of you may be fantastic bed partners, but you just need different partners to get the fire going. Also, in your letter you speak of having a few drinks before sex. While alcohol may help to break the ice, it can also deaden sexual excitement. Next time you decide to go out, find a new lay and lay off the booze.

POLLY UNSATURATED

I've been married for five years, am twenty-two years old, and have two lovely children. I'm very happily married, except that I have this problem. You see, I can't say no to a good-looking guy.

Since I first started having sex when I was fourteen, I've made love to or sucked

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off more than thirty-five different guys. With a couple of them, I never even knew their names. I've made love to eighteen of them just once and the other guys twice or more. I make it with three of them quite regularly, and my husband doesn't know about them. Don't get me wrong! I don't make it with just any guy. I have to like the guy's looks first. Most of these guys I've picked up; I don't believe in waiting around if I'm interested. The three guys I screw with regularly phone me all the time for sex.

For example, just the other day one of them wanted to meet me at a particular hotel in the afternoon. When I got there, he had another guy with him and he asked me if I minded. The other guy looked okay; so I said all right. As it turned out, we had a two-hour session, with these guys fucking and eating me. Then I went home, made supper for my husband, and later that same evening made an excuse to go to town. There I met one other guy, who drives a cab. He said he'd meet me at 8:00 P.M., which was half an hour away. So while I was driving around killing time, I happened to see another guy I know. I'd never even so much as kissed him before, but I knew he wanted more than my conversation. Finally, I talked him into following me in his truck, and about twenty minutes later we were in the backseat of my car, balling.

I thoroughly enjoy what I'm doing and have no intention of quitting. Right now I'm waiting until my kids are in school so that I'll have even more time to ball. My husband and I have swapped with another couple on a few occasions, but they've moved away. Unfortunately, we haven't found anyone else to make it with as a couple. To my knowledge, my husband has not cheated on me, and if he ever found out about all these other guys I fuck, he'd kill me. He knew about different guys I'd made it with before our marriage, but I don't dare tell him about my post-marital experiences.

I don't need sex from different guys all the time, and I've gone six months or more with no one else but my husband. It really was all the same to me. But if I get in a situation where I can make it with a guy, I always do. I only like straightforward sex and don't care whether there are one, two, or three guys involved at the same time. I think guys like me as a sex partner because it's free sex with no hang-ups and no emotional ties. I enjoy being married, and so I'm not into tying them down. A couple of the guys are really good friends and come around to talk. Sometimes we don't even fuck. I've never once been treated mean or disrespectfully by any of them. They treat me like a lady.

I read your column faithfully in Penthouse. *Also, your books are great. I think you're the one to give an opinion about my conduct.—Polly*

In some circles of society you would be known as a nymphomaniac. I, for one, don't believe in nymphomania and regard the word only as a pejorative term used by unliberated people to discriminate against the sexually aggressive woman. Since you seem to enjoy screwing your eyeballs out, be my guest.

I'm afraid, however, that your husband may one day present a problem. Sooner or later he's going to find out about your extracurricular activities, and he may do much more than simply ask you to stop. What will happen then? You may have to choose between your husband and this free-for-all sex life of yours. And I'd suggest you make this choice before your husband makes it for you. If you can't face leaving your husband and children, you should try to find some couples to swing with. After all, your husband is at least liberated enough to accept a little swinging on the side.

BISEXUAL'S DEBUT WITH BEST BUDDY

I'm a twenty-year-old male Chicano and have always had what I considered to be a very active sex life. Well, one night my buddy and I, whom I've known for about eight years, went to a fair, and as usual we did pretty well with the chicks. We both scored and took the chicks out to my buddy's car, taking turns sticking it to each girl in the backseat.

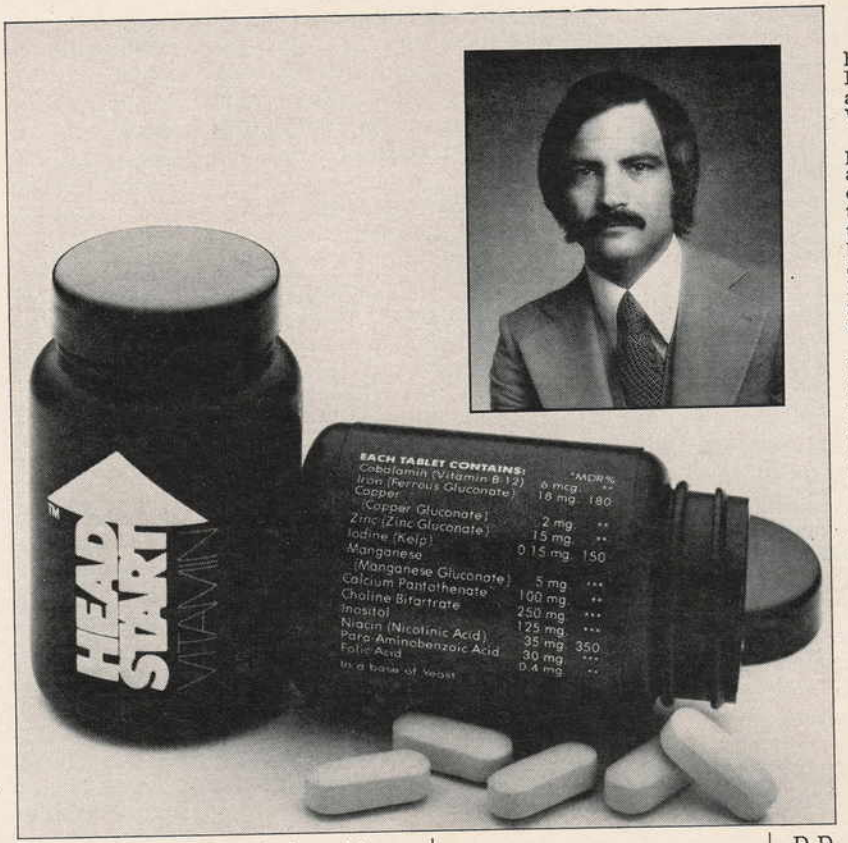
The next morning we had planned to go hunting together at about 4:00 A.M.; therefore he decided to spend the night with me so that we could get an early start in the morning. It was pretty late, and we undressed, got into my bed, and turned off the lights. I just lay there in the dark for about half an hour, thinking about the two chicks at the fair. I was just about to doze off when I felt my friend's hand slide over and come to rest right on the crotch of my Jockey shorts. At first I thought he was asleep. I was just about to move his hand away when he gently started to squeeze and rub my crotch. I then realized that he was really awake, and I didn't know what to do. He didn't know that I was awake because I pretended to be asleep. After a few moments he slid his hand up inside my Jockey shorts and wrapped his hand around my cock and began to masturbate it. I just couldn't believe this was happening! We had gone to high school together, and he was one of my best friends. I had no idea that he'd ever do anything like this. I was so shocked that I just didn't know what to do. I continued to act as if I were actually asleep.

But pretty soon what he was doing started to feel good. No matter how hard I tried to fight the feeling, I was getting turned on and started getting a hard-on. I got so turned on that I was just about ready to shoot my rocks off when he finally stopped. He then took my hand and pulled it over to him, placing it around his cock. I had never touched another cock, and it felt really strange. He tightened my grip around it and used my hand to jerk himself off. I could feel his soft cock get harder and harder right there in my hand. His cock is circumcised and mine isn't, and I could feel

"When they dress like that, they're just asking for trouble!"

DISCOVER WHAT VITAMINS CAN DO FOR YOUR HAIR.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories



WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occurs 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than ½ of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J.T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work"... Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E.H., New Orleans.

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the difference. By then it was turning me on so much that I could hardly stand it but still pretended to be asleep. About that time I shot my rocks off in my Jockey shorts. Then he got his off, too, and I could feel some of the come on my hand. Then he just wiped my hand off and went to sleep. The next day he acted as if nothing had happened.

I'd never even thought of ever doing something like this, but now that I have, I'm glad. Of course the next chance I got, I invited him over to spend the night with me again. This time I didn't pretend to be asleep. We jerked each other off, and we did a little sucking, too. As of yet we haven't fucked in the ass.

Luckily, we have some other friends who liked it as much as we do once we talked them into trying it. But none of our other friends know that we do this since we keep it secret. Because we still enjoy getting it on with the chicks, bisexuality hasn't changed our love life much at all. We still get just as much pussy as ever. So far I've had sex with only a couple of friends—Chicanos like me—but now I'm getting the urge to try it with a Caucasian or maybe an Oriental. But, Xaviera, I'm worried. Everybody is always talking about how terrible it is to make love with someone of your own sex. Now that I've found out what I've been missing, it doesn't seem wrong. I'm not saying I want to go out only with guys from now on, because 90 percent of the time I'm usually horny for pussy. Please tell me, Xaviera, is it wrong for a guy to have sex with another guy once in a while?—A.M.

I've always felt that bisexuals have the best of both worlds. If it feels good and you're not hurting anyone, then by all means do it. Making it with someone of your own sex can, however, be a hassle. Society, unfortunately, still frowns on such activity, and you may have to take some criticism. Of course, if you live in a large city, you'll find the going easier.

It sounds as though you're still experimenting with bisexuality, and there's certainly nothing wrong with this. Right now your sex with other men is pretty mild and involves only occasional masturbation and fellatio. Since you make it only with close friends, perhaps you are fulfilling adolescent fantasies. Many boys in puberty make it with their close male friends but are still heterosexual. Time will tell if your bisexuality is indeed permanent.

THE PERFECT JOHN

Every time I have sex, I thoroughly enjoy it until I've shot my load. Then I become completely turned off to the girl I've just screwed. I don't even want to be near her.

I'm in prison now, and the only way I can relieve myself is through masturbation. The strange thing is that when I'm finished jerking off, I don't even want to look at a picture of a naked girl. Can you tell me what's wrong with me?—R.J.

You would make a perfect John. A "John" in the prostitution terminology is a customer who pays a hooker for her services. The quicker he is in and out, the better for the prostitute's business.

Many North American men are like this, whether they go to a hooker or go to bed with their wife or girl friends. Once the act is over, they get up, get dressed, and leave. In the case of marriage, they simply turn over and go to sleep. I feel sorry for this kind of man. If I were you, I'd be less preoccupied with sex-for-the-sake-of-sex and try to become involved with a real woman rather than with a fuck machine.

Maybe now you can understand why hookers usually ask for the money "up front." They know what they are doing. A stiff cock does not think. Once the man has had what he wants, he couldn't give a damn whether the hooker gets paid.

CUNNILINGUS AND MR. CLEAN

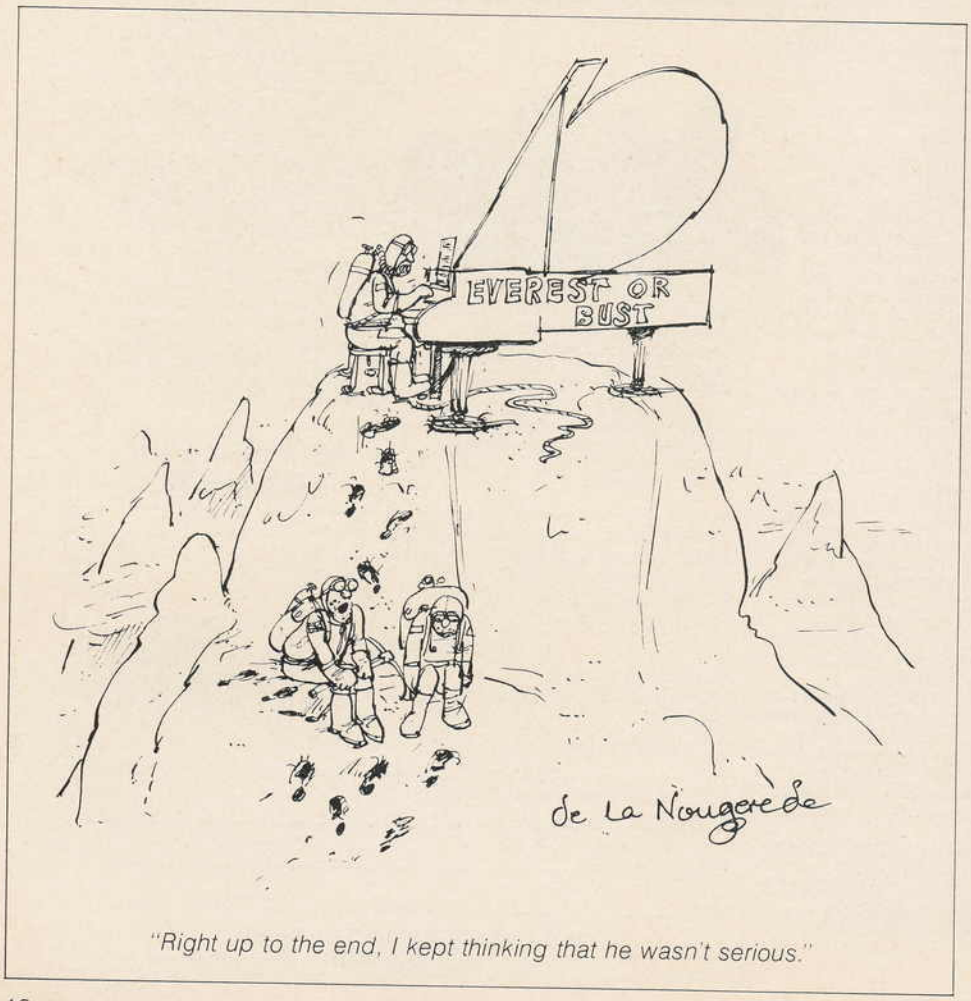
It's a real shame, but I find in this enlightened age that a high percentage of women do not practice good sex hygiene. On two occasions with socially classy ladies, I looked forward to cunnilingus. However, when I got my nose within a few inches of their crotches, the smell of urine and dirty pussy knocked the wind out of my sails. I settled for regular intercourse, and with some reservations at that.

I recently asked a young lady, who had such a sweet-smelling crotch, what her secret was. She replied that she washes her pubic area with soap morning, noon, and night and always before a date. She changes panties twice daily. When she uses the toilet, she doesn't use toilet paper, but rather she rinses with water and dries with a towel. On those rare occasions when she must use paper to wipe her ass, she wipes away from the vagina and not toward it. This practice reduces the chances of vaginal and urinary infections. If she is sure to be involved in cunnilingus, she rubs some cologne on the pubic hair of her freshly soap-washed pussy and inserts a fruit-flavored Lifesaver into her vagina.

Immediately after sex she gets up and washes with soap, knowing she may be screwed again shortly. This procedure may sound like a lot of trouble to go through, but this gal sure thinks it's worth it. I agree, of course! I personally feel you have no excuse if you are on a date and have smelly sex organs.—W.R.

Unfortunately, some women not only look like douche bags; according to their men, and they should know, they could very well use a douche bag.

Your girl friend may be overdoing the douche routine just a little. A certain amount of bacteria is needed in the vagina for fighting infection. Excessive douching can destroy this bacteria and hence cause, not reduce, infection. Needless to say, many women should be more hygienic. They could be missing out on some exciting and tasteful sex play.



"Right up to the end, I kept thinking that he wasn't serious."

New from the Penthouse Kitchen...

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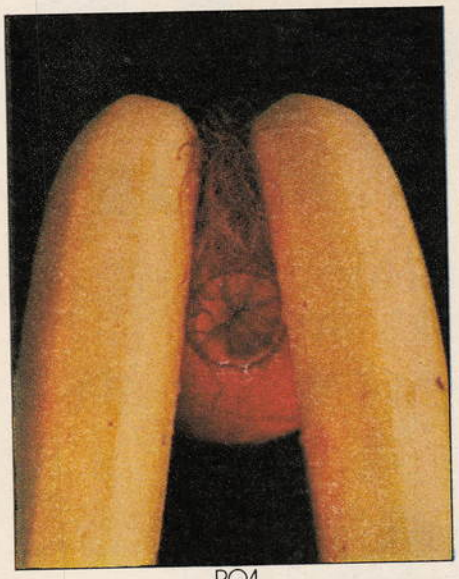

PO1

Food and sex...our most basic hungers, meet in this series of succulent posters that will turn you on, make you smile, and get you hungry all at the same time.
Different...delightful...delicious... in brilliant color, 23 inches wide by 33 inches high. Order yours now!
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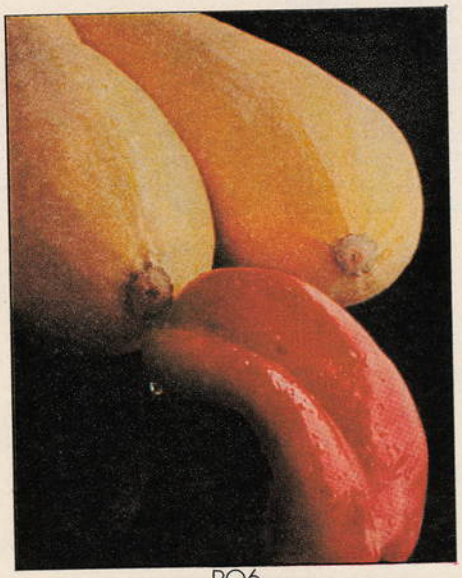

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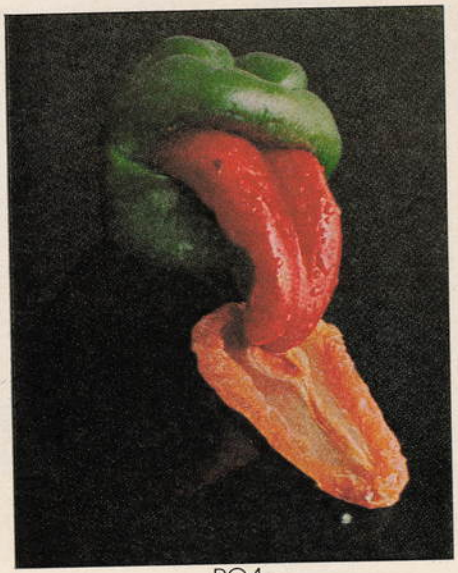

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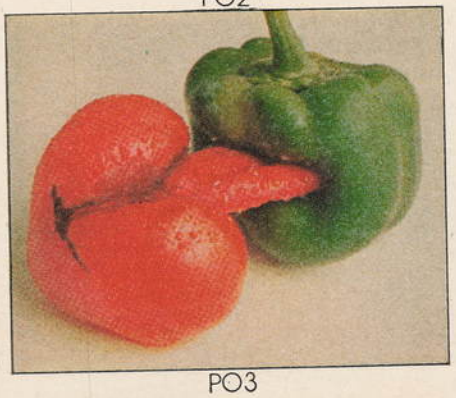

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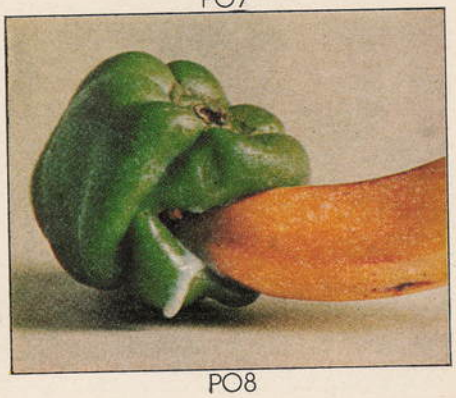

PO8

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The smooth easy draw.

The slower-burning smoke that gives you more puffs for your money, more time for enjoyment.

More what? More of a cigarette. That's what.

More. The smooth 120mm taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

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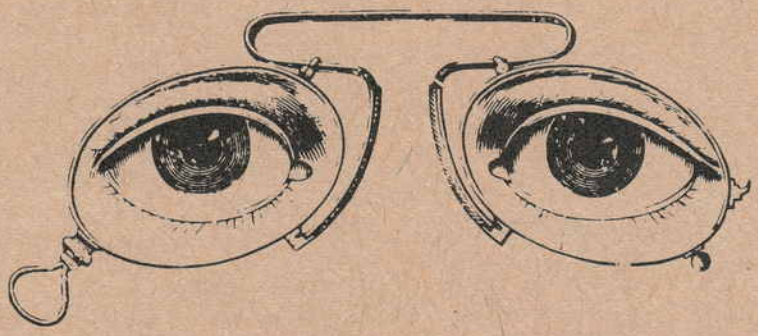


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE WAGES OF SIN

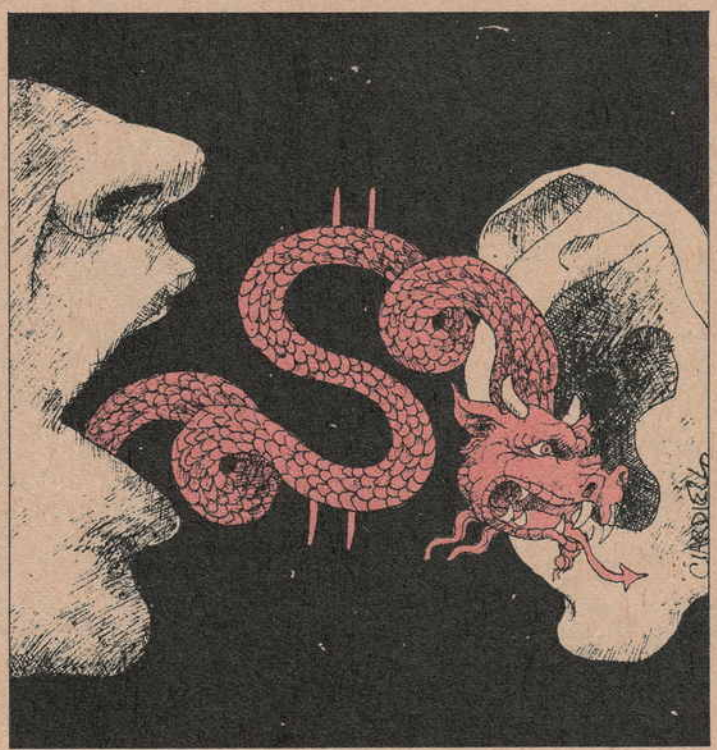
There has never been any lack of a taste for the morbid or the titillating among the American reading public. Muckraking is one of the most salient strains in our journalistic tradition, and gossip and exposé magazines have nearly always prospered while loftier-minded publications are commonly gutted on the rack of public apathy. And since public taste is both its own barometer and arbiter, one would imagine that many of the lords of the printed word justify even the sleeziest product with a simple maxim: "If it pays, then it stays."

A casual glance through last year's best-seller lists reveals that several of the most successful nonfiction titles were exposés of a kind. Among them, Vincent Bugliosi and Curt Gentry's *Helter Skelter*, Benjamin Bradlee's *Conversations With Kennedy*, and Theodore H. White's *Breach of Faith* were most prominent. Although these were serious treatments of, respectively, a heinous mass murder, the man behind the presidential image, and the misuse of power, they did reflect an escalating trend. Not that there weren't numerous indications before. Back in the mid-sixties, there was the sudden rise to prominence of imprisoned writers, such as Eldridge Cleaver, Edgar Smith, and George Jackson—a preview of the criminal-as-hero syndrome, despite possible irregularities in the imprisonment of these particular individuals. One friend of mine, a relatively successful writer at that time, was told outright by his editor that if he really wanted to make it big in book publishing he should do something to get arrested.

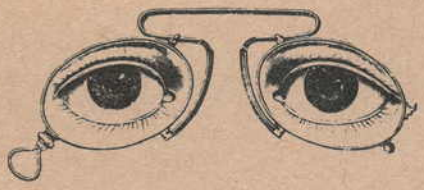
These were, however, mere ripples, faint indications of the wave that now seems to be reaching its height in the publishing industry. It took the Nixon presidency and the Watergate scandal to fully release that wave. With the image of the president at an all-time low, everything and everybody became fair game for an exposé. Generally, the books that appeared were (like Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's *All The President's Men* and their latest, *The Final Days*) written by reporters or analysts who gave a semblance of propriety to their exposés even as they dished out all the juicy details. In a sense, this is all well and good; for those books—whether the subject was Watergate, the CIA or FBI, or the Social Security System—gave Americans a more realistic view of the machinations of their government and of the people who run it. But publishers, having found a good thing, were not content simply to continue examining lurid scandals. If the public had a taste for exposés and if books about villains and bad guys and clandestine philanderers were moving, why not give readers the real thing? Why not books *by* the people involved in those scandals?

In the last year or so, therefore, the ranks of published or soon-to-be-published "authors" have been swelling with names right out of yesterday's headlines. The presumption by publishers seems to be that such personalities, whether they were directly involved and found culpable in the scandal with which their names are linked or simple observers who happened to be on the scene, bring to their books a sense of sinister or ribald immediacy that—however shocking or perplexing—will strike a chord in the most vulnerable recesses of the public psyche.

Clifford Irving has already become a celebrity because of his Howard Hughes hoax; and even though no publisher has yet deigned to publish the book and Irving has served time for the swindle, it was recently announced that the property is being used as the basis for a soon-to-be-released major motion picture entitled *The Billionaire*. A recently published paperback, *Prose and Cons*, anthologizes the writings of criminals "convicted of some of the most infamous and unsettling crimes of the century," according to its press copy; it includes works by Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten, two of the former Manson girls. And Charles W. Colson, Nixon's former hatchet man, who has also paid his debt to society and, supposedly, has reformed and become a devout Christian, has recently published an autobiography, *Born Again*, whose first two printings numbered 60,000 copies. It is reportedly selling extremely well.



It is not just the publication per se of books by these "authors," however, that is distressing. There is also the question of the amount of advance money being paid to them. A brief survey will give you some idea of how lucrative it is to have a slight taint of villainy about oneself. First-novelist Spiro T. Agnew reportedly received a six-figure advance for his recently published book about the vice-presidency, *The Canfield Decision*—which publicity copy describes as "a behind-the-scenes novel of political intrigue, international power plays, and sexual dalliance." Richard Nixon's advance for his forthcoming account of his years as president



was a neat $1 million. F. Lee Bailey, according to *New York Magazine*, has sold the rights for his account of the Patty Hearst trial for between $250,000 and $300,000; and the same publishing house, it is rumored, has also cornered the rights for Patty's personal story, presumably for even more money. And Judith Katherine Exner, whose revelations about her relationship with John F. Kennedy brought her headlines, has turned down a $100,000 offer for her memoirs in anticipation of an even higher advance when the book is finished. Meanwhile, *The National Enquirer* has paid $150,000 for serial rights to the book, and her agent reports that several European newspapers have made similar deals.

What is one to make of all this? Well, it obviously must make legitimate novelists, poets, and nonfiction writers shudder when they consider the paltry advances that are the norm in the industry—four of five books contracted are done so with advances of less than $5,000.

And it is not a particularly auspicious trend in terms of quality books. (One might speculate that college writing courses should add a one-hour course in larceny for those students who are set on making their living writing.) Moreover, there is the question of how far this trend could go. Having successfully tapped sources such as murderers, convicted felons, prostitutes, pimps, thieves, etc., will publishers look next to the intimate memoirs of Oswald or Sirhan? Can you imagine the advance that Hitler might have drawn had he survived?

There are obviously profound social implications in all of this, but these I leave to the sociologists, no matter what their criminal records. All I can say is that at least one biblical apostle would be appalled to discover that in the 1970s "the wages of sin is [not necessarily] death," but quite often lucre—large, inflated wads of it.—*Mel Watkins*

SCENES

THE REVIVAL BONANZA

Five innocent years ago the Broadway theater found itself up to its knees in revivals. *No, No, Nanette* and *Three Men On a Horse* to the left of us. *The Front Page* and *Room Service* to the right of us. And *Hay Fever* and a pack of other productions bringing up the middle.

Scrambling after the trend, producers hightailed it to the library in hot pursuit of revival properties ("Who's handling the Jerome Kern estate these days, Jake?"). Critics scurried off to their typewriters to hammer our think-pieces on the implications of it all ("The Nostalgia Boom: Is the Living Theater Becoming a Museum of the Dead?"). Even audiences were a bit confused by the trend ("Didn't we see *No, No, Nanette* in 1925, Dad?").

Today the revival fever continues to run high, but nobody gets into a sweat about it anymore. More than two dozen resurrections were held on Broadway this season, with a neat percentage of successes among them. But although the number of revivals has doubled in five years, you won't find Broadway's heavy dopesters speculating on the phenomenon. Since 1970 the key question has shifted from: "Why Revivals?" to "How Can I Get Me Some?"

Broadway had enough successes (and disasters) in the revival sweepstakes this season to inspire a complete how-to (and how-not-to) handbook on the subject. It just won't do, it seems, to haul *any* old war-horse out of the dramatists' stable. Timing is crucial. So is subject matter (Will we ever really be ready again for *Song of Norway*?). Most important of all, you've got to have the right attitude.

My Fair Lady has it all. Twenty years' absence was just long enough to reawaken our fondness for Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, and for Lerner and Loewe's honeyed musical version of Shaw's *Pygmalion*. Herman Levin, the show's original producer, blended just the right ingredients of old and new for his anniversary edition. Wisely refraining from imposing modern reinterpretations on the material, Levin invited Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton to re-create their original designs, stuck to Hanya Holms's familiar dances and musical staging, and entrusted the new production to director Jerry Adler, who was Moss Hart's assistant on the 1956 show. One neat casting touch: Robert Coote was jollied into repeating his original role as Colonel Pickering.

For all this studied fidelity to its origins, the revival sizzles with new life of its own. Swearing up and down that he never saw Rex Harrison in the part, the British Shakespearean star Ian Richardson cuts loose in his first musical role to make fusty old 'enry 'iggins a sexy devil with a slightly perverted preference for Shavian vowels and consonants over tender Cockney flesh.

Richardson says that the role demands "honoring the man's basic honesty of approach. It must be played with a certain innocence. After all, the man only says what he honestly believes. In his own innocence, Higgins never considers the possibility that other people might be hurt by the things he says. His honesty is often hurtful, but it constitutes his charm. Even his most outrageous moments become forgivable."

Honesty. Innocence. Add a few more ingredients, like Faith and Respect, and somewhere in here you've got the makings of a working definition for a successful revival production. The vehicle itself might be sterling material, and the timing

Sam Levene and Rosemary Harris in The Royal Family: *creating a sense of tradition.*

of its reclamation might be right on target; but an inappropriate production attitude will toss a show back to the dusty library vaults every time.

The indefatigable Pearl Bailey exhumed the twelve-year-old *Hello, Dolly!* this year and hauled its corpse all across the country in a camp production that finally drove the old show back into its grave. Elizabeth Ashley performed the same disservice for *The Skin of Our Teeth*, by imposing her modern sensibility (and flat-out mugging that doesn't belong in any period) onto Thornton Wilder's 1942 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama.

A smashing revival of ***The Royal Family***, on the other hand, is still bubbling merrily along on Broadway, thanks to director Ellis Rabb's staunch adherence to the reality of the play and to the temper of the period that produced it. His fidelity won Rabb the Tony Award this year for Best Director of a Play.

When George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber wrote their affectionate comic portrait of the royal stage family of Barrymores, the year was 1927 and America's mood was buoyant. We believed in heroes and gods, and to prove it we toasted Charles Lindbergh, Babe Ruth, and the fabulous, flamboyant Barrymores. Ravishing Rosemary Harris in the lead certainly contributes to the new show's family jewels, but more crucial is Rabb's flawless stylistic re-creation of a period when America was innocent enough to worship gilded idols.

Considering the special demands that a revival makes on its director, Rabb concludes that the principal challenge is "to encourage the actors to love and trust the play." Many directors, he says, become seduced into going after "the cleverness and surface brilliance of a flashy *mise-en-scène*" when they deal with historical material, instead of working "to create a sense of familiarity, of tradition.

"A director could choose to accent the funny-grotesque elements of the twenties that are in this play," Rabb adds, speaking of *The Royal Family*. "My choice was to go for the beautiful elements. For portraiture, not caricature. For involvement, not detachment. Detachment leads to the caricature you get with camp. Involvement—real love and affection—gives a production honesty."

Still, old is old—and sometimes a theater piece's values shift and realign themselves with age. When Edward Albee's ***Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*** opened in 1962, audiences were stunned by its high-voltage language and well-nigh enthralled by the psychological subtleties in its portraits of those battling lovers, George and Martha. We were also titillated by the suggestion that the love/hate marriage under Albee's dramatic dissection might have been the conventional disguise of a homosexual relationship.

In its current revival, under Albee's own direction, the play still cuts to the emotional bone, but for rather different reasons. Aside from a few juicy "fucks" thrown into the dialogue for spice, the play's language has lost its shock value, as has the possibility of a homosexual sub-text. Even Albee's once-fascinating use of stylistic symbolism (remember how we mulled over the significance of that imaginary child?) now seems patently obvious—and even bathetically contrived.

Richardson in My Fair Lady

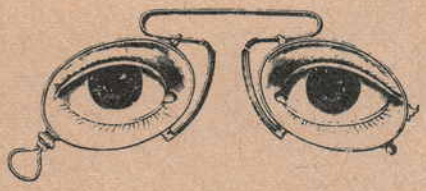
The current revival of Albee's Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

In the new production the play's fiercely cynical humor now takes center stage. Set off by the high-intensity performances of Ben Gazzara and Colleen Dewhurst, Albee's coruscating wit stings like hot pins. We haven't heard this level of penetrating dialogue on a Broadway stage for a long time. If it takes a revival to get it up there again—well, that's one strong selling point for this durable trend.

The older a vehicle, the more susceptible its values become to changing tastes and shifts in theatrical traditions. The more outdated a show's theatrical values, the stronger the temptation to spoof it, update it, or otherwise "help it out." Director Bill Gile flirts very fast and loose with the current Broadway revival of ***Very Good Eddie*** and just manages to pull it off, just inches away from overkill. For its day (1915), the Jerome Kern–Guy Bolton musical was a genuinely innovative show, introducing Broadway to the intimate musical form and preparing it for the great bandbox revues to come in the twenties and thirties.

Today, the cutesy-poo book—about two mismatched couples honeymooning on a Hudson River Dayline boat headed for the Catskills—sticks somewhere between the gullet and the gut and slowly turns to curdled whey. By protecting the show's eighteen bubbling Jerome Kern songs with scrupulously straightforward delivery, Gile gets away with an occasional camp swipe at the dated book. Like the *No, No, Nanette* revival of five years ago, the production takes its liberties only with the book, never the music, and with such obvious affection and respect for its sources that we do surrender, dear.

Besides brightening up the dramatic season, the revival bonanza might be offering the theater a long-term subsidiary benefit. The more revivals, the more skill there seems to be in producing them. Actors seem less self-conscious in period roles; and directors, less inclined to comment stylistically on their dated vehicles by parodying them. Technically, revival productions are beginning to reflect the kind of heads-up style that emerges only from a respect for a work and faith in its theatrical substance. Can it be that Broadway is finally developing a healthy sense of its theatrical heritage?—*Marilyn Stasio*



FILMS

CAREERS

Basically, it's not an uncommon story (in the movies) being about a bored and lonely rich guy who finds love and happiness by becoming poor. Years ago millionaire Jimmy Stewart might have given up everything for Jean Arthur and sold buttons in a dry-goods store. The last reel, of course, would have saved both the money and the marriage—which is why movies are better than life. In Bob Rafelson's recent ***Stay Hungry***, which deals with the professional body-building business, the hero pursues his disreputability in more colorful ways.

Craig Blake (Jeff Bridges) takes up with a crowd of seamy real-estate developers mainly to have something to do. But he stays with them because his assignment—to buy up the last holdout in a potential high-rise building site in Birmingham, Ala.—becomes interesting. The building houses a gym where the reigning Mr. Universe (Arnold Schwarzenegger—the real thing) works out and where an independent young woman (Sally Field) manages the front office; Craig comes to dispossess them and ends by joining in. He learns about muscle tone and life (often, I'm afraid, the same thing) from Mr. Universe. And, naturally, he falls in love with the girl. The developers grow restless and hire thugs to smash the furnishings. Craig's country-club pals raise eyebrows behind his back. But after many misadventures and meaningful experiences, he makes his commitment, takes the girl, and buys the gymnasium, not to destroy it, but to help it grow. It is all supposed to be a reckless bid for freedom *with* responsibility. But it really is a muscle-bound equivalent to the corner-grocery story. I'm not sure the movie knows this.

Much of *Stay Hungry* is even dumber than I've made it sound, and all of it is haunted by a compulsive thirst for major significance. No gesture so minor but that it doesn't "mean" something—pointing a moral, showing a fine, uncluttered response to life. This need to demonstrate is rather a curse with Bob Rafelson. It hurt his best-known movie, *Five Easy Pieces*, and it literally swamped his later movie, *The King of Marvin Gardens*. That it matters slightly less in *Stay Hungry* owes something to the conventional demands of that middle-class-morality plot, and perhaps something more to the qualities Jeff Bridges and Sally Field bring to their roles. Sally Field won't win anybody's beauty contest, not even for skinny, unadorned good looks. But she certainly can liven up a stay-at-home Saturday night date or a club dance. Maybe it's her ability to get happy or angry and show it that matches her so well with Jeff Bridges, a really marvelous actor who lives on screen by grace of all the feeling he doesn't so readily show. The two of them ballast Rafelson's messianic urge to explore life's mysteries and to say the ineffable, and they make a lot of pretty cinematic posturing into something like a movie.

Not a great movie, but still a somewhat hopeful one. Too much story, too many characters, way too many incidental events—and these aren't the worst faults. *Stay Hungry* would fall miles below *Five Easy Pieces* on the critical-prestige scoreboard. But to me it looks like the first faltering, real steps of a talent that may yet accomplish some good in the cinema.

The best new movie of 1976 was made forty-five years ago in France. It's taken a while to get here. Jean Renoir's ***La Chienne*** ("The Bitch," 1931) may still not be so easy to find, but it has entered limited circulation. Like some other rare things, it is worth searching out.

Legrand, the hero of *La Chienne*, is a middle-aged Parisian clerk, an amateur painter,

Jeff Bridges in Stay Hungry.

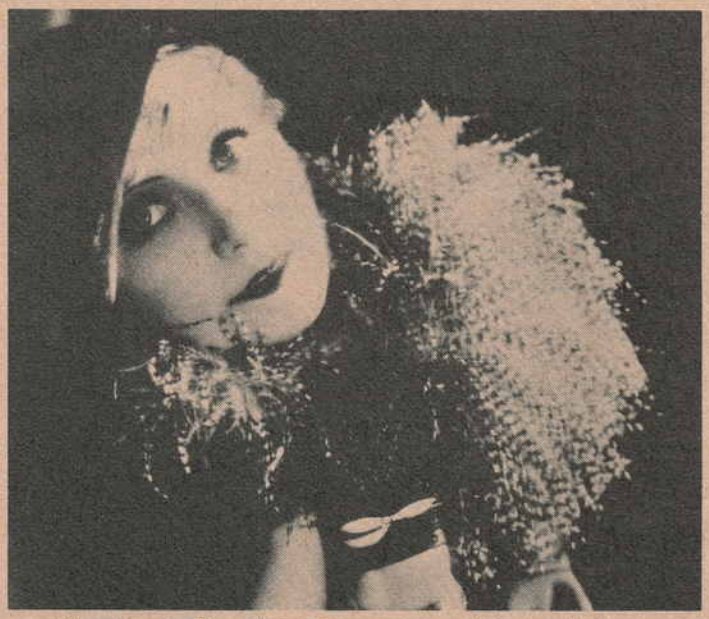
and a henpecked husband, who falls in love with and begins supporting a silly whore, who loves only her no-good pimp. To make some money, the pimp tries selling the clerk's paintings as the girl's work, and, half by accident, she becomes a fashionable artistic success. This doesn't bother Legrand much, but her indifference finally does bother him. In despair, he kills her. The pimp, a natural loser, inadvertently talks his way into taking the rap, and Legrand wanders off free but nevertheless ruined, without money, job, or reputation.

But for Renoir, "without money, job, or reputation" turns out to be a lucky break. It is a way of escaping the sour middle-class respectability of marriage and office work, or that of the successful art world, which might have been Legrand's fate. We see him at the end, pleased as punch over a little money cadged from the owner of a fancy car who has just bought an old Legrand self-portrait.

The anarchistic nonchalance of this characterization, almost half a century after it was filmed, still comes as an exhilarating shock—especially compared with such an ambivalent dropout as Bob Rafelson's Craig, who "stays hungry" by going into business.

The names of the actors will mean little today, except for that of Michel Simon—the clerk—who died just a few years ago. But they are all wonderful, especially Georges Flamant as the cocky and pathetic pimp. With this film, Renoir himself was already on the way to becoming the supreme artist of international cinema. An apparently casual brilliance, toughness, kindness, good humor, and good sense—they are all here, again, and as if for the first time.

After fifty-three movies and seventy-five years, there's no count-



The whore in Renoir's La Chienne: *anarchistic nonchalance.*

Alfred Hitchcock on the set of Family Plot.

ing all the good Alfred Hitchcock has done—though the word on the latest Hitchcock, ***Family Plot***, seems to demonstrate once again how important it is to continue recounting the high points of his venerable career. Everybody grants him his expertise, and almost nobody grants him his seriousness—except in retrospect. (This may be how he wants it; profundity doesn't sell tickets at the box office.) Thus *Family Plot* is fun, but not up to the master's former work—which in its day was fun. The history of *North by Northwest* (1959), from its first reception as an entertaining nothing right up to its current status as *the* textbook example of Hitchcock at his best, is a good example.

It so happens that Ernest Lehman, who wrote *North by Northwest*, also adapted *Family Plot* for the screen. His collaboration with Hitchcock seems to have been a very close one, and you may recall certain key elements from *North by Northwest*—for example, the plotting of the major action along a system of actual or metaphoric grid patterns—which show up again, although changed and softened, in *Family Plot*.

The actual "plot" is intricate, slightly ridiculous, and, finally, quite important. Even the pun in the film's title is important, along with the simple fact that there *is* a pun. Punning happens to be one of the ways in which Hitchcock's movies make their sense.

Two couples—one, a phony medium and her boyfriend (Barbara Harris and Bruce Dern), the other, a well-off jeweler and his girl friend (William Devane and Karen Black)—are presented in the film in an elaborate, and not entirely intentional, game of meeting and avoiding each other. Barbara Harris wants to find William Devane in order to connect him to the fortune his long-lost aunt has ready to bestow. He wants only to be left alone, to pursue the exciting and profitable kidnapping racket he has devised. Barbara Harris gets her clues from the dear departed in the spirit world; William Devane has declared himself dead—to achieve a necessary loss of identity. Overlying the comedy and the more or less standard suspense items is a world of meaning which involves families, parents and children, finding people and taking them away, generosity, and even a kind of genuine spirituality that is discernible behind the fake spiritualism in the story.

Family Plot isn't such lightweight entertainment after all, and, unlike Bob Rafelson's *Stay Hungry*, it doesn't keep parading the significance of its trivia. It may be among the most benevolent of recent movies. I'm not sure how to praise benevolence, especially in the context of Alfred Hitchcock's reputation, but nowadays the feeling begins to look downright seductive.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

SELF-SHRINKAGE

A citizen who has picked up a saw at a surgical supply house and gone home to incise his own skull would be thought excessively ambitious. A citizen who, on the other hand, has acquired a book to shrink himself would be thought to be validly seeking self-improvement.

That is, of course, one's prerogative. Yet the odds against success are probably almost as high in the latter venture as in the other. In the hallowed history of psychoanalysis, only one practitioner ever managed to psychoanalyze himself. That was Sigmund Freud, the Founder, and he turned out rather odd.

The problem with self-shrinkage is fundamental. The experts express the inherent difficulty in different, often complex ways, but what seems to be involved is an inability to understand the way your head works or even to accept your own thoughts without there being some outsider to legitimize them and help you to organize them. This process has been called *validation* by some theorists. It is so difficult to achieve without assistance that those who manage it were probably miracles of mental health to begin with.

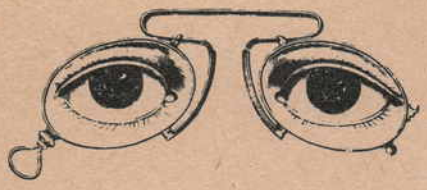
The American preoccupation with mental health approaches pandemic proportions. Everything—from the covers of general-circulation magazines to the plots of television sitcoms to the waiting lists at community mental-health clinics—attests to that preoccupation. A book about the ancient oriental art of meditation, by a formidably straight Harvard professor of medicine, has become a best-seller (*The Relaxation Response*, by Herbert Benson, Morrow, $5.95, and worth it). My shelves bulge with four dozen new books on psychology received in the last five months. One pseudo-psychological mass movement, organized like a corporation and run by a charismatic founder, is among the most vibrant mini-sectors in a sluggish economy.

Erhard Seminars Training (est), the creation of a brilliant hustler, conceptualist, and organizer named Werner Erhard, is one outgrowth of all this preoccupation with unhappiness. Although est may raise a few hackles, it is a brilliant business concept, a brand-new product hitting the market at exactly the right moment.

The central teaching of est is self-acceptance. "What is, is. What isn't, isn't." That is Erhard's basic premise. Erhard owes Dr. Albert Ellis, the abrasive founder of rational-emotive psychology, a large, unacknowledged debt. A typical Ellis pronouncement in one of his publicly performed therapy sessions might run: "You say you're not a good teacher. Let's assume that's right. You're not a good teacher. So what?" In other words, "What is, is."

But est also offers the joys of belonging. It conducts postgraduate seminars and puts thousands of volunteers to work for their emotional gratification and est's profit. "Werner told me that what people really wanted

Werner Erhard of est.



to do with their lives is to make a contribution to the well-being of others," Adelaide Bry writes in ***est: 60 Hours that Transform Your Life*** (Harper and Row, $7.95). So why not contribute to Erhard's? It is an insight held by numerous founders of religious cults, from Father Divine to the Reverend Moon. Until recently, dutiful volunteers even cleaned Werner Erhard's house.

Bry is an interesting character. A Philadelphia psychologist who herself does therapy, she has tripped through Freudianism, Arica, and an infinity of intermediate stations. She has written books that are used as texts in schools teaching psychotherapy. In her books she does a Doris Day act, all sympathy and ingenuousness. Yet she is honest and for the most part a good observer. While she says est is the best thing yet, her book is filled with enough details to provoke a lynch mob against Erhard. He is either naive or self-confident enough to fail to notice. "Adelaide did a great job," he avers in the book's publicity releases.

Erhard reportedly opposed publication of ***est: Playing the Game the New Way*** by Carl Frederick (Delacorte, $7.95), apparently because Frederick, an est graduate, reveals the est procedures in great detail, something Bry agreed to avoid. But the reason may also be that the book is coarse and insensitive, even by est standards.

Life-Control by Sheldon D. Glass, M.D., with Harvey Ardman (M. Evans, $7.95) offers a mechanistic formula for dealing with our major problem—other people. Glass sees the world as a conglomeration of groups, and the understanding of group cycles as the secret of self-fulfillment. This approach is more sensible than it may sound and should appeal particularly to those who see life as a problem in engineering; Glass and his collaborator offer a bastardized technical manual.

An altogether more impressive example of the genre is ***How to Be Loved*** by W. W. Broadbent (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). A psychiatrist, Broadbent wisely eschews complex formulations to concentrate on the perils and rewards of human interaction, for we are usually better at gauging our behavior toward another person than our internal mental processes. In practice, the two turn out to be the different sides of the same coin.

Broadbent defines love very broadly, equating it with any kind of personal acceptance by others. And he works from the deceptively simple proposition that those who fail to gain love (i.e., acceptance) are working too hard for it: "In the loved I found very few habits of manipulating others in order to be accepted." The need for love and acceptance is central in everyone's personality. No one not previously humanized to a high level could follow Broadbent's precepts and proposed practices without changing radically. The question, again, is simply whether or not such a course can be negotiated alone.

Finally, the whole concept of planned self-improvement may require examination. ***Free to Be Good or Bad*** by Herbert Holt, M.D. (M. Evans, $6.95) is more a jeremiad against the quest for joy-through-shrinkage than a self-help guide. "I do not denigrate the patients who come in anguish, suffering real ills of mind or body. . . ," Holt avers. "But the therapy shoppers are not usually seeking relief from deep-seated, unrelenting pain. They are seeking relief from dullness and discontent. . . . They are restlessly, irritably dissatisfied with themselves. They dream of emerging radiant and reborn out of the therapeutic beauty salon." This is surely the germ of truth. But Holt, alas, often sounds irritably querulous and dissatisfied himself. I admire his toughmindedness and was especially taken with his strictures against the indulging of children, but he writes less as a healer than as a scold.

Nor is his compass wide enough to suit me. Robert Coles, a maverick psychoanalyst, a sainted personality, and a marvelous writer, has raised a more fundamental question, albeit rather tentatively. In ***The Mind's Fate*** (Atlantic, Little-Brown, $10), a collection of essays published several months ago, Coles implies that mental health may often be incompatible with creativity. The record supports the implication and, I would suggest, the further possibility that many people may have to choose between true emotional maturity and tangible achievement. Freud himself was weird. Wilhelm Reich, one of his most gifted students, ended up in prison, eccentric as a cowbird. The godfather of existentialism, Nietzsche, and its actual founder, Kierkegaard, both wound up rather madder than hatters—and existentialism may be the strongest influence on psychotherapy since Freud. Donald Jackson, probably the most gifted family therapist to date, took his own life.

I don't mean to denigrate the value of psychotherapy or even to discourage home-study approaches to the settled head. But there is a price to be paid for everything, even for mental health or success as a person. Such success may be unattainable at any price for many people. Then there is the question of method. A proper poem, a fertile garden, a well-thrown pot, or a loving screw may often be the best therapy. In 1937 James Thurber wrote a book that he sternly entitled, "Let Your Mind Alone." The times are further out of joint in 1976. But that may still be the best advice, if you can take it.—*Patrick Owens*

SOUNDS

FOUR-INTO-ONE PLAYS WELL

Return To Forever, an ambitious jazz/rock quartet that has risen to the top in its increasingly lucrative field, is developing symptoms of the dreaded supergroup disease. All of its members have recorded well-received solo albums that diverge sharply from RTF's characteristically light, lyrical, but energetic electric sound. **Chick Corea**, the group's founder, has been rethinking his jazz and Latin roots. **Stanley Clarke**, a charter member and the band's other dominant musical personality, is planning to compose concertos. Drummer **Lenny White** is involved in adapting science-fiction stories for electronic orchestra, while guitarist **Al DiMeola** wants to combine jazz-rock with Jamaican and Salsa rhythms. Meanwhile, Return To Forever has itself been making electric music with a medieval European ambience.

Divergent as these directions seem, RTF is determined to stick together, and with good reason. Often, when a major group breaks up, nobody wins. The original Mahavishnu Orchestra, for example, created today's mass market for hard-driving, heavily amplified, jazz-based music and was at the height of its popularity when guitarist John McLaughlin disbanded it. Yet neither McLaughlin's subsequent projects nor those of his former sidemen have fared nearly as well.

Compared with Mahavishnu, Return To Forever has faced an arduous ascent to the top. Although it was something of a supergroup when it started—Corea had been with Herbie Mann, and Miles Davis and had led a popular group of his own, while Clarke was a veteran of the Stan Getz, Horace Silver, and Gato Barbieri bands—a combination of lackluster record promotion and a purist strain in its initial approach to music making limited the band's audience. But Corea and Clarke stuck with their idea, encouraged drummer Lenny White to lead them in a more forceful rhythmic direction, and finally turned a potentially disastrous personnel crisis to their advantage. Finding themselves without a guitarist just three days before a sold-out concert at Carnegie Hall, they plucked Al DiMeola out of the Berklee School of Music after hearing him play on a tape. He clicked, RTF's new sound was set, and the road hasn't been as rocky since.

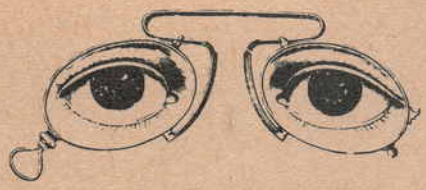
"It hasn't been an easy road to pursue, though," Corea comments dryly. A keyboard improviser who conjures up images of playful scampering, Chick Corea is the composer of trickling tunes whose seeming airiness masks an almost obsessive concern with a tight ship crystalline internal coherence and order—"When you're working with the best musicians," he continues, "you have that many potential source points for music. But there's always a crucial differentiation between the originator or source point of a particular project, like Return To Forever, and the musicians who are supporting it. So I need to give my musicians time and assistance to create from their own source points, on their own albums, and although they have a lot of responsibility for the musical direction of Return To Forever, I'm finding more and more that life resists working in cooperative groups. If nobody is the leader, the result is going to be low-quality product and confusion."

When Corea formed RTF in 1972, his approach involved using Scientology techniques to psych out both interpersonal relationships within the band and the expectations of the audience he was aiming to please. Now the group-therapy approach is making way for a more traditionally centrist philosophy of leadership, and RTF's music reflects the change. Once a loose, roaring unit playing in a variant of the Mahavishnu Orchestra style, Return To Forever now makes tightly disciplined, classically influenced music that recalls some of the better English art rock but is much superior in terms of imagination and musicianship. Corea insists that "we have changed from being art-for-art's-sake musicians to musicians who want to contact and communicate with audiences." But it's evident from RTF's recordings and live performances that the musicians continue to take their artistry very seriously.

Corea himself is a perfectionist. His touch and tone on acoustic piano made him one of the outstanding young stylists of the late sixties; and on electric instruments he has developed an equally distinctive sound, the hallmarks of which are clarity and definition. "But there's still a sound problem with jazz-rock music," he says, "one which I really want to solve. Generally, you have fine instrumentalists, but the instruments and amplification they're using are newly developed. . . . I think that jazz-rock has wrongly looked to rock music for sound standards, and that we're going to have to develop an approach that involves upgrading standards of our own. That's what I want to work on during this next period."

Ironically, Return To Forever's most outstanding contribution to the fusion music of the seventies has taken place outside the realm of electric sound. On solo and group albums and in concert, the musicians are most impressive when they forsake their amplified instruments in favor of acoustic piano and guitar, string bass, and unamplified drums. The highlight of Al DiMeola's solo LP, *Land of the Midnight Sun* (Columbia), is a duet for his acoustic guitar and Corea's piano, the kaleidoscopic "Short Tales of the Black Forest." On Stanley Clarke's *Journey To Love* (Nemperor), an acoustic trio performance featuring Corea and guitarist John McLaughlin completely eclipses the unexceptional jazz-rock jamming that takes up most of

Lenny & Chick & Al & Stanley



the LP. The title tune on Return To Forever's *Romantic Warrior* (Columbia) uses the latest recording technology to render the sound of acoustic instruments with crystalline clarity, and the musicians play with a straightforward élan that makes much of the rest of the album sound gimmicky. "When we perform," adds bassist Clarke, "we devote the last half of our show to acoustic playing. I love electric music, but I think I still feel more at home on the acoustic bass, and I get the impression from audience reactions that a return to acoustic music is definitely where it's at."

If Return To Forever is able to initiate its young, rock-bred listeners into the joys of acoustic jazz—and the initiation seems to be proceeding—it will have given the lie to its critics, some of whom have leveled accusations of blandness, sell-out, and Scientological mumbo jumbo. At present, with its most extensive national tour brought to a successfull conclusion, the band is taking a breather. "We've been performing and recording continuously for three years," says Corea, "and that's like being underwater all the time. We need to return to the beach, dry off, and take a good, long look at the music and at ourselves as artists." He predicts that the outcome of this sabbatical will be a rejuvenated RTF. But even if the side-man-to-star-to-splitsville syndrome overtakes his expectations, the group, individually and as a unit, has made its mark.—*Robert Palmer*

MARRIAGES ON THE ROCK

Two recent record releases, **Paul** and **Linda McCartney**'s *At the Speed of Sound* (Capitol) and **Leon** and **Mary Russell**'s *Wedding Album* (Paradise), both serve to ask the same question: Does a rock-'n'-roll marriage make for sweet music in the recording studio as well as in the marital bed? The answer in each case is the same: it's not the institution that makes the music; it's the musicians.

Leon and Mary Russell: a union made in rock heaven.

One does know, after all, that Leon Russell was a gutsy music maker before he married Mary McCreary and that McCreary was a steamy and soulful songstress before she became Mary Russell. One has no idea, however, of the controversial Linda Eastman's musical abilities before she became Linda McCartney seven years ago (though we all have a pretty good idea of their limitations now). Also, one does not know what Paul McCartney individually was like (musically speaking) during his musical marriage to John Lennon, so entwined were the two.

Without John and with Linda, however, Paul is most probably the Paul McCartney of *At the Speed of Sound*'s Number-One hit, "Silly Love Songs":

You'd think that people
would have had enough
of silly love songs
I look around me and I see it
is not so
Some people want to fill the
world with silly love
songs
And what's wrong with that
I'd like to know? . . .

Paul coos "Silly Love Songs" in his best Vienna Boys Choir voice; his singing is adorable, the rhythm is infectious, the melody is legitimately catchy. In addition, Linda's background singing is thankfully unobtrusive. Here is attractively crafted pop, pleasing the way pop music should be. Obviously, there's nothing wrong with a solid, silly love song; it's the dull, dreary, uninspired, banal ones that get on one's nerves, and *At the Speed of Sound* has more than its fair share of them.

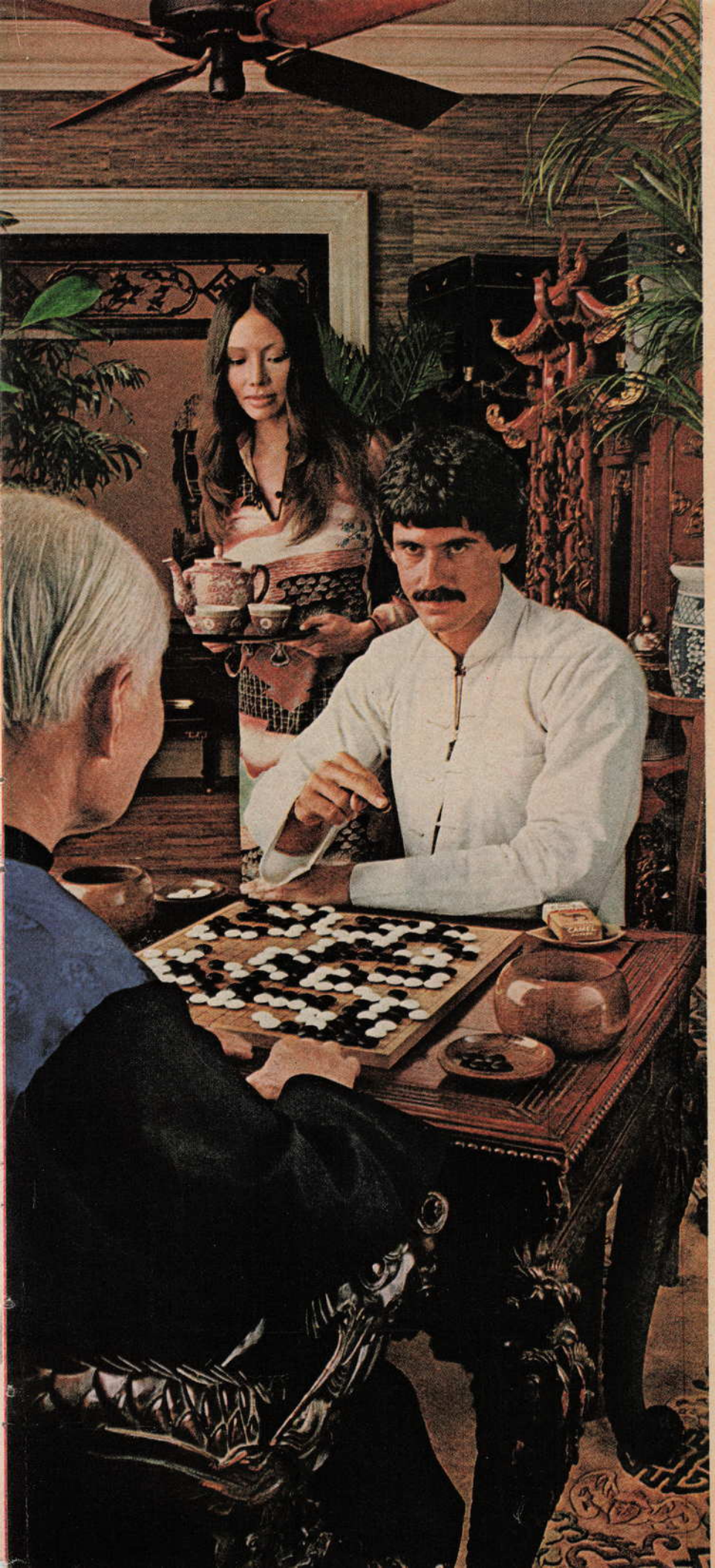
Last summer the McCartneys released *Venus and Mars*, an album that I then described as "the kind of Muzak one expects to hear in the elevators of the nation's more progressive junior high schools." Generally, *At the Speed of Sound* proves even more soporific. This is not to say that Paul is not a major talent. During his six-year solo career (with wife, Linda, in tow, of course), he has created—among others—"My Love," "Maybe I'm Amazed," "Band on the Run," and "Live and Let Die," each an example of pop with class. Unfortunately, these choice morsels have been parceled out on albums copiously laden with the dreariest filler. *At the Speed of Sound*, for example, is brought to a conclusion by "Warm and Beautiful," a dirge consisting of dismal descriptions of Paul's love for Linda. Groans he: "Sunlight's morning glory/Tells the story of our love/Moonlight on the water/Brings me inspiration ever after. . ."

It is not the institution of marriage that has made the McCartney music what it is, but rather the marshmallow mentality of both members of this marital combination.

Five other rock-'n'-roll marriages come to mind: that of Yoko Ono and John Lennon, which produced *Some Time in New York City*, Lennon's most unsuccessful album; that of Sonny and Cher (we all know where that led); that of Cher and Greg Allman (we all know where that led); and that of Fleetwood Mac's John McVie and ex-Chicken Shack pianist Christine Perfect, which produced some substantial rock 'n' roll, as did the union of Delaney and Bonnie.

For the most part, however, these are not happy stories. Marriages on the rock of music are difficult affairs indeed, and so it is with great trepidation that one approaches Leon and Mary Russell's *Wedding Album*, their first album together.

Like the McCartneys, Leon and Mary have lined their disc with silly love songs. But theirs is a silliness performed with conviction, authority, and artistry. With his keening, nasal, white-gospel vocal delivery, Russell is the perfect foil for Mary's full-bodied vocal gusto. This album is subdued honkey-tonk gospel-soul, but in no way has Russell modified his riotous approach to fashion hits. Leon and Mary want to write, sing, and enjoy marriage, and luckily they've chosen the appropriate musical form. The result is one of rock's few truly romantic LPs. Sentimentalists might say that this is a union made in some musical heaven. *Wedding Album* is attractive enough to let those sentimentalists have their say.—*Henry Edwards*



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In less than five minutes in the early morning of November 21, 1970, United States soldiers slaughtered 100 to 200 elite Chinese or Russian troops. They died when the largest part of a special raiding force, trying to rescue 70 to 90 American POWs from a compound near Hanoi, landed at the wrong camp. This is the story of what went wrong—adopted especially for Penthouse *from a compelling new book. It was the most daring, carefully planned, and secret operation of the Vietnam War. But it might have been the night the Pentagon almost blew the Nixon-Kissinger plan to open a dialogue with Peking or the night we almost triggered a war with Russia.*

Nearing Son Tay, Air Force Maj. Fredric ("Marty") Donohue banked his HH-53 helicopter into a tight, downward left turn to break off from his companions. The nine-plane formation, six helicopters and three transports, had flown in radio silence from

THE RAID

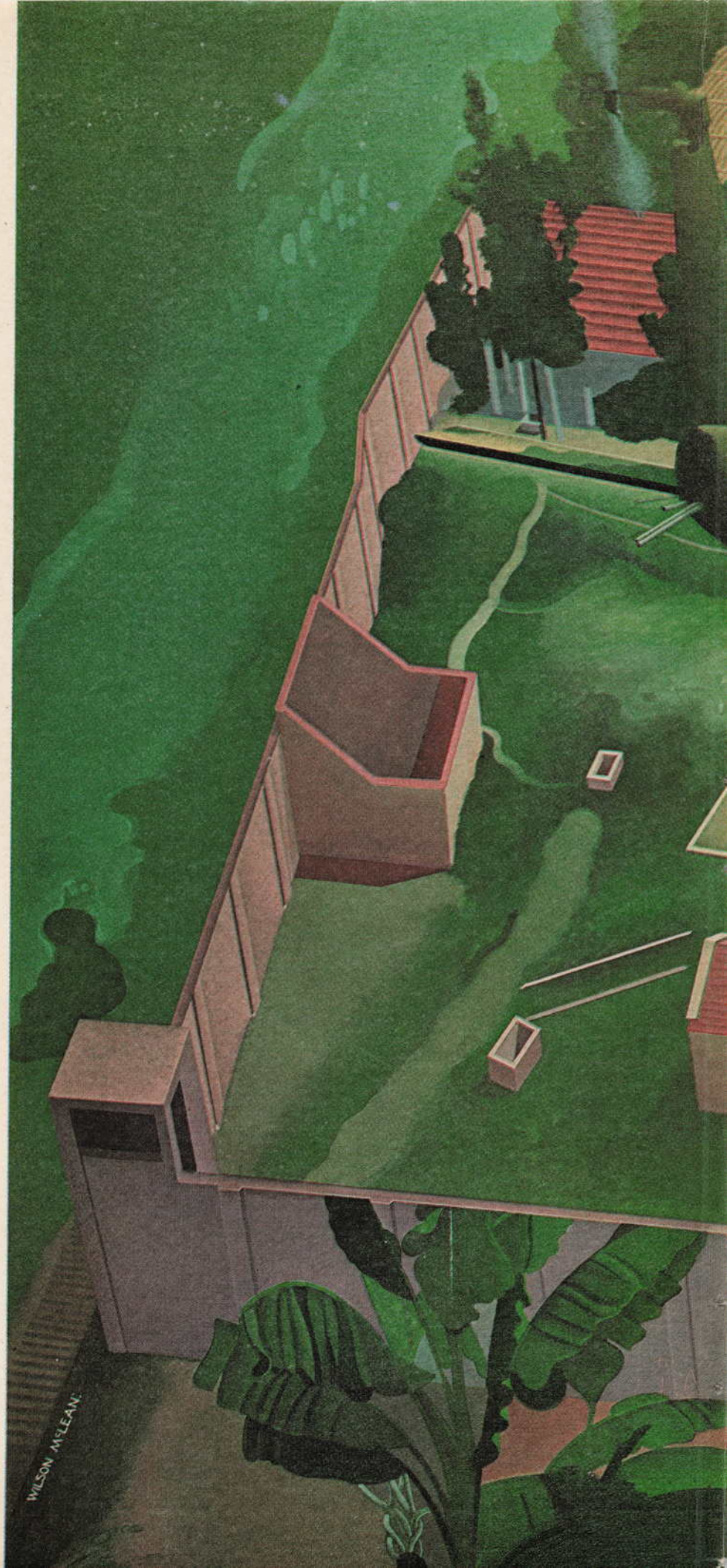
The exclusive story of the night we almost started World War III

By Benjamin F. Schemmer

Thailand, 337.7 miles over Laos, into North Vietnam undetected.

It was 2:18 Saturday morning, November 21, 1970. The most important five seconds of Marty Donohue's life were coming up, and his helicopter was only one of 105 planes converging on their targets in the most extensive night operation of the Southeast Asia conflict. Only the pilots of sixteen of those planes knew the real purpose of their mission—to land fifty-six Army Special Forces volunteers at a small compound twenty-three miles from downtown Hanoi and rescue seventy, possibly ninety, American prisoners of war.

The Defense Intelligence Agency had identified sixty-one of the POWs in that compound by name and service: forty-three air force, fourteen navy, and four marines. Eleven had been prisoners for more than five years. One man, it was known, was near death. Another had been held in solitary for 837 days before he was al-



lowed to exchange his first word with another American. A third man had been in solitary for 460 days.

Son Tay was the most isolated POW camp in North Vietnam. Pentagon planners wondered whether the men held captive there were the "basket cases"—the prisoners most seriously injured when shot down, the ones tortured most, and the POWs who had gone insane. That would explain why Hanoi wanted them in a remote camp without any risk of a visiting "peace delegation" catching an accidental glimpse of them.

Three days before the raid, President Nixon had told the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that he wanted those men home in time for Thanksgiving dinner at the White House. He had postponed the rescue once, without explanation, but had since learned that at least twenty-eight Americans had died in the prisons of North Vietnam. And two of them had died there early that very month.

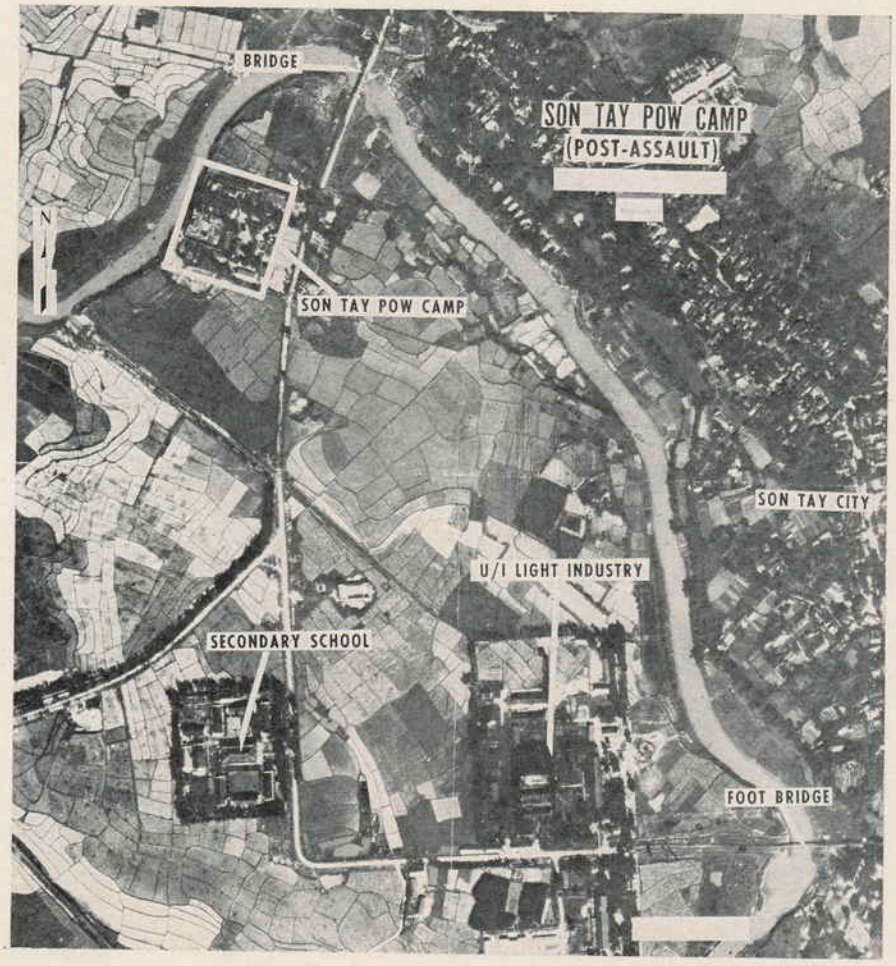
Behind Donohue's HH-53 (radio call: *Apple Three*) were the three assault helicopters: one of them would purposely crash-land directly inside the cramped prison compound. Fourteen men would race from it into the cells before North Vietnamese guards could react. Seconds later two HH-53s would unload forty-two more raiders right outside the prison's south wall; they would cut telephone lines leading to the camp, neutralize the guard barracks, seal off approaches to the camp, and blow a hole in the south wall so that the prisoners could be evacuated quickly.

The fifty-six volunteers carried enough weapons, ammunition, and radios to arm a much larger force: 111 weapons, 25,418 rounds of ammunition, 15 Claymore mines, 11 demolition charges, 213 grenades, 56 knives, and 92 radios. That is about as many radios as a 794-man infantry battalion has.

They also carried a small arsenal of rescue equipment that included seventeen machetes, two chain saws, eleven bolt cutters, five crowbars, eleven axes, and two oxyacetylene cutting torches. And they knew that they would have to work fast. Everything had to be finished in twenty-six minutes. The Pentagon had calculated that this was the time that it would take the nearest North Vietnamese troops to get a reaction force to Son Tay Prison. That was the first of many calculations that were about to prove wrong.

Donohue descended through the scattered clouds hanging 2,000 feet over the Red River Valley. His ground checkpoints arrived rapidly below, just as advertised—the Black River ten miles west of the target, Finger Lake seven miles out, finally the sharp turn of the Song Con River two miles south of Son Tay. Donohue slowed to eighty knots. The last two helicopters, *Apple Four* and *Apple Five*, climbed to 1,500 feet, ready as spare flare-ships. The helicopters had been led from northern Thailand by specially equipped C-130 combat Talons. Their timing was perfect: after three hours and twenty-three minutes of twisting, turning, terrain-hugging flight, they were less than one minute ahead of schedule. The timing was important. The guards at Son Tay Prison changed on the hour or half-hour. The raiders wanted to land as close as possible to the quarter-hour, to give North Vietnamese guards who had just come off duty time to fall asleep and those who had just gone on duty time to "settle down."

Donohue racked the lumbering bird into a hard right, 270-degree turn and slowed it to twenty knots. The grueling forty-night training flights and fifteen "live-fire" rehearsals were about to pay off. Donohue was now two miles from Son Tay



THE FIRST SR-71 HIGH-ALTITUDE
RECONNAISSANCE PHOTO EVER MADE PUBLIC.

This post-assault reconnaissance "photo number one" was taken from above 80,000 feet early on November 21, 1970, only a few hours after the abortive raid on Son Tay Prison. The photo is printed exactly as it was delivered to the Pentagon after it was processed in Japan.

The "secondary school" below Son Tay's empty POW compound turned out to be more heavily defended than the target itself. The largest part of the raiding party landed here by mistake and killed from 100 to 200 Russians or Chinese in a five-minute-long "preemptive strike."

The "unidentified (U/I) Light Industry" complex to the right of the secondary school proved to be a North Vietnamese air-defense training center, only about 600 meters from the prison. (The closest enemy troops were thought to be twenty-six minutes away by truck.)

From enlargements of this photo and similar ones taken on the same mission, skilled photo interpreters were able to pin down precise details about the objective area: identifying several small trucks on the road between Son Tay Prison and the secondary school; counting fifteen to twenty people where one of the assault helicopters had landed by mistake outside the school; picking out a class that was being conducted on a loaded surface-to-air missile launcher at a training site 2.7 kilometers south of the target; and identifying the rotor blades and other sections of the small helicopter that was purposely crash-landed inside Son Tay Prison and was blown up when the raiders were safely extracted.

TIME-BOMBS IN THE SEA!

Help us de-fuse them!!!

The Ocean has borne the miracle of life.

Together, the Ocean, the living earth, and the atmosphere form one great system which makes our own life possible on this planet.

When that system is disrupted or abused, a chain of events may be set off which could seriously endanger humankind.

Yet by ignorance or greed we are continually raping the Sea. We are overfishing it, and we are using it as an ultimate sewer for our deadliest poisons, thus spreading time-bombs in the Sea.

There is very little time left to de-fuse all of these bombs.

We must re-introduce into the fabric of human existence a concern for the future ... the same instinctive drive which leads the mother octopus to starve herself to insure that her developing eggs will not be polluted by the debris from her meals ... the same selflessness that compels the grey whale to swim thousands of miles each year so that her offspring will be born where conditions are best for their survival.

We must turn the tide around. We must step up education and information based on independent research. We must sound the alarm to the world and propose cures before it is too late.

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and would soon be the first over the prison. Flying slowly at tree-top level, *Apple Three* would fly between the two guard towers on Son Tay's west wall and open fire with two side-mounting Gatling-like cannons spewing 4,000 rounds a minute to knock out first the guard towers and blast a guard barracks to pieces.

Just as the prison came into sight, the dark sky exploded in brilliant light. The C-130 flare ship had timed its job perfectly. Then, two miles southeast of Son Tay city, Donohue could see fire-fight simulators exploding as if a raging ground battle were underway. The C-130 turned to drop more simulators west of the prison. Suddenly, a yellow warning light on his instrument panel started flashing the word "Transmission." Donohue's copilot, Capt. Thomas R. Waldron, jabbed excitedly at it with his finger. On any other mission the flashing "chip light" would have been an order for an emergency landing.

Too many helicopter transmissions had disintegrated when pilots failed to land quickly enough. This time, however, Donohue quietly told his copilot, "Ignore the sonuvabitch." He decided not to declare the emergency, knowing that it could cause confusion and concern among the planes behind him.

In the last seconds of *Apple Three*'s approach to Son Tay there was another tense moment—a "near miss." As the two men set up their firing pass, Donohue saw an installation very similar to the Son Tay compound another 200 yards or so away—also to the south. After a few moments he turned there but realized that it wasn't the right place; there was no river outside its nearest wall. Therefore he quickly corrected course 400 yards to the north. Then he saw the towers on the western wall of Son Tay, but the trees inside the compound were much higher than he had expected. Those forty- or fifty-foot trees had grown several feet since they had been photographed so carefully five months before.

Instantly, Donohue pulled up his helicopter and told his crew calmly, "Okay, ten seconds and open fire." Then he eased the helicopter over the trees in the prison courtyard, pushed the intercom button again, and ordered, "Ready—Fire!" The northwest tower came crashing to the ground within seconds, chewed to sawdust by an almost solid cone of machine-gun bullets. The next bursts chewed the southwest tower and a guard barracks to shreds. Donohue's gunners came on the intercom: "We got 'em; we got 'em. They're out." Donohue applied full throttle, turned to the north, and set the helicopter down in a "holding area" about one and a half miles west of the objective. His job now was to sit and wait until the raiding force and the rescued prisoners were ready to be extracted. For the next twenty-seven minutes, Donohue and Waldron would monitor their radios and listen to how the raid was unfolding.

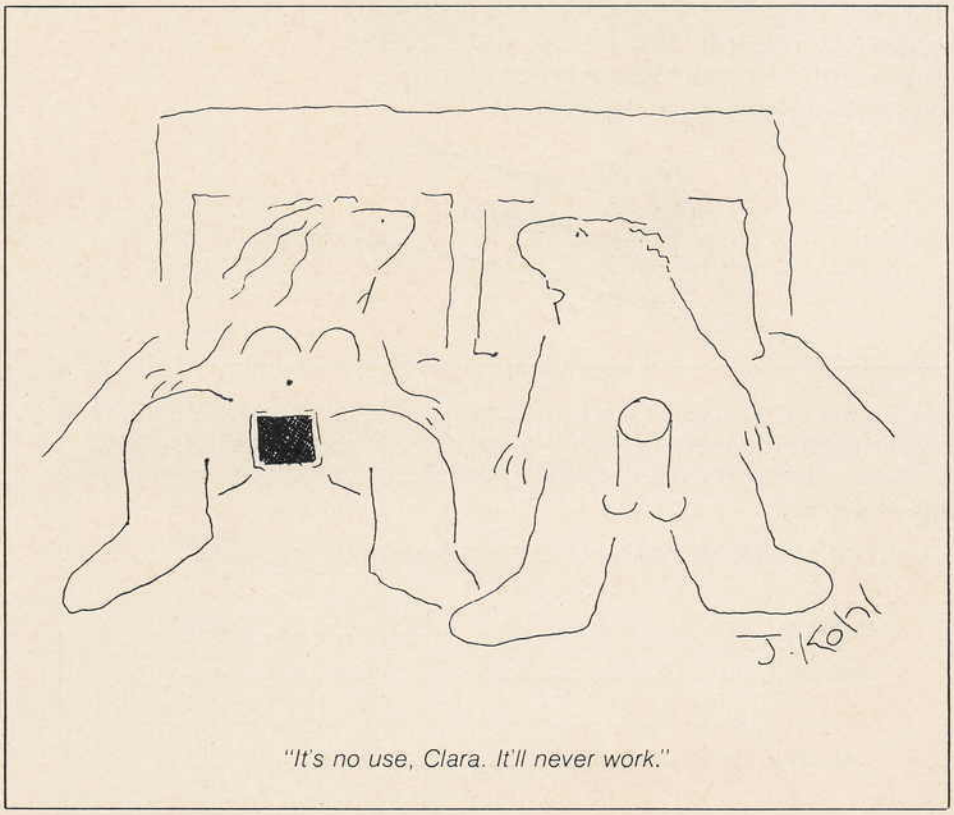
> Nixon wanted the POWs home for Thanksgiving dinner at the White House.

The helicopter's crash-landing inside the Son Tay compound was much harder than Army Capt. Richard J. Meadows had expected, even though he lay flat against a mattress on the floor of his HH-3 (a smaller version of the HH-53). Meadows did not know it then, but his pilot, Air Force Maj. Herb Kalen, almost lost control of *Banana One* at the last second when it skimmed the trees and then hit a clothesline strung across the middle of the small compound inside Son Tay Prison. It was hardly as big as a volleyball court. One tree was much higher than the crew had thought. The big rotor blades chewed into it, there was a violent twist to the right, and then the helicopter hit the ground.

Meadows rose to his feet and ran down the open rear ramp, clutching a bullhorn. At that particular moment the bullhorn was more important than any weapon. The CAR-15 assault rifle in his other hand and his holstered .45 caliber pistol were almost incidental. Fifteen yards from the helicopter, Meadows knelt, pressed the bullhorn's "trigger," and announced calmly, "We're Americans. Keep your heads down. We're Americans. This is a rescue. We're here to get you out. . . . Get on the floor. We'll be in your cells in a minute."

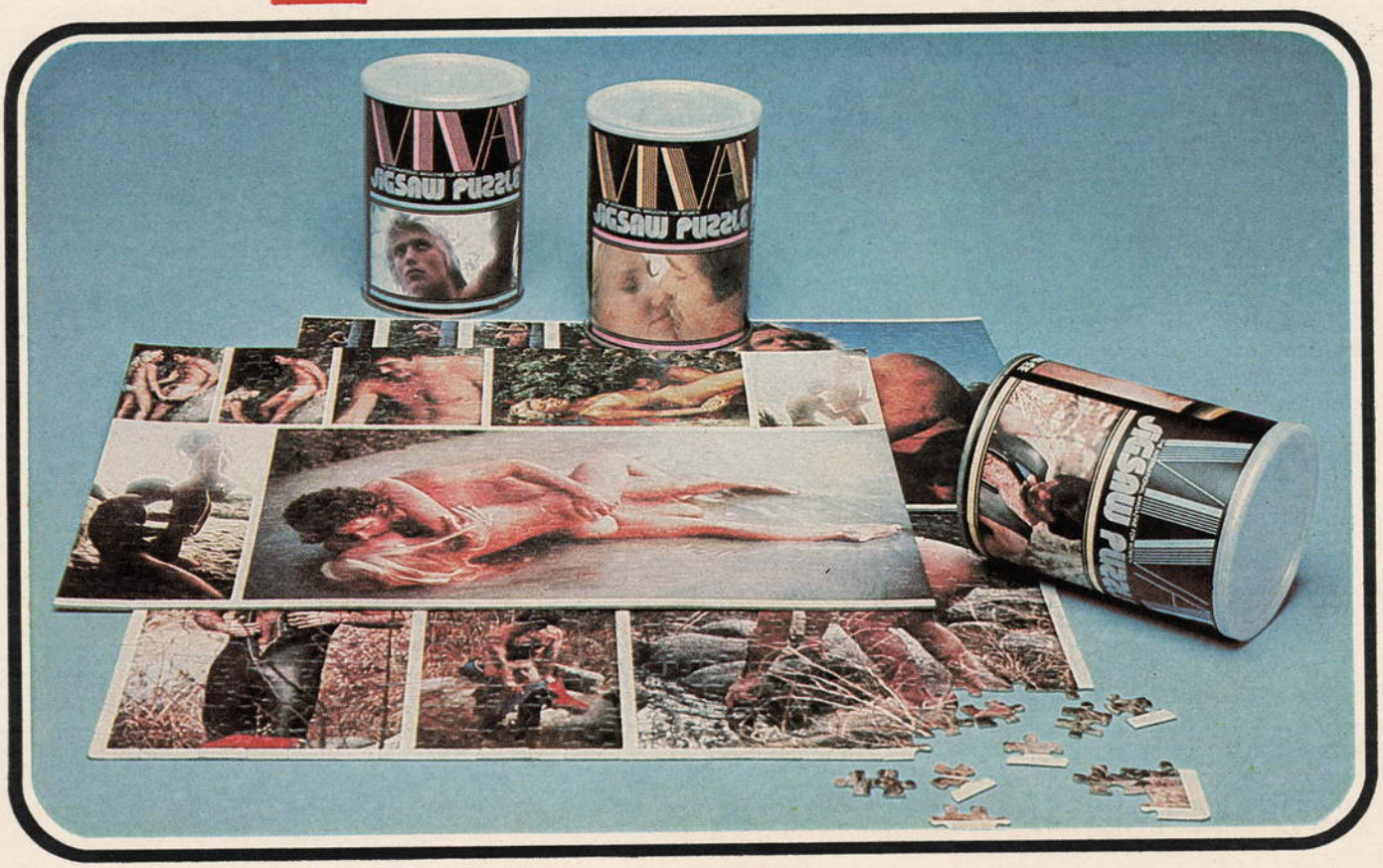
His voice reverberated over the compound, but there were no answering cries. The thirteen other men in Meadows's assault team streaked for the cell blocks and front gate. Son Tay Prison came alive, crackling with the fire of automatic weapons. Meadows stayed crouched on one knee and announced once more, "We're Americans. We're here to get you out." But three minutes into the raid, a blast from the south wall knocked him to the ground. He thought it meant the assault-force commander had landed outside the compound with his "support group." Meadows saw men rush through the breached wall and run to their covering positions inside the compound. But he was wrong. The men he saw were Lt. Col. Elliott ("Bud") Sydnor's command team, not the support group.

The support group had landed at the wrong camp. Twenty-two men, the biggest chunk of the Son Tay raiding force, were 400 meters south of the prison target, plunked down by mistake outside a compound that intelligence analysts had labeled "secondary school" on all of their photos. Ironically, the raiders had been warned that the secondary school might be mistaken for the real target. The compounds were about the same size, and a canal north of the school could easily be mistaken for the Song Con River. If there were moderate winds in the Red River Valley, the helicopters might drift a few hundred yards south during their final run into Son Tay. Donohue had drifted south but had caught the mistake in time to correct



"It's no use, Clara. It'll never work."

piece



by piece

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course to the Son Tay compound. Donohue had almost broken radio silence to warn the helicopters behind him of the error but decided against doing so: he knew that every second of surprise counted. Behind him, however, USAF Lt. Col. Warner Britton's helicopter, with Army Col. Arthur ("Bull") Simons's support group aboard, was too far away to see the course change.

Sydnor's chopper pilot was far enough above the first helicopters to see them correct their course away from the southern complex; he set Sydnor's group down outside the walls of Son Tay "right on the money." But as Sydnor's chopper approached its landing point a few yards south of the Son Tay compound, he realized immediately that his boss, Bull Simons, had landed at the wrong target. Sydnor wondered, "What's that crazy sonuvabitch doing over there?" Thus, at H-Hour plus two minutes and 45 seconds, Sydnor put "Plan Green" in effect.* It was the alternate plan in case Simons's support-group helicopter aborted or was shot down. Sydnor realized now that he'd have to pull off the raid with twenty-two fewer men than planned, because the largest part of the raiding force was visiting the wrong part of North Vietnam.

At the secondary school, south of Son Tay, Bull Simons, only a second or two after his helicopter had landed, realized that he was in trouble. The compound and grounds outside it looked like what he expected at Son Tay. And the sounds were as he had expected: small arms fire cracked and thumped all around him. But one sound was missing: Dick Meadows bellowing over that bullhorn. Bull Simons knew he was at the wrong camp. His main concern was getting back to the right landing zone before it was all over.

But a fire-fight was exploding all around him. He saw a startled North Vietnamese soldier suddenly stand up from a foxhole in front of him near the school compound's southwest corner. The soldier was clad only in skivvies, naked from the waist up in the warm night air. He was armed and only a few feet away.

"He was frightened—I mean really dumbfounded," Simons would recall. "The guy was looking at me like I was made out of green cheese. I don't blame him; we landed out of nowhere. I remember thinking, 'Too bad, Sonny, this is a lousy time of night for introductions.' So I shot him through the chest. I could see the rounds going through him." Simons turned to his radio operator, Staff Sgt. Walter L. Miller, who was calmly taking the brunt of everything that was going wrong. "Get that fucking chopper back in here," Simons bellowed at him. "Tell Sydnor to go into Plan Green." Then he turned to his other signal specialist, Staff Sgt. David S. Nickerson. "Turn that strobe light on fast; mark the landing zone."

Overhead Warner Britton saw the explosions and firing 400 meters north of where he'd set Simons down and realized the mistake that he had made. It was, he thought, "an incredible blunder." Before Nickerson's strobe light even began flashing, Britton wrenched *Apple One* into another tight turn and headed back down to pick up Simons and his men. Four violent ground battles were now raging within two miles of Son Tay Prison: those faked by the fire-fight simulators dropped to the southeast and west of Son Tay Prison, Meadows and Sydnor's assault on the prison itself, and Bull Simons's accidental exposure to what the spooks thought was part of North Vietnam's secondary-education system.

As Britton maneuvered his chopper down into the thick of the fire-fight, Simons's men turned the secondary school into a blazing ruin. "There was a hell of a fire-fight going on, and suddenly the place lit up like a damn Christmas tree." He speculated later that "perhaps some tracer rounds ignited some gasoline barrels."

> Most of the raiding force landed in the wrong part of North Vietnam.

Inside the school Simons's men killed a number of soldiers rushing out from two of its four buildings. "In five minutes the place was burning like a Roman candle." Warner Britton's "mistake" may have saved the lives of half of the Son Tay raiders. The secondary school was bristling with hostile troops, but only the guards were North Vietnamese. Simons's men noted as they took the others under fire that they were *much* taller, "five foot-ten inches or six-foot Oriental, not wearing the normal NV dress, but instead wearing T-shirts and fitted dark undershorts." All of them were "much better equipped" than the guards at Son Tay. "Ground forces personnel," the overall mission commander would write later in his official After-Action Report for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, "were unable to determine [their] nationality." Were they Russian or Chinese?

In five minutes Simons's twenty-two men killed somewhere between 100 and 200 troops. Bull Simons had eliminated "the primary external ground threat" to his fifty-six man force, and it was only 400 yards, not several miles, from the objective. Warner Britton's "blunder" proved to be the most fortuitous break of the Son Tay raid. Only later was it learned that the heavily guarded secondary-school compound housed Russians or Chinese who were training North Vietnamese air-defense technicians on "early warning/ground control interceptor equipment." The JCS After-Action Report would recommend, in the classic understatement of the entire operation, that the secondary school be "reclassified as a 'military installation' as numerous armed personnel were encountered at this location."

As Britton landed his helicopter to extract Simons's force (it was like flying into the middle of a burning ammunition dump) and put them down outside Son Tay, Simons called for "insurance," an "air strike" on the bridge over the canal between Son Tay Prison and the secondary school. Still under fire, his men broke contact with the enemy and reboarded Britton's HH-53. The Son Tay raid was now eight minutes old.

Nine minutes into the raid, Simons radioed Meadows and Sydnor from *Apple One* to "revert back to the basic plan." Thirty seconds later Britton landed Simons and his men outside the walls of Son Tay. Britton had probably set a new record: three combat assault sorties in nine and one-half minutes. He flew to the holding area where Marty Donohue had set down. Simons's demolitionists raced to knock out a bridge north of the prison while Sydnor's men destroyed a power station and power poles outside the compound and cleared a pump house on the canal southwest of the camp.

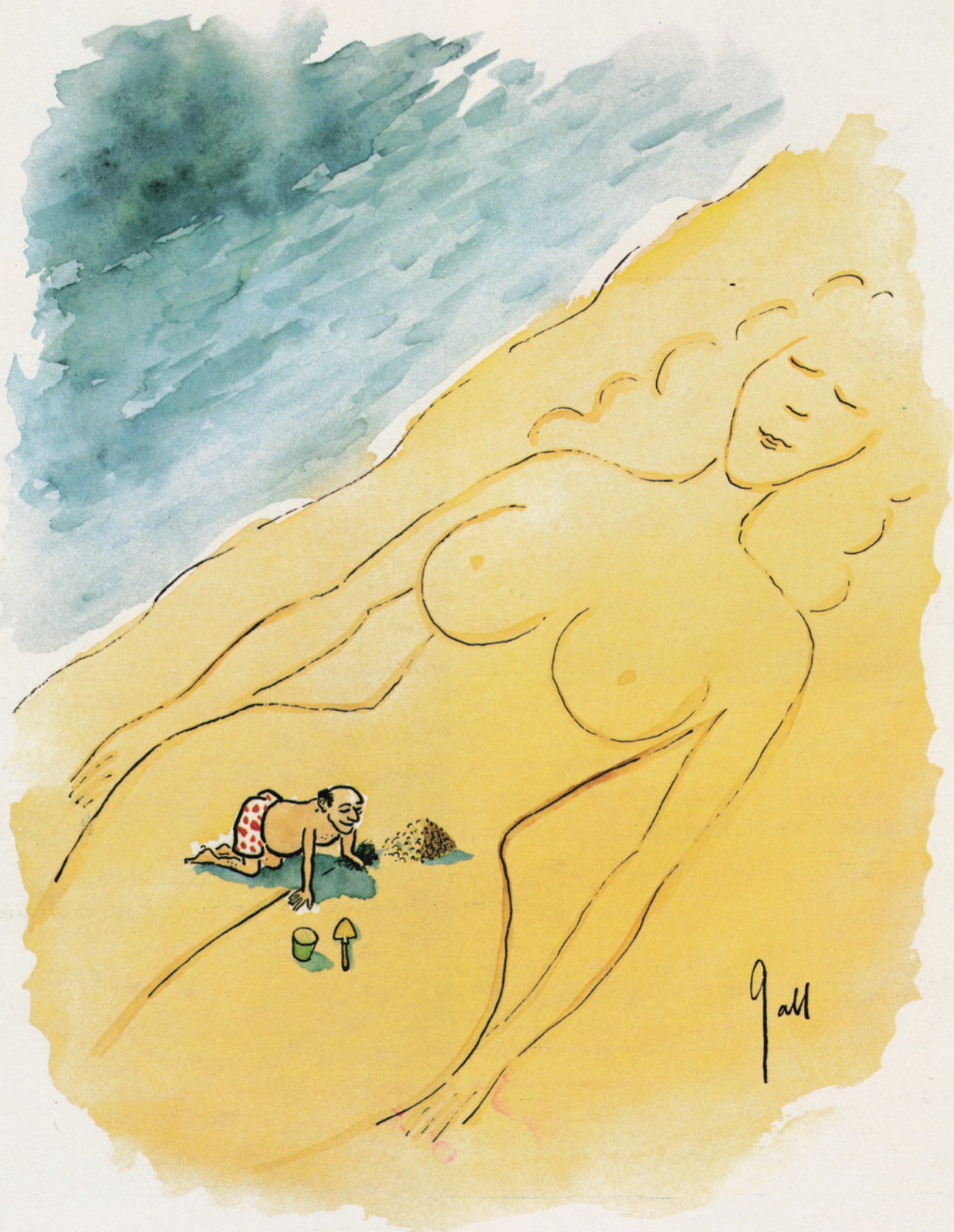
Inside Son Tay, Dick Meadows and his men, unaffected by the change of plans, were still clearing and searching the prison. They were taking sporadic fire, but the heaviest fire came from an AK-47 submachine gun near a well inside the compound as guards rushed through the front gate. Sydnor's team came under heavy fire from a building just south of the compound's west wall. As many as twenty-two North Vietnamese were killed or wounded south of the compound. By the time that Simons had landed, there was little resistance left, but his men stirred up a hornet's nest when they cleared the headquarters or command building that was outside the front gate and a large guard barracks south of it. These moves resulted in the deaths of another ten Vietnamese.

Most of the North Vietnamese guards at Son Tay Prison, about fifty-five of them, were dead or wounded before their eyes could focus on the crazy Americans who were shooting up their empty prison. For by now, as Meadows's men broke into one cell after another, they were reporting "negative items" (no prisoners). Ten minutes after the raid had begun, Meadows radioed over the command net: "Wildroot, this is Blueboy: negative items at this time." He ran into the cell blocks to check for himself. One minute later he radioed again: "Search complete: negative items." The raiders were stunned to find that the prison was totally empty.

Years would pass before any of the raiders learned that Son Tay had *already* been empty for the four and a half months of their most intensive training period. That information was a blow to the men who had risked their lives to rescue the POWs. But it would be no surprise to the Pentagon

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

*Times are based on actual tapes of radio transmissions made during the raid by an Air Force EC-121 Radio Relay aircraft orbiting over the Tonkin Gulf.

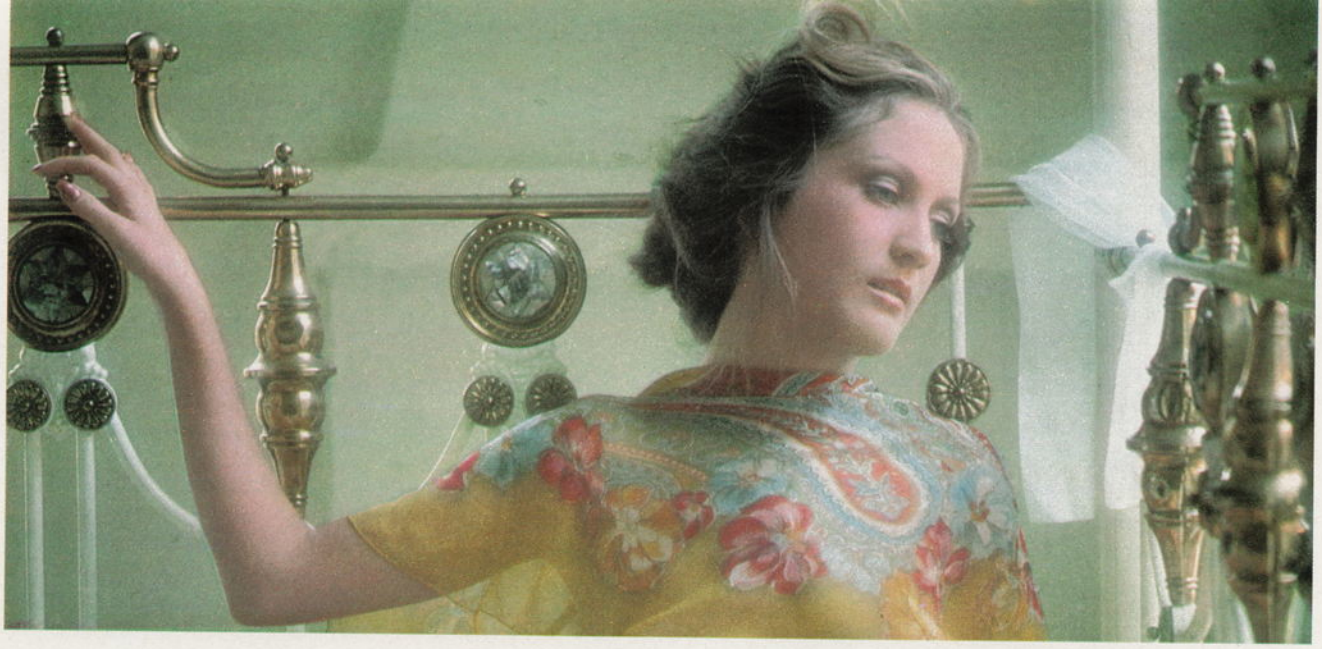


"I search a man's eyes for the depth of his soul—then I peek at the bulge in his pants."

COLLEEN

I'm into a very mellow space in my life right now," whispers Colleen Carney, a five-foot, four-inch, 100-pound slip of an Irish lass who clings like a wisp of mid-morning fog close to the California shore. Born and bred in Huntington Beach, Colleen describes herself as the quintessential native West Coast girl. "I mean, my very first job was working at a McDonald's—how more American can you get?" But with her 35-23-35 figure, this twenty-year-old Pisces soon found herself modeling. "Someday I'd like to do something really useful—like run an orphanage for children and stray animals. But for now that will have to wait."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY JOHN



This hazel-eyed Colleen is surely in no rush to settle down—or on a single Mr. Right. "I really dig having sex with a lot of guys. It seems like ages ago, but in fact it's been only two years since I started to fuck. The first time was really *too* classic. It was in the back of my boyfriend's father's car. We spent most of the time worrying about the mess we might make." As for her taste in men—leprechauns need not apply. "The one requirement I have of a man is that he have a nice, tight, well-kept body. I hate men who don't take care of themselves. It shows a lack of self-respect. The way I see it, if they don't respect their own bodies, God only knows how they're going to feel about mine."

'I can love and I can lust . . . some nights nothing mattered except making each other come.'

In bed or out, Colleen is a lady who really likes the things of life hot. "I have a passion for spicy Mexican food, a perfectly concocted Tequila sunrise, and tall, dark men with rugged looks and deep brown eyes. You can tell more about a man from the way he looks at you than from just about anything else. I search a man's eyes for the depth of his soul —then I instinctively take a peek at the bulge in his pants."

Furnishings courtesy of Kent and Earle Antiques; Fashions by Frederick's of Hollywood, Strip Thrills, and Albert's Hosiery.

With a dear friend or the proper stranger, Colleen likes her loving by candlelight, in a room full of hanging plants and burning incense. "Sometimes I can conjure up a waterfall," she confides. "I dig greeting my man at the door, all tricked out in a foxy outfit. It's really refreshing to play at being a different, sensuous woman, but I really have to know a man well to entrust him with my fantasies. I can love and I can lust; I've had some passionate nights where nothing mattered except making each other come. That's great, but I'm romantic at heart. I want the warm, tight bond of love that lasts many mornings after." That's the kind of bond that pays really big dividends.

Utica's feisty mayor took on the polls, the press, and the public—and won. Honestly.

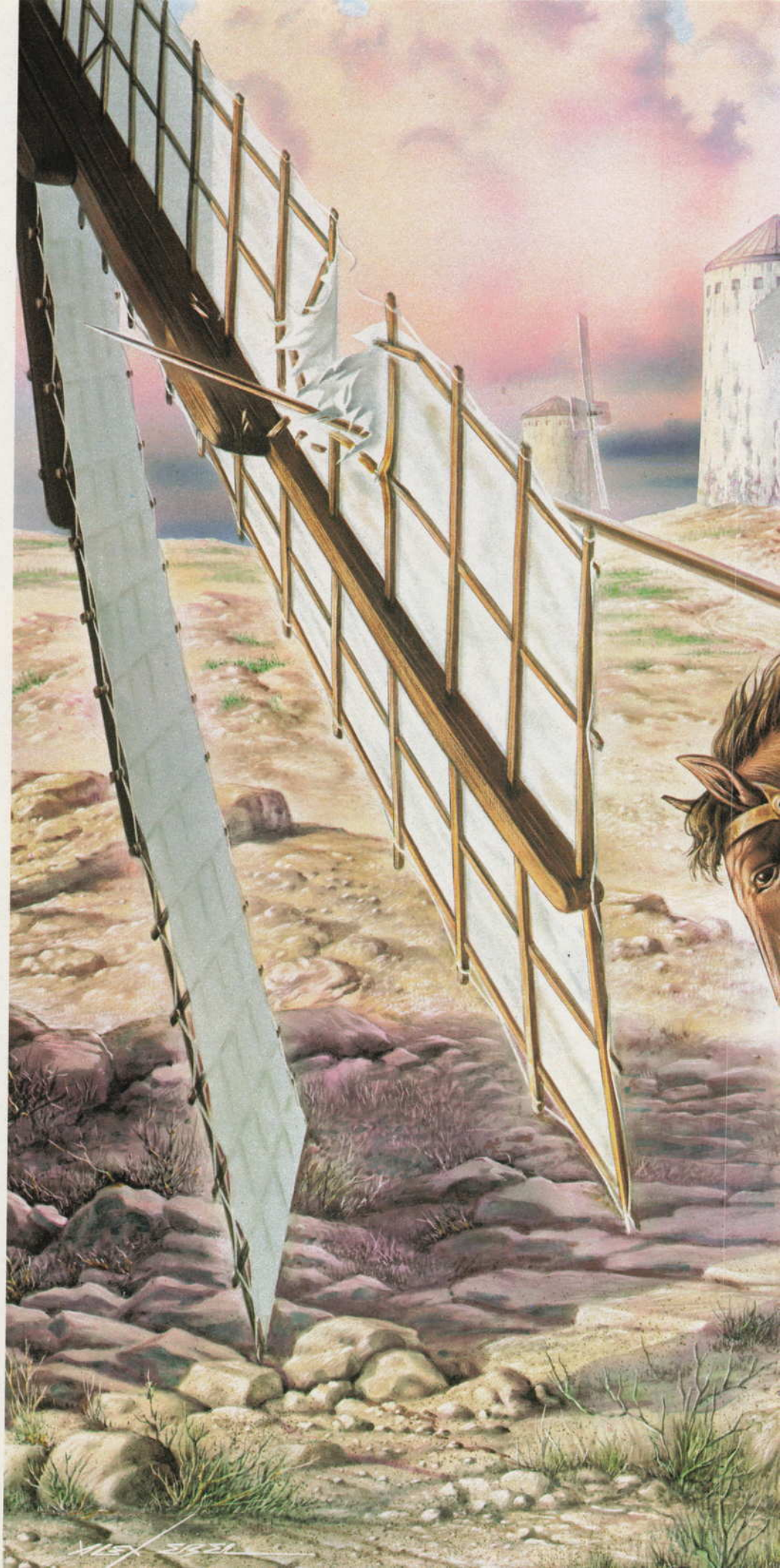
THE NOT-SO-IMPOSSIBLE DREAM OF ED HANNA

Some of the residents of Utica, N.Y., say that Mayor Edward Hanna is crafty, and others say that he is crazy. Some say that he's the best thing to happen to Utica since Utica Never-Rip pantaloons were manufactured there seventy-five years ago. Others say that the devil would make a better mayor; at least the town would go to hell in style.

Hanna is Utica's first Independent mayor since 1885. In the 1973 election he ran without a campaign organization and used only his own funds. He declared that he would introduce a "new era of government that functions only for the people and without political chicanery." He said that he would cut city-government costs, commission massive improvement projects through federal and state funding, make all city records available for easy public inspection, and remove the door to his office so that all citizens could have access and watch how he conducted his administration. In the November election he polled a 40 percent plurality and won a three-man race by 238 votes. When he took office in January 1974, the two local Gannett-owned newspapers, the *Daily Press* and the *Observer-Dispatch*, supported him, the nine members of the Common (city) Council were ready to work with him, and the county executive called him "a man of vision." Utica, once known as "Sin City of the East" because of the corruption that was exposed there sixteen years ago, looked as though it was indeed on the verge of a new era.

During his first two-year term,

BY ERIC LAX



> Hanna ceaselessly attacks anyone he feels is not helping him to save Utica. "You have to be provocative to get positive results," he says.

Hanna lowered city taxes twice, cutting them by more than 15 percent without lessening city services. But he lost the support that he'd had when he took office: the newspapers ("the local monopoly ragsheets—they do their best to do a lousy job"), the Common Council ("the common scoundrels—their mouths are full of venom, and their heads are full of shit"), the county executive (each asked for a Justice Department investigation into the other's management). Furthermore, he has alienated the police department (he suspended the chief in 1974 for alleged excesses in a near-riot), the fire department (he tried to prevent the implementation of what he considered an inflationary raise promised to police and firemen by the last administration), the bankers (he withdrew the town's money from the local banks, claiming that they hadn't "even planted a single tree for this city"), the civil service (he eliminated about 300 city jobs), the chamber of commerce, known as the Mohawk Valley Association for Progress ("the chamber of no commerce," alias "The Mohawk Valley Association for No Progress"), and the business and social establishments ("the lousy bluebloods and fanny-kissing phonies," most of whose members, he claims, live in the suburbs and pay no city taxes). Moreover, Hanna reported that threats had been made on his life, that both he and his wife had received obscene telephone calls at their home, that rocks had been thrown at their house, and that one of their sons had been beaten up. There were even rumblings about impeachment.

All this has the makings of a political obituary, except that Ed Hanna was reelected last November with more than 50 percent of the vote—more than his Republican and Democratic opponents polled together—and he's currently aiming for the Democratic nomination for U.S. senator from New York.

Some things need explaining. Utica is much like other mill towns that are dying, but Hanna is not at all like their mayors. Whereas most mayors of cities like Utica are backed by sturdy political organizations, Hanna has been a Democrat, has supported Republicans, and has been elected as an Independent. He is really an undeclared Populist, whose motto is "This City Government Belongs to the People." That motto is posted on the wall behind the desk in his office, where he generally spends from fourteen to sixteen hours every day, and on the front door of city hall. He sometimes answers the phone himself by saying, "People's Government, Ed Hanna speaking," and he tells citizens to call him about their complaints or to see him personally. He himself makes certain that potholes in the streets are filled.

Almost all of the 86,000 people in Utica—a city on the old Erie Canal, off the New York State Thruway—have pretty strong thoughts about Hanna, who ceaselessly attacks anyone he feels is not helping him achieve his objectives. He has stepped on practically everyone's toes while trying to drag Utica by its scruffy neck out of the quicksand of dwindling population and economic stagnation into which it is sinking, and at one time or another a lot of people in Utica have tried to grab Hanna by *his* neck. Angry words have been exchanged, and the bickering has hurt him in his effort to get things done. Still, "You have to be provocative to get positive results," he says. That Hanna is provocative may be the only thing in Utica everyone agrees on.

For instance, a few months after taking office he called Utica a "lousy place to live in" and advised the young people to leave town and find better lives in more pleasant surroundings. He was, of course, using the Br'er Rabbit approach to try to instill some civic pride and attract new business, but he was also onto the mood of one segment of the population: four out of five of the 768 students at Kennedy High School said that "Utica is not the type of city that they would like to return to."

What is even more provocative is Hanna's attempted refusal of more than $1 million in federal emergency-employment funds because he felt that the money would have been a waste of taxpayers' dollars. In addition, he claimed that the city could not afford the tools and materials for "productive accomplishments" and advocated the firing of 142 of the 162 people already employed by the city with federal employment funds. (They weren't.) He called the program "a farce" and added that it had created "an unhealthy atmosphere of self-serving politics, job-influence peddling, and building of political organizations with taxpayers' dollars." He felt instead that the money should have been evenly applied to stimulating local manufacturing; buying proper equipment, material, and tools for constructing new and needed city improvements; and paying workers' salaries. For a mayor of a city where unemployment is chronically about 8 percent, and about 12 percent now, Hanna has adopted a politically unique position. Then again everything about Hanna is unique: he is so anti-establishment, unorthodox, and unpredictable that no one in Utica has ever had to deal with a mayor quite like him.

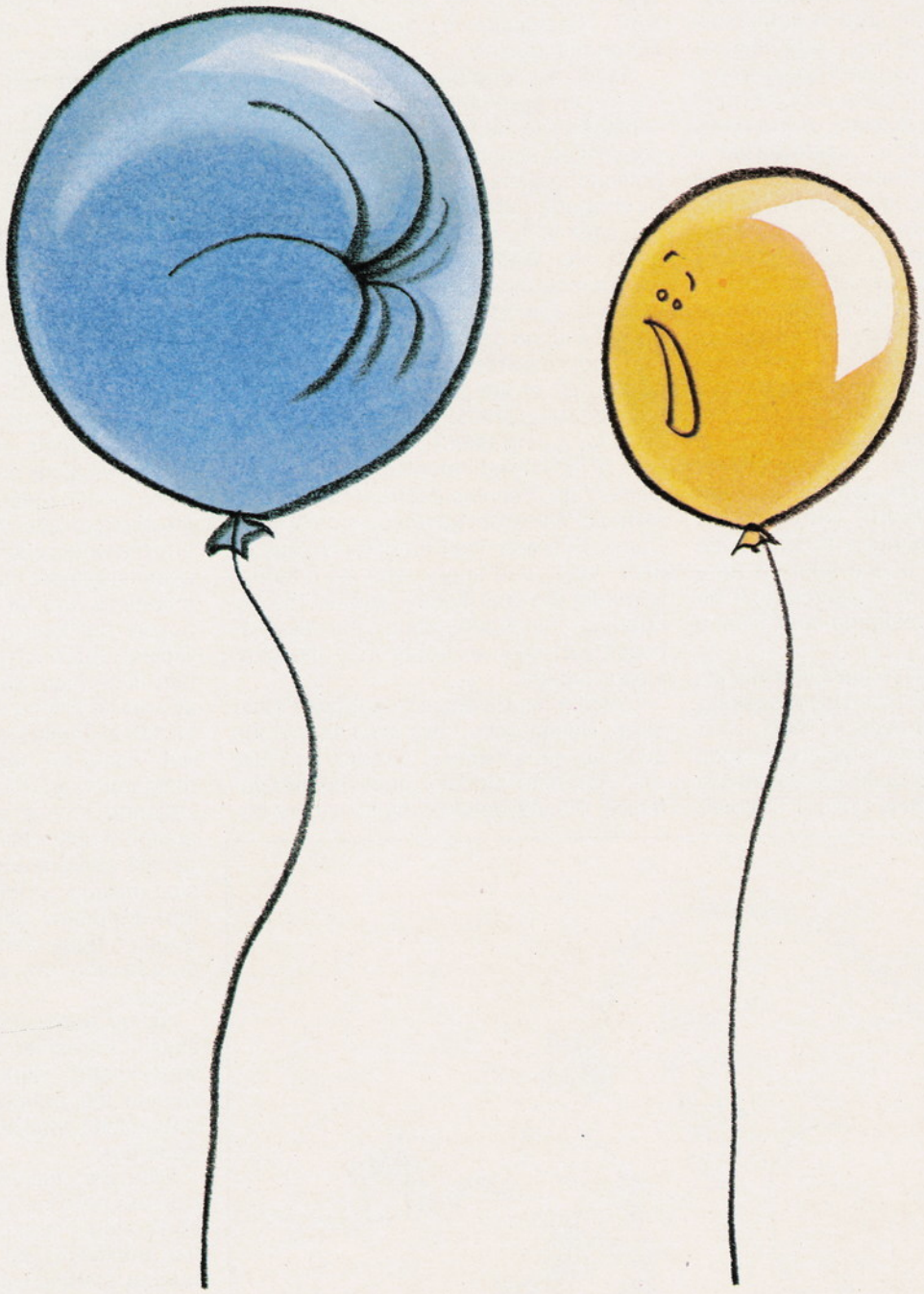
During his first year in office, for example, Hanna kept only one dollar of his $20,000 salary. He would have returned the rest to the city if his political enemies hadn't discovered a law prohibiting a politician from *lowering* his salary while he was in office. Hanna thwarts them by spending the balance to benefit the city—a stage for Terrace Park, a ton of chestnuts for a city Christmas party, handouts to poor people. When he exceeds his salary (which is now $25,000), he is apt to write a personal check to cover costs. His wife, Ellen, allows him to take only three blank checks a day to work, but even with this restriction, Hanna's largesse has cost him thousands of dollars.

It helps that Hanna is independently wealthy. The sixth of seven children of Lebanese parents who had immigrated around 1900, Hanna quit school after the tenth grade. Instead of becoming a carpenter like his father, however, he became a businessman. At one time or another, he has managed a photographic-supply store, manufactured candy bars that he distributed from the back seat of his car ("Coconut Treat Is The Bar To Eat," said the slogan on the wrapper), and has been an inventor. His inventions are the keystone of his fortune. He developed the four-chemical Kodak process that in five minutes prints a sixteen-by-twenty-inch picture directly onto paper without a negative, and he holds the worldwide distributorship on it and on some other Kodak products. He also has the worldwide distributorship of a type of strobe light used for photo flash tubes and marker lights under airplane wings. If times get bad, he can fall back on the rope factory that he owns; it produces ropes for fire-escape ladders, swings, and, of course, tugs-of-war. He attributes the photochemical process that he developed to two years of high-school chemistry and a lot of trial and error. "You just have to be determined," he explains.

Politically, Hanna has seemed determined to charge full tilt against all the power-mongers he comes across, beginning, twenty-odd years ago, with Robert Moses. Gov. Averell Harriman had appointed Hanna to fill an unexpired term on the state parks commission. Hanna took the job seriously and visited all the state parks, where he found many things he did not like. One of them was an attendant at a park who, when asked why there was a fifty-cent admission fee, replied with a grin, "That's to keep out the little people." Hanna came up with a list of twenty-two charges of malfeasance, which he turned over to Moses, for forty years the most powerful man in New York and the man ultimately in charge of the parks. Among other things, Hanna charged that a fifteen-room public facility had been renovated at taxpayer expense for the sole use of park

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"What do you say we try a little vaseline?"

"I'm afraid of the press and the establishment," Hanna says. "That's why I keep fighting them. . . . I tell it the way I see and feel it. I go for broke."

commissioners. In it, Hanna said, were two kitchens, bedrooms, and a walk-in safe used for liquor. He also charged that official records had been altered; that new cars intended for park police had been given to civilians after police equipment had been stripped off them; that concessions for eight parks had been given to one person without competitive bidding; and that the executive secretary of the parks commission had once boasted over a loudspeaker that he owned the park and that picnickers were sitting on his grass.

Moses sent Hanna a letter the same day Hanna filed the charges, saying that they were groundless. He also asked for Hanna's removal from the commission. Hanna called the proceedings a "kangaroo court." Harriman, who was not in the habit of appointing people to jobs only to have them embarrass him, said he couldn't fire Hanna without a vote of the legislature, which was out of session, and he would not recall it. But he also pointed out that Hanna's term would expire within a few months. Hanna continued to press the case, however, and a year after his term had ended, the executive secretary of the parks commission resigned and Hanna was vindicated.

Having clashed with a giant like Moses, Hanna became a full-time David seeking other Goliaths to torment. In 1965, as a Democratic state assemblyman, he took on the entire New York State legislature. He called for a single-house system, dramatically reducing the size of the legislature and putting many legislators out of work. "If Nebraska can function with an economical, forty-nine-member unicameral legislature," he said, "so can tax-happy New York." The legislators laughed and walked out on his speech.

Hanna has long been a political maverick. As an assemblyman, he argued that "delegates to the 1967 state constitutional convention should have no obligation to political leaders," and he made his point by supporting the reelection of a Republican state senator he thought was doing a good job. "What nerve! What disloyalty!" one Democratic leader howled. "If a man is doing a good job, it should be recognized," Hanna countered. "I am not worried about my independence upsetting the apple cart of the party stronghold. They have been upsetting a lot of good Democrats for a long time."

In 1974, still indifferent to the wrath of the Democrats, Hanna supported Republican Malcolm Wilson for governor against Hugh Carey. This year the Democrats retaliated after Hanna had announced his intention to run for the U.S. Senate against the Republican incumbent, James Buckley. He hasn't had even a nibble from the party power brokers.

Despite his disrespect for power structures, Hanna does have political heroes, such as Harry Truman, Fiorello La Guardia, Abraham Lincoln, and Thomas Jefferson. Hanna believes that ordinary citizens' interests are served best by the elected official who owes least to the power brokers (whose interests tend to be for the few instead of the many). Because Hanna did not want to be beholden to anyone except the voters, he was unwilling to form a campaign committee when he ran for mayor. In 1975 that meant that he was restricted by law to spending no more than $5,000 on his campaign. He spent $2 less than that and owed no one a job. Even those he hires are guaranteed only job insecurity; he has fired "two or three dozen" top executive appointees, and the joke heard in city hall was that an optimist is someone who brings his lunch to work.

Probably Hanna's worst failing is his insensitivity. At least some of the recalcitrance of local power structures to work with Hanna is a result of his constant insults. He publicly dresses down city employees he feels are not producing, and he publishes at his own expense broadsides in the local papers, calling one member of the common council a "free-lance actress" and the whole council "despicable." While every argument can be made for his good intentions and for his insistence that taxpayers get their money's worth, his Don Rickles approach to public relations hurts him. One man who came to work as an advisor to Hanna was Mason G. Taylor, a former executive of the Utica papers. He quit within two months, and his letter of resignation read in part: "You seem to be suffering from a delusion that you were anointed rather than elected. Government cannot operate efficiently where no decision making is delegated, where elected and appointed officials are subjected to public tongue-lashings. . . . I'm afraid the course you are pursuing will lead to chaos. . . ."

Asked about his abrasiveness, Hanna says, "Abrasive! What do you do? Be weak-kneed? Diplomacy does not sit too well in the political battlefield. . . . The public feels that I'm too good-hearted, too generous."

Whatever the public's feelings about Hanna's personal generosity, the hallmark of his administration is fiscal frugality. He has ruthlessly put the city on a fat-free budget, starting with civil-service jobs. He has slashed the city payroll's 900 jobs by one-third since he entered office, and he would like to cut 110 police and fire-department jobs from the present total of 550. The Common Council has authorized only twenty-two vacancies by attrition; so there won't be immediate savings in that area.

Hanna's most recent purge involved the Department of Public Works, where he wanted to eliminate the last seventy jobs and contract the work to private firms. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

"Shall we make it two out of three?"

© 1975—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

To smoke or not to smoke.

That is the question.

With all the slings and arrows that have been aimed at smoking, you may well be wondering why you smoke at all.

If you don't smoke nobody is urging you to start.

But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

The cigarettes of the past provided a lot of smoking pleasure but they also delivered a lot of the 'tar' and nicotine the critics have aimed at.

And most of the new wave brands with low 'tar' and nicotine taste like a lot of hot air.

But now Vantage has entered the scene.

Vantage is the cigarette that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine without compromising flavor.

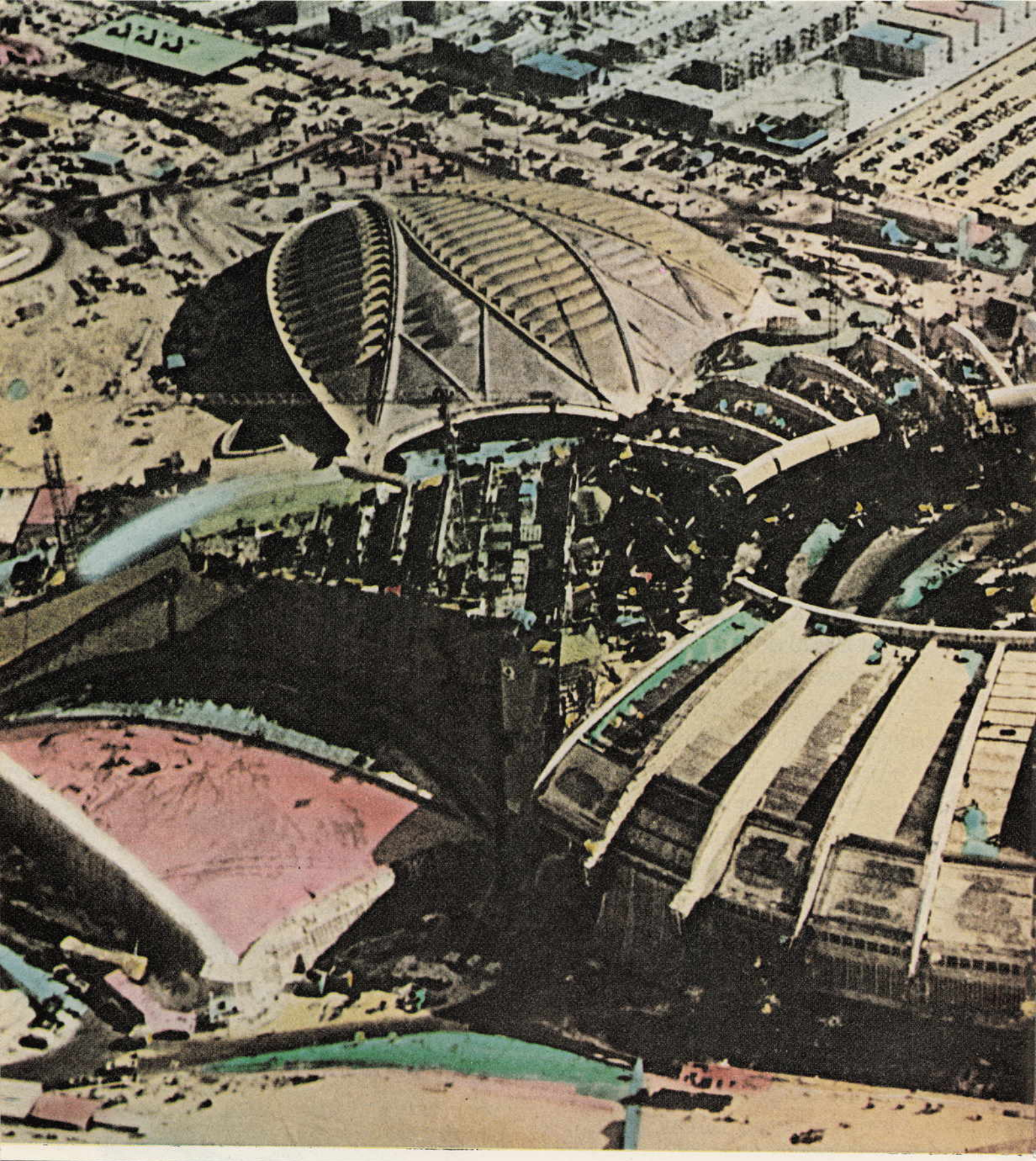
While Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find, it probably is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

If you smoke, try a pack of Vantage. And if you don't, why not show this ad to someone who does.

It might settle the question.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



THE OLYMPICS

Illustration by Christian Piper

RACKET

Behind the glittering facade of the new Montreal stadium, the Olympic ideal lies buried under power politics and blatant commercialism.

BY MARK GOODMAN

The important thing is not winning but taking part.—Baron Pierre de Coubertin

Some cynics would contend that the young French nobleman who voiced that noble sentiment and revived the Olympic Games in 1896 did so to recover French glory lost in the war of 1872. But that observation is probably unfair: by most accounts he was an honorable chap, spurred by splendid dreams of reigniting the ancient Olympic flame. Fine. Now let us move smartly from Coubertin's soaring Platonic fancies to Montreal, the site this month of the Twenty-first Olympiad. (The designation is somewhat misleading, because there have actually been only eighteen modern games. Time was taken out in 1916, 1940, and 1944 for declared war.) At this writing 4,000 workmen are pouring and hoisting and welding eighteen hours a day in a frantic attempt to get the stadium (capacity: 85,000) ready for the July 17 opening of the games.

They probably finished, all right, but the cost has been dreadful, and the results will be dubious. Indeed, the construction itself has taken on the tone of some ancient and barbarous Olympic contest: five men died in the race against the clock. At one point a huge section of concrete broke free and plummeted through the scaffolding. And the cost in dollars would send Baron Coubertin to stage badminton matches at country abbeys. In selling the people of Montreal on the Olympics, flamboyant mayor Jean Drapeau promised a project that would be brought home for $300 million and would in any case pay for itself. But he was wrong. The Twenty-first Olympiad will cost a cool $1.3 billion, at the very least. Montreal officials, in their desperate effort to produce the extra billion, seriously considered hauling the *S.S. France* out of mothballs and turning it out on the Saint Lawrence River as the largest semipermanent floating crap game in the world. No dice. The good people of Montreal will end up footing the bill. Dark whispers can be heard that they are getting taken, that a slipshod effort is being made at staggering prices, and that many construction people are quietly getting rich in the process. Said one Ontario businessman: "It's a racket—too many people with connections. They're just gluing the stadium together now, cutting corners all over the place. You'll see a lot of big defects showing up in a couple of years."

There may be chickens roosting in the roof and tumbleweed rustling through the dormitory corridors—if the white elephants currently standing in lonely desolation in Munich and Mexico City are any indication. Still the biggest show on earth must go on even if eleven Israeli athletes and Avery Brundage and the spirit of international comity are dead. And so on July 17 some 11,000 athletes who come from 132 nations will spend two weeks competing in more than 200 events, an incredible quadrennial array of games that stops just short of darts and bearbaiting.

There is no question that the Olympics are the biggest, gaudiest, most breathtaking sports extravaganza ever staged on this planet. They are calculated to beggar the imagination, and they succeed. But that's not the point. The point is, Are they necessary? People are beginning to wonder. Roone Arledge, as president of ABC-TV sports, has as much stake in the Olympics as anybody else (he does, after all, have seventy-six and one-half hours of air time to fill up in two weeks), but even he will admit, "Nothing is worth what the Olympics cost now."

Arledge should know; he and a crew of 500 (ABC is fond of pointing out that it sends the largest "team" to the Olympics) will assault Montreal with five mobile units, six film crews, five slow-motion machines, twenty-three of their own cameras (plus another eighty from Canadian TV), two production-control rooms, and a helicopter unit. Arledge paid Montreal $25 million for the right to bring the Olympics (through a variety of worldwide networks) to perhaps half a billion viewers around the world. But, he points out, "Because most of the money must be paid to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for production costs, Montreal ends up getting only about $3 million out of that $25 million—which doesn't go very far toward paying off $1.3 billion. We used to support the Olympics but not anymore. I frankly don't know how they're going to come up with the revenue."

> "Maybe Olympians will have to be like early Christians," says one athlete. "We'll have to conduct the games in catacombs."

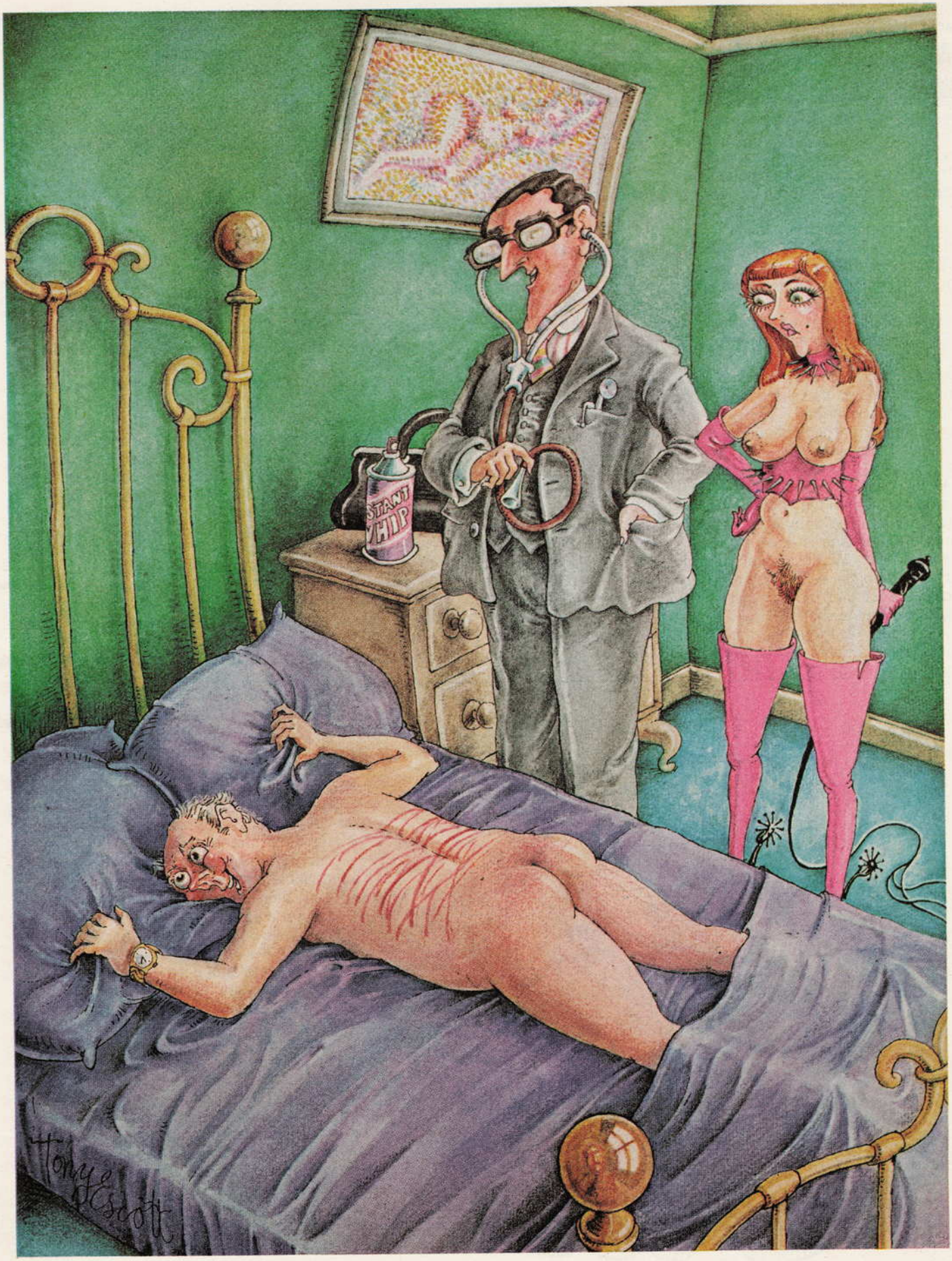
Still there is no shame in being short of money these days. The shame lies in the conduct of the recent games and in the tragic events that surrounded them like a shroud. Is there even the remotest correlation between the Olympian ideals of Victorian sportsmen such as Avery Brundage and the tense, turbulent realities of today's games? Consider this remark by the late president of the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.) on Olympic idealism: "The Olympic movement is perhaps the greatest social force in the world. It is a revolt against twentieth-century materialism; it is a devotion to the cause and not the reward. . . . It appears like a ray of sunshine through clouds of racial animosity, religious bigotry, and political chicanery."

May you rest in peace, Mr. Brundage, but "chicanery, bigotry, animosity," threaten to replace "faster, higher, stronger," as the Olympic motto. Take the Munich games. Pakistan, a perennial power in field hockey, was beaten 1-0 by West Germany in the finals. The referees were mobbed, the Pakistani players ridiculed the awards ceremony and roughed up a doctor at the doping tests, and eleven of them were permanently banned from Olympic competition. After the Yugoslavs lost a close water-polo match to the Soviet Union, they spit on the Cuban referee and beat the tar out of his baffled brother. Before the games had even begun, Black African nations, supported by many American blacks, threatened to boycott the Olympics unless Rhodesia was expelled: the I.O.C. capitulated.

Then, under this fearful penumbra of chicanery and animosity, a band of eight Arab terrorists crept over the walls of the Israeli compound on the morning of September 5, took eleven Israeli athletes hostage, and demanded the return of 200 political prisoners. By the time that the bloody, fruitless epic had ended, the athletes were dead and with them were shattered the fragile hopes for the future of the Olympics as a proscenium of international camaraderie.

Kenny Moore, a United States marathoner, wrote in *Sports Illustrated* about those agonized hours in the Munich dormitories. Moore asked one of the American walkers, Tom Dooley, whether they could ever go to another Olympics, knowing that such a horror might recur. "I don't know," Dooley answered after a moment. "Maybe Olympians will have to be like the early Christians now. We'll have to conduct our events in catacombs, in quiet forests."

That is the saddest possible comment on the games. But it is not such a bad idea, because the Twenty-first Olympiad will be held in French Canadian Quebec, home of the fire-bombing FLQ, which is a terrorist band that rivals the Arab Black September Movement in fearless lunacy. Says four-time Olympic champion Al Oerter: "I enjoyed the whole environment of the Olympics, and I definitely would not want to see them dry up and blow away. But the size of the games has become the biggest detriment. The worldwide coverage lends itself to political statement or a show of force." Adds Bob Seagren, the 1972 silver-medal winner in the pole vault, "The games are a great spectacle, and they can do wonderful things for the athlete and for international goodwill. But they've become too political. It really upsets me to see the I.O.C. relenting to pressure on political issues instead of making a strong stand against such things as the exclusion of



"...he probably had the unique experience of going and coming at the same time."

South Africa and Rhodesia. It's not the governments that suffer; it's the athletes that suffer."

Of course. When nations begin to play big-league power politics, then mere games of human physical skill no longer matter. The Olympics were founded on the principle of individual competition—pitting the strength, swiftness, and agility of athlete against athlete. Now national interests are paramount; brilliant feats of strength and grace, although they may seize our imaginations for the moment, eventually take second place behind the chauvinistic stockpiling of team points. If you add to this inept and biased officiating a blatant commercialism, outdated rules, a laughable concept of amateurism, and an I.O.C. membership that, for the most part, remembers (and probably approves of) the Boer War, you will reach the inescapable conclusion that the flame of the Olympic Games is indeed in peril of being extinguished by the violent winds of the mid-twentieth century.

Not that these problems originated with the Munich games; they reach back into the earliest history of the Olympics. Says Donna de Varona, a double gold-medal swimmer in 1964 who is now under contract to ABC-TV: "We've created a myth about the Olympics; we're living a history that didn't exist then and doesn't exist now." True. Even the ancient Greek games were something less than the lofty ideal that has been attributed to them. The first recorded Greek games began in 776 B.C. and lasted until A.D. 394, when the Roman Emperor Theodosius II abolished the pagan ceremony so that his chosen religion, Christianity, could better prosper. During that bellicose millennium easily as much blood was spilled in combat and sacrifice as ever flowed on the plains of Thermopylae. As for the perfect nobility of the athletes, consider William O. Johnson's commentary in his book *All That Glitters Is Not Gold:* "It is widely believed now that men competed strenuously for the mere honor of wearing a chaplet of laurel or wreaths made from wild celery or pine twigs or olive leaves. It is widely believed that pure idealism reigned. The truth is that the athletes of ancient Greece were a pampered class, a corps of swaggering narcissists who did little but build their bodies and massage their egos from one year to the next. No man could compete, of course, unless he could prove he was a freeborn and full-blooded son of Greece. Thus no slaves were allowed. It helped a lot to be very, very wealthy: no man entered the Olympic Games unless he had spent the previous eleven months exclusively in training. Many of the athletes were immortalized in marble sculpture, praised in the odes of Pindar, even quite openly worshiped at altars built when they died.

"Nothing counted but victory. When Diagoras did win an Olympic championship, a friend said, 'Die, Diagoras, for thou hast nothing short of divinity to desire!' Losers were lepers. Pindar wrote: 'They slink away, sore smitten by misfortune, nor does any sweet smile grace their return.'"

How do you say *plus ça change* in Greek? Because it doesn't sound as if things have changed very much. Even vulgar professionalism was rampant. Athletes used to move from one set of games to another, picking up lavish rewards in oxen and drachmas along the way. Nor were the ancient games without internal corruption: witness the spectacle of mad Nero, who fell out of his chariot during the race in the A.D. 66 games but nevertheless managed to have himself declared the winner.

Baron de Coubertin launched the modern games almost singlehandledly in Athens in 1896. That first Olympiad attracted 285 athletes (slightly more than half of the ABC-TV team of 1976) and cost the Greeks about $500,000. From the outset the concept of amateurism ran afoul of fusty, unrealistic laws written by wealthy armchair sportsmen. The first shock waves of professionalism shot across the world after the 1912 Stockholm games, when it was discovered that the magnificent Jim Thorpe had played semipro baseball in North Carolina one summer; he was subsequently ordered to return his gold medals. In 1932 the Flying Finn, Paavo Nurmi, was caught padding his expense account and was barred from the games that year. There were petty conflicts, such as the American team's threat to quit the 1920 games in Antwerp because the American athletes were billeted in a ramshackle schoolhouse. There were global conflicts, such as that occasioned by the decision to hold the 1936 games in Nazi Germany and the struggle to prevent that Olympiad from becoming a strident, red-and-black showcase for national socialism. All in all, the Berlin games promised to be something less than Baron de Coubertin's notion of "bringing together in a radiant union all the qualities which guide mankind to perfection." But his successor as president of the I.O.C., a Belgian by the name of Count Henri de Baillet-Latour, became the only man until Winston Churchill to face Hitler down. He informed the Führer: "The Olympic Games are not held in Berlin, in Los Angeles, or in Amsterdam. When the five-circled Olympic flag is raised over a stadium, it becomes sacred Olympic territory, and theoretically and for all practical purposes, the games are held in ancient Olympia. There I am the master."

The Führer made no comment. Nor did he comment on that magical moment when Jesse Owens came pounding down the straightaway to win his fourth gold medal, thereby shooting Hitler's Aryan theories all to hell. The Führer simply rose up and stormed out of the stadium.

Granted, there have been many lyrical moments in the Olympics: Johnny Weissmuller driving through the water at Amsterdam toward three gold medals; Ralph Boston soaring through the air like no

human before him at Rome; Olga Korbut plying her magic on the bars at Munich. But these pure, bright rays of sunshine have too often been obscured by the bleak clouds of political propaganda and commercial corruption. The games were resumed in London in 1948, and it did not take the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. long to turn them into a Cold War battleground. Not that the Communists didn't have their own interior problems; in 1956, the year of the Soviet invasion of Hungary, the pool turned a vivid carnelian in the infamous water-polo match between the Russians and the Hungarians. But the games mainly deteriorated into a *mano a mano* shootout between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to see who could stack the most baubles of gold, silver, and bronze.

The Olympics continued to grow by leaps and vaults, and with this growth came the hucksters and the carpetbaggers. It was never really doubted that the Communists, especially the Russians, were, for all practical consideration, professionals. After a time it became increasingly apparent that the only countries whose athletes even *approached* amateur status were the Americans, Canadians, English, and Irish. American skier Suzy Chaffee, who later admitted that she had perjured herself when she took the Olympic oath of athletic purity, says flatly, "There is no such thing as an amateur anymore," and she is very nearly right. The portmanteau term "shamateurism" was born, and if there was ever an example of the term's meaning, it is the presence of Adidas and Puma track-equipment booths right in the middle of the supposedly sacrosanct Olympic villages.

Still, the rules concerning amateurism are nagging stupidities that will eventually be overcome or, at least, circumvented. The national animosities, the problems of staging an international event during an age of relentless global tension and unending political terror, are quite another matter. It would be irresponsible to suggest that Olympic officials or the West Germans were even remotely responsible for the Munich massacre; still, the unhappy fact is that none of the tragic events would have happened if it had not been for the Olympics.

Yet even aside from the terrible tragedy, the Twentieth Olympiad was a slum spectacle. Runaway nationalism (or communism) governed the judgment of all too many events, leaving numerous people to wonder whether all team contests—and even all events involving judgments—shouldn't be eliminated. That alternative is a bit hysterical and decidedly unrealistic. If every event in which an athlete falls victim to a poor decision or an archaic rule is eliminated, then cattle will graze on Olympic fields. E. J. Kahn, Jr., in his carefully detailed *New Yorker* report, noted that "an Iranian weightlifter, a Puerto Rican basketball player, a Spanish bicyclist, a Mongolian judo artist, and the sixteen-year-old American Rick DeMont, the winner of the men's 400-meter free-style swim, had all run afoul of the authorities for the alleged misuse of one drug or another." Young De Mont had to return his gold medal after traces were found in his urine of the drug ephedrine, which he regularly took for his asthma—as prescribed by a doctor and as explained in his Olympic entrance form.

The lamentable judgments called stirred even more furor. The I.O.C. realized that because of its long-standing policy of rubber-stamping officials selected by member nations, the committee had been painted into a disagreeable corner. Those officials were often selected for their slavish ideological loyalty rather than for their sound, impartial judgments. America's leading heavyweight wrestler, 405-pound Chris Taylor, clearly whipped the Russian world champion, Alexander Medved. Yet Turkish referee Umit Demirag twice reprimanded Taylor, and those reprimand points cost him the match and a gold medal he would surely have won. In women's three-meter diving, the East German judge unabashedly gave the three East German divers the top three scores for performances that other panelists judged as mediocre to shoddy.

On to the gymnasium, where a basketball game calculated to send Dr. Naismith twirling in his crypt was played. The upshot was that the Russians, like the spoiled daughter in *Goodbye, Columbus*, were given as many tries at the hoop as they needed in the final three seconds to beat the United States 51-50. The world press remonstrated with the American players for refusing to accept the silver medal (as did some American commentators, such as—to my surprise—Frank Gifford), but I for one don't blame them. Nor do I blame light-middleweight boxer Reggie Jones for claiming that he'd never fight again (he did) after thumping his Russian opponent, Valery Tregubov, for three rounds only to lose a split decision. The crowd greeted the verdict by firing chairs and cushions into the ring and by shouting "*Schande! Schande! Schande* (Shame! Shame! Shame!)!"

It seemed as if most of the bad calls had gone against the Americans at the hands of the Communists. In fact, six boxing judges were dismissed, and sixteen others were warned. Their errant decisions seemed perfectly reasonable to them: the Olympics are an instrument of foreign policy. American wrestler Wayne Wells made this observation: "It's the way they've been brought up. What's cheating to us is not cheating to them."

On the other hand, Bob Seagren does not see this problem as "any particular conspiracy against Americans." To him it's fundamentally a case of intransigent, incompetent officials. It is apparently the only subject that can rile the handsome, easygoing Californian—and small wonder: unfair officiating at Munich robbed him of a sure gold medal.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

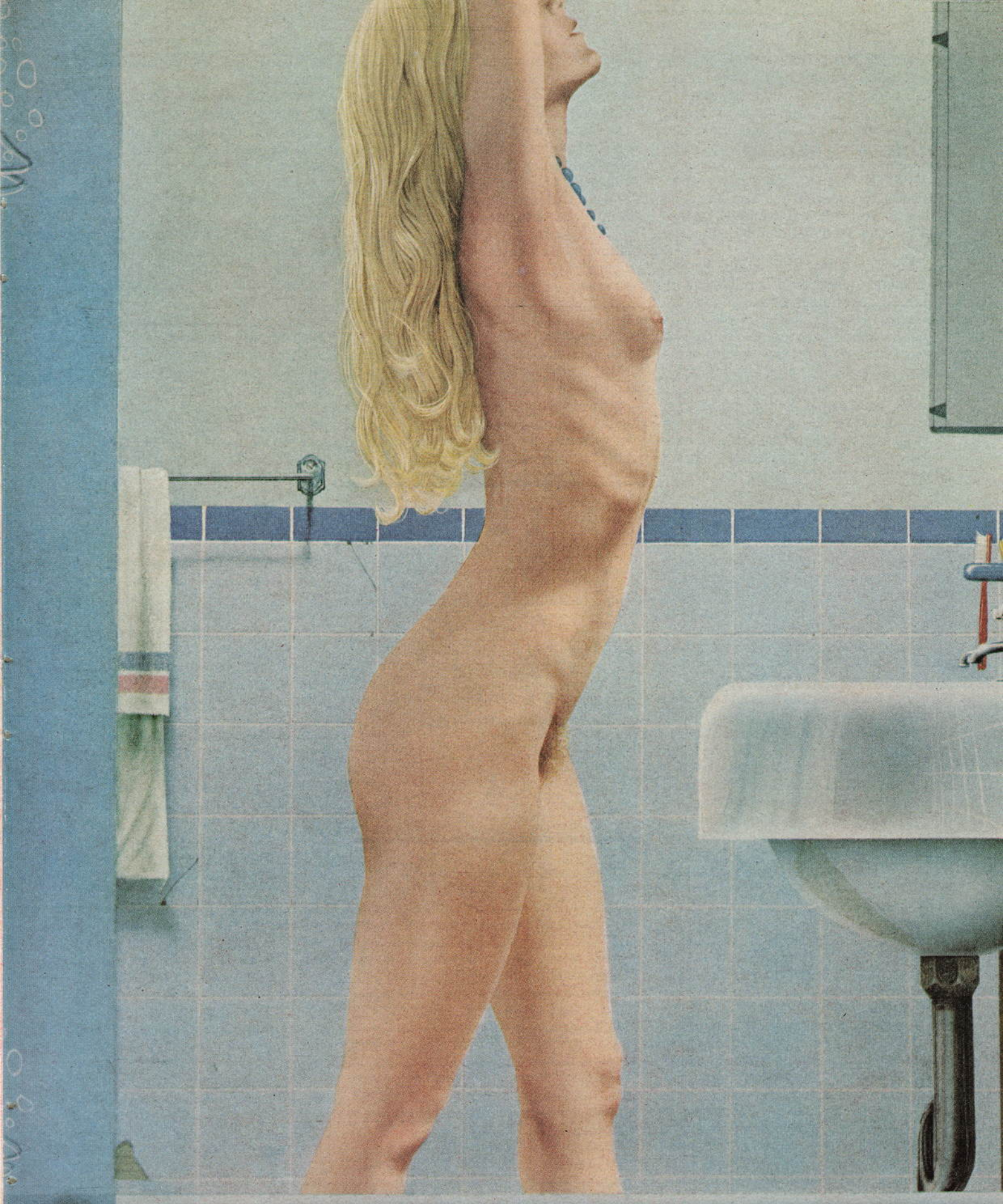
"Now in the southern hemisphere, I understand, they circle counterclockwise."

She was a silky sixteen. He was her English teacher. Together they learned a few things not found in textbooks.

YOU AND THE cool, cool kitty

FICTION BY D. G. BREDES

Infuriating, your show of jealousy. Hell, whose tits are they? Whose



londe fuzz? Not yours. Not Farley Locke's either, though that's small consolation. No, they are

hers, and for Clarissa the promise of pleasure is strong motivation. You descend the stairs, stand reaching in the dark for the light cord, change your mind, sit on the sawhorse, which you can see dimly, and stretch for the brandy you know is on the desk behind you. You uncork the bottle and sip from it. Demeaning, more than infuriating, really, this need to possess. You try to persuade yourself that control over her body is not at the heart of things. But why isn't it?

It damn well was infuriating, finding them there, demanding that they stop, somehow, out of deference to you; awful, hitting one of them, Clarissa, on the side of the head. Now you shudder through a gulp of the brandy, and you look around at the darkness dissolving into shapes you can recognize: your army cot, your tool chest. After all, you realize, this is *your* house. Well, you rent the house, but some design of territorial control must be at the heart of things anyway, even if possession is not. *If* possession is not. You sigh. You incline your head to gaze at the blue-black glass of the windows. Was she ever yours?

By law, Clarissa should not be anybody's. She is one of your students and a silky sixteen years old. The communion with her ripening flesh that you've had in secret for the past two months (it began breathlessly in the high-school book room under shelves of Twain and Austen) has grown by now into a sickness that leaves you with fever in place of thoughts. Those seething moments with her—in your car, in the house where she babysits, in the movie house you enter by separate doors—can they be over? Why has she done this? Why have you let her? And Farley—he's the worst of it. He smokes cigarettes, coaches the wrestling team, races snowmobiles on weekends. He has a wide, bristly face and glinting teeth. For some time you have been aware of his fiery affair with Marge Ditweiler, a go-go dancer and a mother. Maybe it still smolders. He's old; he's thirty-seven. You are twenty-five.

You slap the cork into the mouth of the bottle. You won't stew here. A few of your wassailing friends must still be occupying the den, where they were grouped around a game on the TV when you left to seek out Clarissa. The party was supposed to be small and private—a pre-vacation prime-up, because school would not close for Christmas until Wednesday. You had invited a few friends for the game. Clarissa was to be at home, studying, writing a paper about the United Nations. An unexpected carload of faculty had arrived at nine o'clock, and a carload of students with arms full of beer pulled up just after that. In the hallway you were mustering a welcome for the throng of young teachers, who breathed liquor into the clear air and stomped snow from their shoes onto your braided rug, when, in the headlights of yet another car, you glimpsed that electric toss of her yellow hair. With the leap of your heart, you renewed your greetings, vigorously taking coats and scarves, even embracing Janet Bowes, the doe-eyed typing teacher, whose Coca-Cola addiction has made you hate her.

As Clarissa emerged into the porch light in a knot of shouldering boys, you turned away, ushering the others toward the snacks you'd arranged on trays for them in the living room. The chimes sounded. "What?" you shouted. "More still?" "Hey, Mr. Richmond," called a boy, an honor student, when you pushed open the door. Another voice shouted, "Happy Easter!" You would not search out her eyes. They all rushed by you, clambering like dogs. The smell of marijuana smoke clung to the chill that rose from them. Clarissa, laughing, looking behind and away from you as she drifted in with the rest, brushed her fingers across your lower stomach. You straightened against the door glass. You called to the boy following her, "How went the tourney?" "I *won*," he answered. He is captain of the fencing team.

Her blond, unshaven
legs you've
stroked. Her tender under-skin,
her spare tuft, not
yet grown brittle—these
your fingers know.

"Where should I drop this, Mr. Richmond?" came another voice, made loud by beer. A fat boy carried a case of beer-filled cans propped on one shoulder. You said, "This way, this way," crooking your arm like a trail scout. You led him into the kitchen and had the beer bedded in your ice-chocked sink. Your Spanish-teacher friend, Paul Latham, was easing a pan of instant pizza from the oven.

"Goddamn it, Paul," you shouted, after the beer-bearer had departed, a can in either hand, "there must be twenty people here." You paused, sucking a breath through your teeth. "And goddamn it, *she's* here, too."

Paul grinned. "Terrific."

"That's your doing, isn't it?" you asked, gripping his arms. "You arranged it, didn't you? The whole thing."

"How? You were the one who let them in. Be spontaneous."

"You jackass, I mean Clarissa. You arranged this. Otherwise, she would never have come—not to my house. You invited her, didn't you? You went and invited all these idiots."

He said, "Hell, she's here to be fucked. You don't want to? Send her home."

With your fist, instead of smashing Paul, you smashed the pizza. Tomato sprayed everything. Then you plunged your blazing hand into the sink.

"You madman," yelled Paul. "Look at my sweater!"

You reared back with a beer, pretending you meant to hurl it at him. Paul cowered. You bent and spun the can over the linoleum. "Drink up," you said. He stopped it with his foot.

From the hallway you spotted Clarissa. She stood with a dancer's poise in a corner of the room, her lips drawn delicately together, frowning at what a woman facing her was saying. The sounds issuing from your stereo made the floor throb beneath you. Couples danced like marionettes. You pressed the seared heel of your hand to a can of beer. Laughing now, Clarissa showed her throat, her eyes finding you for an instant that whistled like a bullet.

You noted her stitched-leather boots, the jeans worn thin, the familiar green knit top with the pockets fixed to hide her tiny, sharp nipples. You strode to the mantel to light the candles. At once she was beside you, and through the jangling she whispered, "Hi, Bernie. Surprise." Your first name still comes to her so tentatively that you wince to hear it. You ached to grab onto her. Her scent steamed in your blood. Behind you, Paul was calling, "Pizza! Pizza!" Touching your match to the wick ends, you felt like a stage actor with no lines to deliver. In the face of the mantel clock, Clarissa's reflection looked up at yours. Yours drank its beer. Hers flashed a smile, said, "I like your house," and then slid back soundlessly into the glitter and motion of the room.

After that two students, one with an infected blackhead on the side of his nose, wanted to know why you had denounced Hermann Hesse in class. Andrea Wall, the new paraprofessional aide, threw up into an ornamental pitcher. Paul, making amends, warned you that the game would start on television. And Clarissa, you saw without even watching, was dancing with Farley Locke.

Well? What should you have done? In the den, during the national anthem, Paul whispered suddenly, "Where is your little confection?"

You shrugged and answered, "Dancing." To his look you replied, "What would you have me do . . . with all these people?"

"Are you crazy?" he asked. "Stoke her up. Split her open. Sluice her out." You gritted your teeth. The crowd cheered. The ball was in the air.

Even without the aid of brandy, you can see that jealousy is fundamental. But the rest of it—your stony, crippling passion, your rages and retreats—you can't explain. Upstairs the stereo's thunder has

subsided. The game evokes sporadic hoots, hushes, and small celebrations. When you stand to climb the stairs, brandy bottle still in hand, the furnace kicks on, as if to reassure you. It says: the pattern of your life has not changed.

Your heartbeat has evened. You narrow your eyes to the brightness of the kitchen. The sink is empty of beer. Like a warning, a coiled stove burner glows orange, with nothing cooking over it. You turn it off.

Except for the candles that you lit earlier, there are no lights in the living room. From the den, television sound sweeps the room in waves. Otherwise, there is quiet. The air is heated dry and masked in old smoke. Breath and sweat have opaqued the windows. The porch light is a milky gleam beyond the door. Suddenly, you see Clarissa's boots, folded limp at the ankles, where she left them to dance. Your fingers tighten. Is she still here? With Farley?

You slip off your shoes and shove them under the couch. You move on your toes to the bathroom. It has two doors, one opening into the hall, the other into the bedroom—*your* bedroom—where you found them. Christ, how could she? She loves you, doesn't she? The bathroom is dark. Wetness climbs from the floor through your socks. You kneel at the keyhole of the other door. You feel like a cartoon as you peer into the blackness. There is no sound. You work the cork from the brandy bottle and take a swig. Suddenly, Farley's voice says, "Yeah." The door seems to vibrate against your ear. "Well, maybe he does in a way. I mean, he comes in here, and he slugs you. Like a gentleman. And then you act like you've been caught doing something you shouldn't be doing."

"What *should* I be doing, then?" shouts Clarissa. Has she been crying?

"No, that's what I'm saying. It's up to you. It's up to you." You hear his belt buckle jingling. "I just mean he's got—he probably thinks he's got some claim on you. Because, let's face it . . . I mean, wasn't he the first one for you?"

"Oh, what do *you* care?" Yes, her voice is teary, muffled. Your chest swells. But somehow this is a relief.

"I *don't* care," says Farley. "That's got nothing to do with anything anyway, as far as that goes. No, I'm just trying to figure out your friend Richmond."

"Shit on him," says Clarissa. You clench your teeth.

"I guess I didn't realize he's got such a stake in you. If you know what I mean," says Farley.

"Shit on you," says Clarissa.

"Yeah," he says. "Well, I'm leaving. Get your clothes on, if you want a ride into town. I'll wait outside."

Christ, he'll walk right by the bathroom. You stretch across the floor on your back, and with your foot you quietly push the hall door shut.

The dark thickens. Then you realize she'll be heading *here*, to pee, to fix up. You scramble over the side of the tub and crouch behind the bunched plastic curtain. Silence. You hear the door opening. The water spigot presses into your kidneys. Light seizes the room, sent humming from the fluorescent tubes that flank the mirror. You squeeze your eyes shut. The tiles creak faintly under her feet.

In a voice just above a whisper, Clarissa sings: "Ooo-wah, ooo-wah, cool, cool kitty, tell us 'bout the boy from New York City." You bend your head to the small gap between the wall and the curtain. You feel your heart thudding. She stands, divinely naked, her white panties in one hand, her golden head angled at the mirror. Your skull fills with heat. You turn away. Never has she appeared before you like this, whole and gleaming. You have glimpsed her breasts, yes, in the dimness of a car. Her melon-smooth ass you have caressed. Her blond, unshaven legs you have stroked. Her tender under-skin, her spare tuft, not yet grown brittle—these your fingers know. To see her now is painful. You

6

She towels herself.
Against the
light the silhouette
of one taut breast
trembles with
the motion of her arms.

9

move your head to the opening. From the roll she has taken a length of toilet paper. She wads it. She squats slightly to swab her pastel cleft. You want to hold her. You want to say her name over and over. You feel tears swelling your eyelids.

Again, she sings, "Ooo-wah, ooo-wah, cool, cool kitty." She drops the paper into the wastebasket. She twists on the faucets and bends to wash her face. You realize you are pulling the brandy bottle against your ribs. The water splashes. If you call out her name, however gently, she will scream. She will run, screaming. You will chase her, grab her. You will say, "Clarissa, Clarissa——" Then Farley will lunge at you from behind. You will club him with the brandy bottle. He will fall, bleeding freely. Clarissa will curl up, wailing and hiding her body. You will gentle her. Or maybe you won't.

She towels herself. Against the light the silhouette of one taut breast trembles with the motion of her arms. Your knees ache; you are shivering. She lifts her panties to her face as if to kiss them. Then she slips them over her feet and up the length of her legs. All at once the light is gone. You hear the door swing partly closed. In the bedroom Clarissa whispers, "Oh, hell." She switches on the bed lamp. Your knees crack when you straighten up.

Easing yourself into the shadowy hallway, you swear you will not let her escape you. She has come to your house, for you. For *you*. You cannot allow Farley Locke to take her for himself. You take a long, burning swallow of the brandy. Your passions condense into fortitude. Where is that son of a bitch? But you cannot pause here. Clarissa will be dressed in a second.

Is he waiting in the other room, or has he joined the sports fans? It seems strange that you do not hear the TV. Maybe the game has ended. You think to check for his weighty presence by peeking from where you stand now, a bit out of breath, into the living room. You edge forward to a spot where the archway would afford a view, but you stop, suddenly furious to find yourself a spy, sneaking through your own home. What happens here ought to be made to happen as you want it to happen. What's wrong with you? Where's your spunk, your guts? You take a pull of brandy. Then you thrust yourself recklessly into the archway. You shout, "Farley!"

From the dim room a voice answers, "Old friend!" It's Paul. He must be stretched out on the couch. "What a game! And you missed it. But I think that was the clever thing. I can't remember who won."

"Where is that son of a bitch?"

"Farley, you mean? That son of a bitch just tromped through that door. On the way to his car. He probably should have waited for her here, shouldn't he? But he's a rough-hewn beast. He didn't even stay to thank the host."

"Paul, you bastard. You're the one I ought to pulverize."

"Perhaps. But only because you *can* pulverize me. That son-of-a-bitch Farley is a man of granite."

You plant yourself behind the couch, thunking down your bottle on the back of it. The brandy sloshes. At this moment Clarissa dashes by, her hair like the tail of a comet in the dimness. She has her coat in one hand.

"Clarissa," you bellow out, as though wounded. "Stop! I love you! You're mine!"

"Shit on you," she shouts. "I hate you!" She's reached the door.

You surge after her. "Wait! Clarissa! Please!"

Paul is yelling, "Pulverize her!"

When you sink into the snow, you realize you are wearing only your socks. But so is she! Short-cutting the shoveled path, she has struck out like a deer in flight across the unbroken field toward Farley's idling Mustang. "Clarissa!" You stumble, losing your bottle. Far ahead a light springs on in the car as the door flies open. You get up. Farley climbs out. "What the hell is this?" he shouts. You run straight at him. In his

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Illustration by Shusei Nagaoka

A million Americans living in outer space by the year 2000? Not only is it possible, says this Princeton physicist, but it may well be the only long-term answer to earth's pollution and overpopulation.

DR. GERARD K. O'NEILL

Several months ago *Penthouse* published an interview with Gene Roddenberry, creator of the incredibly successful science-fiction television show "Star Trek." This month our interview returns to the realm of science fiction: pollution-free, earthlike space colonies, 240,000 miles from earth, on which men, women, and children could enjoy an environment of clean air and water, lush vegetation, rolling hills, rivered valleys, and sunlight. However, the subject of this month's interview, Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill of Princeton University, insists that his vision is rooted in fact, not fantasy, and that within a hundred years most of the inhabitants of earth could be living quite comfortably in such space colonies. In fact, O'Neill says that the first 10,000 people could be living in space by the early 1990s—and he has some impressive scientific support, including NASA, which provided a research-study grant at the beginning of last year.

Research on this revolutionary idea began in 1969, when O'Neill suggested to an introductory physics class that humanity might not be forever bound to a planetary sphere, that it might be possible to inhabit free space in an environment at least as hospitable as that of the earth. The idea, originally suggested to brighten up potentially tedious physics exercises for the students, grew into O'Neill's hobby, occupying more of his time as he became increasingly aware that such an idea was much more than a dream for the distant future. After several years of unsuccessful attempts to have his studies published, a small space-colonization conference was held in

Princeton in 1974. O'Neill's notions began to capture the imaginations of many professional leaders, and this past summer twenty-eight of them met in a joint Stanford University–NASA Research Center study for ten weeks to discuss the engineering aspects of the space-colonization idea. Their most important conclusion was that every conceivable problem posed by O'Neill's project could be solved by present-day technology.

Building upon NASA's space-shuttle project (expected to be operational by 1981), O'Neill would have people and supplies shipped to the moon to mine the materials necessary for construction of the colonies. Titanium, oxides, aluminum, and other materials found in the lunar soil would be transported by a magnetic-propulsion system called a mass driver to L5, a stable area in the earth-moon zone named for its discoverer, French mathematician Joseph Louis Lagrange. This site, which follows the moon in its orbit, was chosen because anything put into orbit there would continue to circulate at that location forever. L5 forms one point of an equilateral triangle, with the earth and the moon as the other two points. (There is also a corresponding L4 stable zone.) The space colonies or "habitats" would be constructed in space, and could be spherical, cylindrical, or wheel-shaped. In cylindrical form the cylinders would range in length from one kilometer to thirty-two kilometers and in radius from 100 meters to 3,200 meters. They would be positioned with their axes toward the sun and would contain from 10,000 to 20 million people. Joined at the ends by a network of cables, the cylinders of the smaller habitats would counter-rotate once every twenty seconds in order to simulate earth's gravity.

Within the cylinders strips of land ("valleys") would alternate with strips of transparent panels ("solars"). Natural sunlight would be regulated by mirrors outside the cylinders to create an artificial day-night cycle. The first colony might possibly have a climate similar to that of Hawaii, but larger colonies could have the climate of the inhabitants' choice, whether of Vermont or the Caribbean. The landscape would include hills, valleys, streams, and lakes. Agriculture and heavy industry would be carried on separately from the living areas. Waste would be recycled.

Initially, most materials would come from the moon, with the earth providing the rest. Eventually, no materials would be transported from the earth because the asteroids could be mined for the needed ores that are scarce on the moon.

The Apollo moon project cost $39 billion in today's dollars, without providing a dollar return. The government's Project Independence to reduce our dependence on foreign energy sources will cost between $600 to $2,000 billion. O'Neill's project would require an initial investment of $100 billion. Each succeeding colony would cost less because materials could be mined on the moon and manufactured in the colonies. Not only would the space-colonization project provide jobs, but the space facilities would also build satellite solar-power stations to provide much-needed energy to the earth via microwave relay. Therefore, if all went well, energy and dollar profit returns would more than pay for the investment.

Though there would necessarily be some sociological and psychological readjustments, these readjustments might not be any more difficult than those made by the pioneers who set sail across the Atlantic to settle a strange, mysterious New World. With the earth suffering from overpopulation, waning resources, and extensive pollution, outer space may provide the only way to give our tortured planet time to heal its wounds. With endless space in which to live and grow productively, there is no limit to how far humanity can go.

Forty-eight-year-old Gerard O'Neill, father of three, lives with his wife, Tasha, near the Princeton campus. He has been a leader of scientific groups in the area of elementary-particle physics. His work in high-energy physics has been widely recognized, particularly his design of the colliding-beam storage ring—a machine for making high-energy particles collide to produce energies far higher than those obtainable in the laboratory by other methods.

This *Penthouse* interview was conducted by James Mitteager and Salvatore Napolitano, with follow-up questions by Richard Ballard. We are also deeply appreciative of research help provided by Dr. O'Neill's staff at Princeton.

Penthouse: Why did you choose to study the colonization of space, rather than of the moon or some planet?

O'Neill: There are many disadvantages to living on a planetary surface. First of all, solar energy is not available twenty-four hours a day because of the planet's rotation. Second, the zero gravity that is available in space provides for more efficient manufacturing. For example, in the case of anything large and heavy, much of the effort is spent just holding the object up. Third, there just isn't enough surface area on the earth and the other planets for unlimited technological development. By going into free space and building industrial sites, the possibility of expansion is increased to many thousands of times the land area of the earth.

Penthouse: What is the significance of the area you've selected for your study—the L5 Lagrange Liberation Point?

O'Neill: Though not the only place to locate the first habitat, it is convenient because of its stability. A colony positioned at L5 and set at the correct velocity will go on orbiting around that point forever. Colony positions are not confined to this area, however. Ultimately, colonies could be located roughly from the orbit of Venus out to Jupiter and beyond.

Penthouse: What would be the physical characteristics of the first colony?

O'Neill: We are considering a wheel or spherical geometry for the first habitat. Later colonies could be of cylindrical, spherical, or wheel-shaped design, or combinations of several shapes.

The wheel-shaped design studied intensively in 1975 would consist of a tube 130 meters in diameter, bent into a wheel of 1,790-meter diameter. Six large access routes (the spokes of the wheel) would connect to a central hub. The spokes would measure fifteen meters in diameter. The wheel would turn at one revolution per minute. A large, stationary mirror would be over the hub at a forty-five-degree angle to the axis of rotation and would direct sunlight into another set of mirrors, which in turn would reflect it into the interior.

The cylindrical habitats could range in length from one kilometer to thirty-two kilometers and in radius from 100 meters to 3,200 meters. Each habitat would have two cylinders joined at the ends by a network of cables and positioned with their axes toward the sun. And they would counter-rotate, with a rotation period of 21 seconds to 114 seconds, depending upon the size of the habitat.

The interior of the cylinders would be divided into three land areas and three window or solar areas. As in the case of the wheel, sunlight would be regulated by mirrors; these would be at each solar area. Spherical habitats could be from 500 meters to twenty kilometers in diameter, with a land area up to several hundred square kilometers.

Penthouse: With how many people?

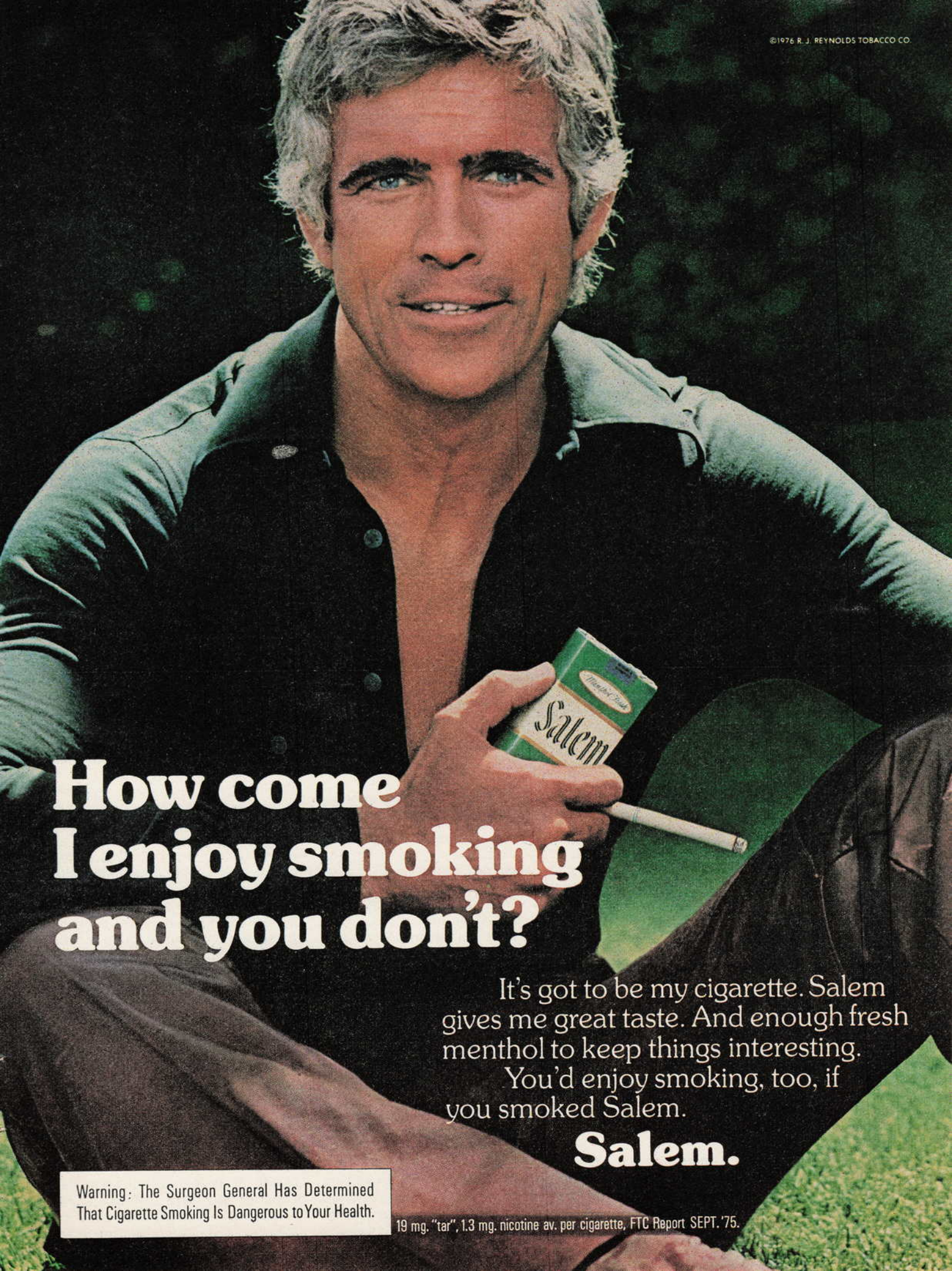
O'Neill: Probably 10,000 in the first model. Later colonies would contain as many as 20 million people.

Penthouse: Would these habitats be constructed on earth and shipped to L5?

O'Neill: No, the only way you can make the concept work, economically, is to get almost all of the materials from the surface of the moon. We are considering sending out from the earth the components of a construction station, which would be similar to a large space station at L5, and simultaneously, or perhaps a little before, sending to the moon an outpost station, which would be able to set up machinery for shipping out raw materials. About 98 percent of the mass for the first colony would come from the surface of the moon.

Penthouse: What materials would have to be exported from earth?

O'Neill: For the construction station I mentioned and the outpost station on the moon, machinery, power supplies, tools, and a chemical-processing plant. That has been mass-budgeted for a total of about 13,000 tons. The raw materials from earth would be mainly liquid hydrogen and possibly some nitrogen and carbon.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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Penthouse: Why liquid hydrogen?
O'Neill: We'd want water to make the environment of the first facility fairly lush. We'd need perhaps five tons of water per inhabitant. That would be enough to have a good relative humidity in the atmosphere, many growing plants, and even small rivers or lakes. For this purpose, the mass budget of water would be 50,000 tons; we can't afford to bring that up from the earth. It makes more sense to take about 5,000 tons of liquid hydrogen and combine it with about 45,000 tons of liquid oxygen at L5. The lunar surface material is about 40 percent oxygen by weight; so if you process half a million tons of material (that's roughly the mass of the first colony), you'd get 200,000 tons of oxygen, which is more than enough.
Penthouse: What materials would come from the moon, and how would they be mined?
O'Neill: By just scooping up 500,000 tons of ordinary lunar soil, without any selection at all, you would get about 30,000 tons of aluminum, 70,000 tons of iron, 15,000 tons of titanium, almost 100,000 tons of silicon. Much of the rest would be oxygen. The moon would give you the construction materials for metals, for glass, and for an atmosphere of oxygen. The operation at the moon would not be so large as you might guess. The 500,000 tons of material, coming out over a period of five or six years, would leave a hole in the moon about five meters deep and about 200 meters by 200 meters. A small bulldozer would find it hard to keep busy over a five- or six-year period. The operation could be done with the crew never going more than a few hundred meters away from home base.
Penthouse: What would be the relative distances from the earth to the moon to the L5 region?
O'Neill: L5, the earth, and the moon are the three points of an equilateral triangle. In terms of distance, each leg would be about as far as an Apollo rocket traveled.
Penthouse: How would you transport the material from the moon to L5?
O'Neill: By something called a mass driver, an electromagnetic device using magnetic fields to accelerate small containers we call buckets. These containers would be driven by the magnetic fields up to the lunar-escape velocity; then the buckets would slow down and release payloads of lunar material, compacted in block form. The buckets would then be recirculated to pick up another payload. It's a system in which you would have some fancy technology in the buckets themselves. You would have superconducting coils in them, but the buckets would be very small, with a total weight of about ten pounds each. Since you would never throw them away, you wouldn't waste anything.
Penthouse: What would it all cost?
O'Neill: About $100 billion. That is from 5 to 15 percent of Project Independence, or two and one-half times the cost of Apollo when measured in today's dollars. But the first colony would have about 10,000 times the total productivity of everything that has happened in space so far.
Penthouse: You mentioned solar energy earlier. Would solar energy be an adequate source of power for the total needs of the colony?
O'Neill: Oh yes. It would be possible for any conceivable colony, no matter how large, to have a per capita energy usage many times as large as what we have in the United States today. That could go on forever, or at least as long as the sun lasts, which will be a good many billion years.
Penthouse: Specifically, how would solar energy be used?
O'Neill: The first use would be for growing crops. We would bring sunlight, by way of windows and mirrors, into large growing areas. The second would be for all industrial-process heating to have concentrating solar mirrors—which in free space could be aluminum foil—focusing solar energy on small boilers or on whatever kind of industrial process container or reactor the inhabitants might be using. The third use would be the generation of electrical power for the inhabitants.

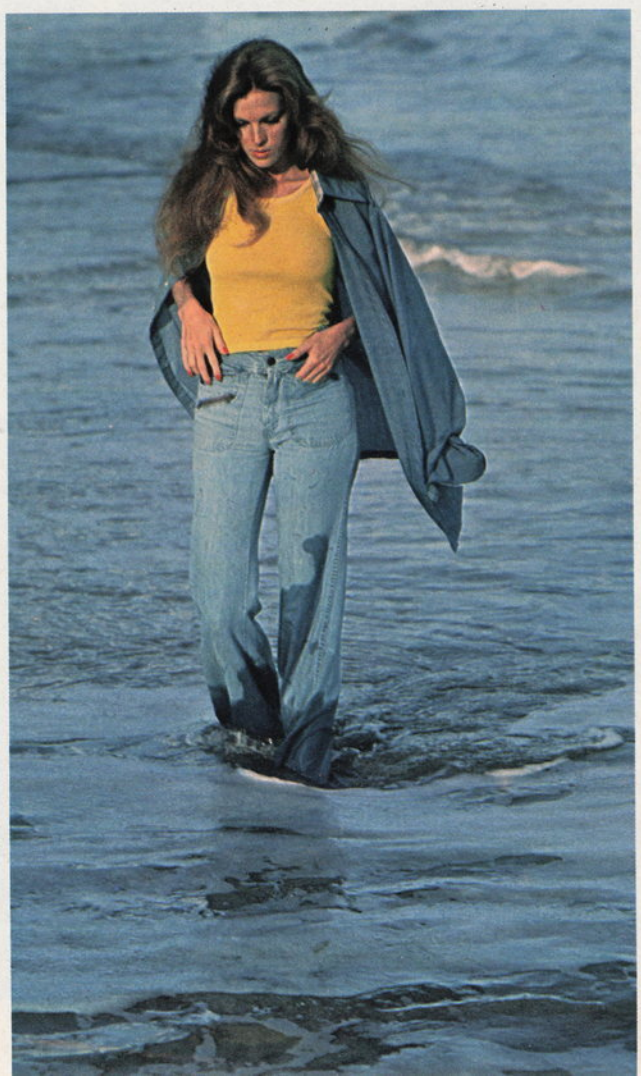
> It seems logical and reasonable to me that we have a much better chance of avoiding war by moving into space than by staying exclusively on the surface of the earth.

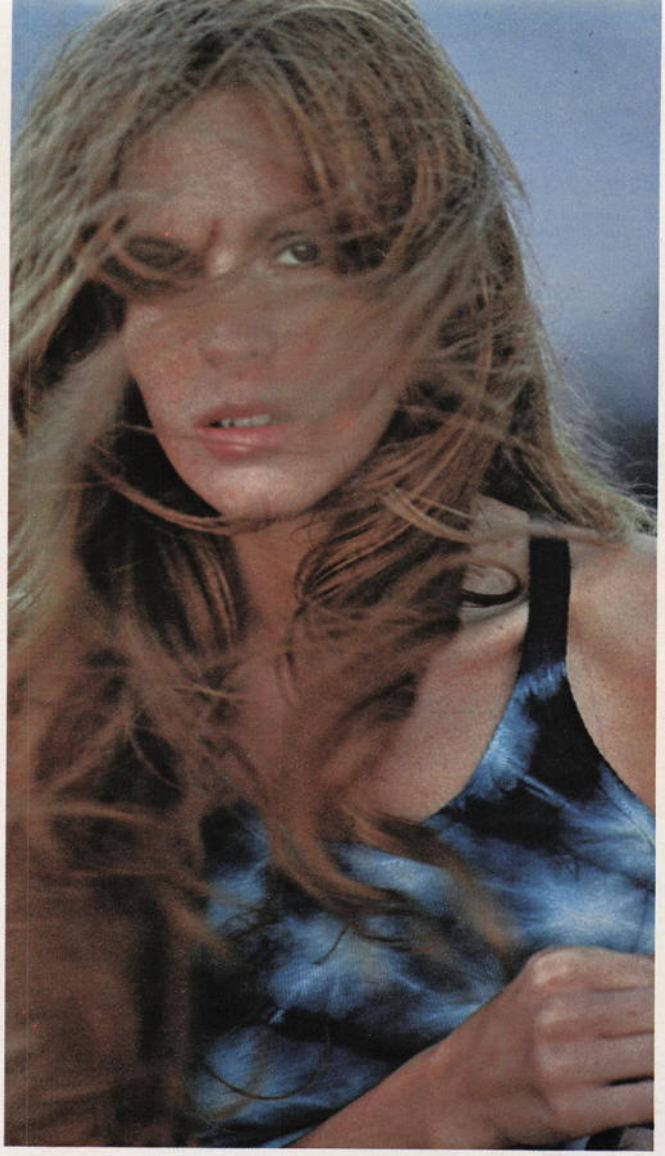
Penthouse: You mentioned that the habitats would rotate three times a minute. Will that give us earth-normal gravity or something less?
O'Neill: Probably earth-normal. We want to do it in a conservative way, making sure people retain good health. It would cost very little from a structural point of view.
Penthouse: Would this rotation be obvious to the inhabitants?
O'Neill: Unless the diameter of the habitat were much smaller than the proposed 200 meters, it wouldn't be detectable.
Penthouse: Would there be any areas inside the colonies that would have less than the earth-normal gravity?
O'Neill: Yes, just climb up a hill, and it would be less. In fact, if you walked up toward the axis of rotation of the habitat, you would weigh less and less as you ascended. By the time you reached the axis itself, you wouldn't weigh anything.
Penthouse: Although you've re-created earthlike gravity, would the remainder of the environment seem familiar?
O'Neill: I doubt that anyone would be fooled. There'd be many visual clues that you were in space. If you looked up, you would see that the land and the buildings in a valley area would appear to be leaning toward each other. Even in the larger colonies, if you looked up you would see land as if you were on an airplane 20,000 feet above the earth. So it's definitely non-earthlike, from that point of view. The main things, such as sunrise, sunset, and vegetation would be very earthlike.
Penthouse: How thick would the walls be? In other words, what amount of mass would protect the inhabitants from space?
O'Neill: A surprisingly small amount. Only a couple of inches of aluminum are required to do the job. There'd probably be quite a bit of soil because of the cosmic rays. In the agricultural growing areas there would probably be about a foot of soil, and in the living areas there might be more than that.
Penthouse: And that would adequately protect us from radiation?
O'Neill: It would not bring you down to an earth-normal level, but it would protect you from the most harmful rays. It would bring you down to a radiation level that is within the limits found on various parts of the earth, and considerably lower than the values that are supposed to be standard and safe for, say, workers in the atomic-energy industry. Moreover, industrial slag could provide additional shielding, bringing radiation down to earthlike levels.
Penthouse: Would the combination of aluminum walls and lunar soil be sufficient to protect the colony from meteor damage, and is that a major concern?
O'Neill: It's not a very serious concern, as far as we can tell. As you probably know, the very fragile Pioneer spacecraft went through the asteroid belt and out to Jupiter without getting struck at all. Even though our colonies would not be in the asteroid belt, they would be able to take quite a few meteor strikes without damage. For the biggest colonies the mean time between strikes by a one-ton meteoroid is a million years. For the smaller and more frequent meteoroids, the worst that could happen would be a broken window panel. In one of the big colonies, if you break a window panel it would take three years for the air to leak out. Even in the smallest colonies if you lose a panel and you get some kind of rough patch on it within an hour, the amount of pressure would be no greater than that experienced on earth.
Penthouse: You have stated that within 100 years, 90 percent of the earth's population could be living in space. Would you elaborate?
O'Neill: You have to be careful of the tone of voice. You have to emphasize the "could." I'm trying to illustrate that it is possible, but I am not advocating such a mass

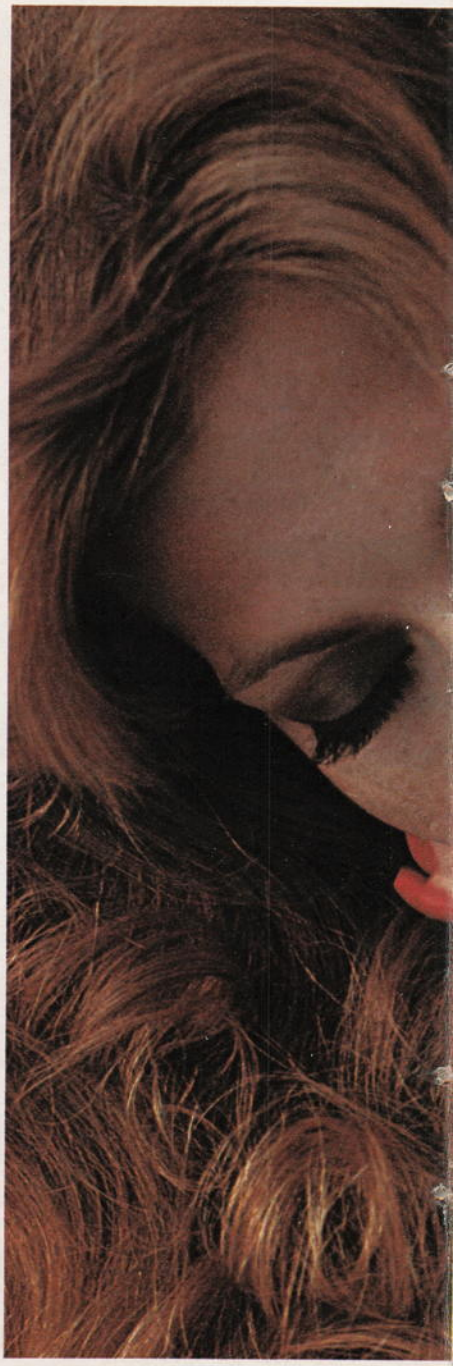
CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

VICTORIA

'I love the sea....
The currents of the ocean
determine the rhythm
of my life.'







VICTORIA IS FOR LOVERS

Virginia is for lovers, as the Dominion State's chamber of commerce likes to boast, and at least in the case of our Pet of the Month, Vicki Lynn, the boast is by no means idle. Aside from the special men in her life, this auburn-haired, twenty-three-year-old loves the natural, aquatic world. A model and an aspiring actress, our Vicki has visited most of America. She's happiest when she can enhance one of Virginia's lovely beaches with her even lovelier 35-24-35 body. "I am a Pisces," says Vicki. "I love the sea, the feel of salt water on my naked body. There's something deep about the ocean that reminds me that it is the source of all life. I'd love to live in a warmly mysterious sea-cliff chalet in Jamaica, where I would feel that the ocean currents determine the rhythm of my life."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"I'm an exceptionally private person. I must admit I had some strange feelings when I was first asked to appear in *Penthouse.* I had to think long and hard before I agreed to appear nude in this spread. Finally, I decided that it was all a matter of context. If my body is treated as a thing of beauty, then I'm proud and happy to let others view it with pleasure."

As justifiably proud as Vicki must be of her body, she is especially proud of her acting abilities. She's co-starring (with Christopher George) as a forest ranger in the movie *Grizzly*. Unwilling just to wait for the next role to come around, she explains: "I'm a worker, a hard worker, and I want a good career. What I don't want is to let my ambition ruin my personal life. At the same time, I intend to hold on to a quiet pace that leaves me time to learn about life and enjoy its wonders. When I finish on the set, I enjoy coming home, keeping in touch with nature and my thoughts."

"I'm really the sort of person," Vicki admits, "who will probably settle down with just one man. That's a matter of personality; it has nothing to do with morals at all. In any case, I like to make love on the beach at dusk and hear the water lapping on the shore. Indoors the best place for lovemaking is right in front of a roaring fireplace. That's my version of heaven."

Lingerie provided by Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago.

"The man in my life need not be conventionally handsome. Dark hair and broad shoulders can get boring. I want someone with unusually interesting looks—a man who has force of personality. A soft, trim body helps, but gentle caring counts for more." With that kind of philosophy, Vicki, the new Victorian Age will be a joy to behold.

Locations courtesy of E.S.J. Towers Resort Condominiums, Isla Verde, Puerto Rico, and El Conquistador Hotel, Los Croabas, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

MISS VICTORIA LYNN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

First the statistics: according to the Veterans Administration Annual Report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1975, there were an estimated 29,459,000 male and female veterans in civilian life. This represents an increase of 0.6 percent over the veteran population of the previous year and the smallest rate of growth since the beginning of the Vietnam Era (August 5, 1964, to May 7, 1975). In addition, the 523,000 net separations from military service resulted in an increase of 165,000 veterans overall for the period.

What these statistics mean to the Vietnam Era veteran is not immediately apparent. But as the report further notes, from June 30, 1974, to June 30, 1975, the number of Vietnam Era veterans increased by 507,800. What becomes significant then is that this 7.2 percent change constitutes a substantial increase in the number of those who can be expected to make use of their veterans' benefits in the near future. Similar increases can be expected for the next three or four years as approximately 1.5 million additional servicemen and women now on active duty return to civilian life and qualify as Vietnam Era veterans. This means that the battle to provide suitable readjustment benefits for the Vietnam Era veteran is far from over.

As *Penthouse* has noted in previous articles, there have already been far too many casualties in this battle. Those who bore the brunt of the fighting during the most active phases of the war returned home only to be forced to make do with inappropriate and ineffective readjustment benefits. The situation has improved, but too many of those problems are still unsolved.

It is true that from our close contact with the numerous grass-roots veterans' self-help organizations which have sprouted up in the last several years, we can see how these organizations have made a difference. They have done much to bridge the gap between the Vietnam veteran and the government—especially in dealing with the Veterans Administration—by approaching the Vietnam veteran and his problem on a personalized, individual basis.

But what lies ahead? As the Vietnam Era veteran population continues to grow, the problems of education, training, and jobs remain. Also, as the Vietnam Era population and the total veteran population ages, the mix of medical, social, and dependents' services will also change. It is imperative we recognize today that the cost of providing for tomorrow's veteran is going to increase. Furthermore, Congress and the White House have not placed the problem of increased costs for veterans' services fairly and squarely in front of the electorate. So far in this election year, the question has been a non-issue. However, as with the controversy over social-security costs and benefits, veterans' services and benefits are likely to become a major issue in the next several years, if not in the 1976 election itself.

To this end, *Penthouse* believes the next major difficulty faced by Vietnam Era veterans will be a budget battle over the cost of providing veterans' services and benefits. Because of changes in veterans' benefits, Congress appropriated a record $16.3 billion to fund the VA in its programs for fiscal year 1975, about $3 billion more than the appropriation of the previous year. This amounted to a 20.4 percent increase over fiscal year 1974. But the catch is that because $16.3 billion is so much money, it's often erroneously argued that the amount must be enough. However, as *Penthouse* has repeatedly pointed out, the underfunding of programs—especially in the areas of education and jobs—prevents those programs from achieving their objectives. This situation, in turn, only reinforces the arguments of so-called budget-cutters in Congress who, while quietly voting themselves fat raises and tying their handsome pensions to automatic cost-of-living increases, simultaneously tell the veterans to make do with less than they actually need to complete a program. But the Vietnam Era veterans' population will continue to grow. And if those who are separated from military service in the next year avail themselves of existing programs and services at the same rate as their counterparts have in the last several years, they will need several billion more dollars than are now contemplated.

THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

This kind of budgetary "surprise" has predictable results. First, the Veterans Administration will become less aggressive in promoting Vietnam Era veterans' participation in its programs or in acquiring other benefits. This will happen for obvious bureaucratic reasons: The VA gets no Brownie points for cost "overruns" attributable to veterans' participating in programs in excess of what has been forecast. The result is that the VA will try to live within its budget. Fear of this sort of outcome haunts every bureaucrat who administers such programs as food stamps, aid to families with dependent children, and welfare. These bureaucrats know that if every eligible person participated or received the benefits he is entitled to by law, the government programs not only would be cut back but also in all likelihood would be eliminated completely. Therefore, programs are kept big enough to justify the bureaucratic superstructure, but not so big that their reason for being is ever questioned.

Second, we can assume that in the event of a greater-than-expected influx of veterans claiming their earned benefits, Congress and/or the White House will attempt to change the eligibility rules and cut back on the value of the benefits. It's happened before, and in view of the size of the next batch of upcoming Vietnam Era veterans, we should not be surprised if it happens again.

As *Penthouse* has repeatedly stated, veterans' benefits have been earned. They are not based on a social worker's idea of needs and means. They are payments to veterans for meeting the needs of their country on the basis of very unequal sacrifice. If Congress or the president fails to honor the Vietnam veterans' due bill or shortchanges them, the consequences will be severe.

Individual citizens, veterans, and organizations representing veterans' interests should make it known—in unmistakable terms—to those in, and those seeking, public office that they won't accept for economy's sake the sacrifice of veterans on the government's altar of false economy. This must be done now, before VA hospitals are closed, before new "means" tests are established to disqualify veterans from existing programs, and before such programs as the educational benefits and training are transferred into the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, where any real public scrutiny of their shortcomings would be lost in a bureaucratic maze. These are not idle speculations. Each of these, and other so-called improvements in meeting the needs of veterans, is under active consideration. If these ideas come to pass, the veterans' discharges might as well be burned for all they will be worth. *Penthouse* further believes that the test of our politicians' integrity and honesty in meeting the Vietnam Era veterans' needs lies with us. We are hopeful that each citizen will grade that test before he gives any candidate a passing vote.

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Ask me why I smoke
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There's only one reason to smoke: taste.
Not length. Not looks. Winston Longs give me
the real Winston taste I like and the extra
length I want. Taste is what smoking's all about.
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18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

peaches

The gripping autobiography
of America's favorite whipping boy.

Going Bananas

AS TOLD TO JAMES CLARK

I'm more than just an extension of him. I *am* Moe—the patient, indefatigable twenty-four-hour-a-day inspiration behind all of the absurdly fleshy fantasies, his overwrought game plans, his actions—even though, it is widely believed, I have no conscience when aroused.

Compared with other wonders of the universe, I pale into insignificance, especially when Moe insists upon parading me in Turkish baths—or displaying me in front of passing automobiles. Shrinks argue that women are plagued by something called "penis envy," but from what I've seen lately, it is Moe who should be envious—if you know what I mean. It is not surprising that his barroom recountings of our joint exploits are regarded by his beer-swilling buddies as tiresome cock-and-bull stories. That I don't carry an ounce of fat is a testament, not to the efficacy of regular exercise, but rather to the years of abuse I've had to endure at Moe's hands. During our salad days I would swell with pride when he called me his "grim avenger" or boasted that he had to "siphon the python." But now that I find it harder and harder to handle the work load Moe palms off on me (he smokes eighty cigarettes a day, which all but choke off my lifeblood, and on top of that he demands that I function smoothly when his senses are hopelessly dulled by seven or eight boilermakers), he vents his frustrations by subjecting me to mindless beatings. I am more disgusted than you can know by his propensity for vulgar threads; my wardrobe consists entirely of bargain-basement raincoats bearing the Polynesian Sunset label. I am three poorly engineered cylinders of flaccid tissue uncomfortably microencapsulated in a withered "housing." I am Moe's* thing.

But I'm not a mere appendage to Moe; I *am* Moe—his superego, his quintessence, his very *raison d'être*. *I'm* the one and only who fills his otherwise-empty head with Day-Glo visions of sugarplums, of Forbidden Pleasures—yes, of "pulsating pudendas," as I think he so poetically and alliteratively puts it, *I* tell him when he's sick (there's nothing like sprouting a festering chancre or two to show him who's boss). *I* tell him when he can drive his mutton dagger home (Moe has never been one to mince euphemisms). *I* tell him when he can bleed the lizard (actually, I should say when he *can't*; if it's really cold out, he's hard put even to lay a finger on me). Without me, you see, he'd be just another homely face.

Although Moe feels that I no longer measure up to his schooled-in rigid standards, it's still possible for him to get a rise out of me. Since this almost always happens after he has spectacularly passed out, however, he can't very well know when he's onto a potentially good thing. But I wouldn't have it any other way. And during those rare occasions when he's on the threshold of an unspeakable act—don't expect any X-rated revelations here; I'll say only that his behavior is usually revolting—I can never resist the temptation to give him the shaft by feigning sleep at the least-auspicious moment.

I like to break it off on him for two reasons, however inadmissable they might be. One, I get a bang out of his embarrassment. In fact, everyone but Moe gets a bang out of my stunts (I guess all of those muffed opportunites must stick in his craw). Two, it's my own little way of paying him back for biting off more than he can chew. All too often during the past thirty-five years I've had the feeling that I was being used—that I was just a tool.

I have another practical joke I enjoy getting away with when he wears light-colored trousers to the office or some low-society bash and has to make a "pit stop."

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*Moe, unfortunately, is a typical forty-seven-year-old American male. A number of his tissues and organs have told their lurid stories in a leading magazine.

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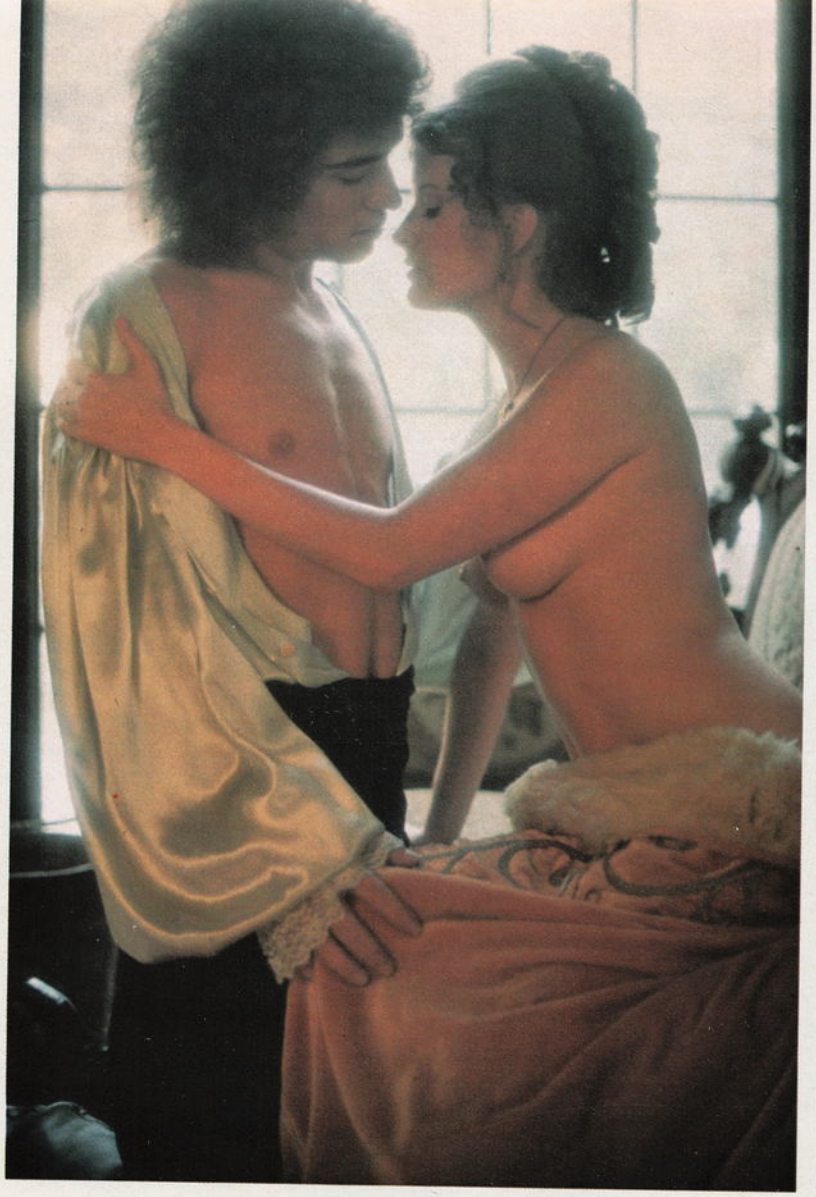


THE SCULPTOR

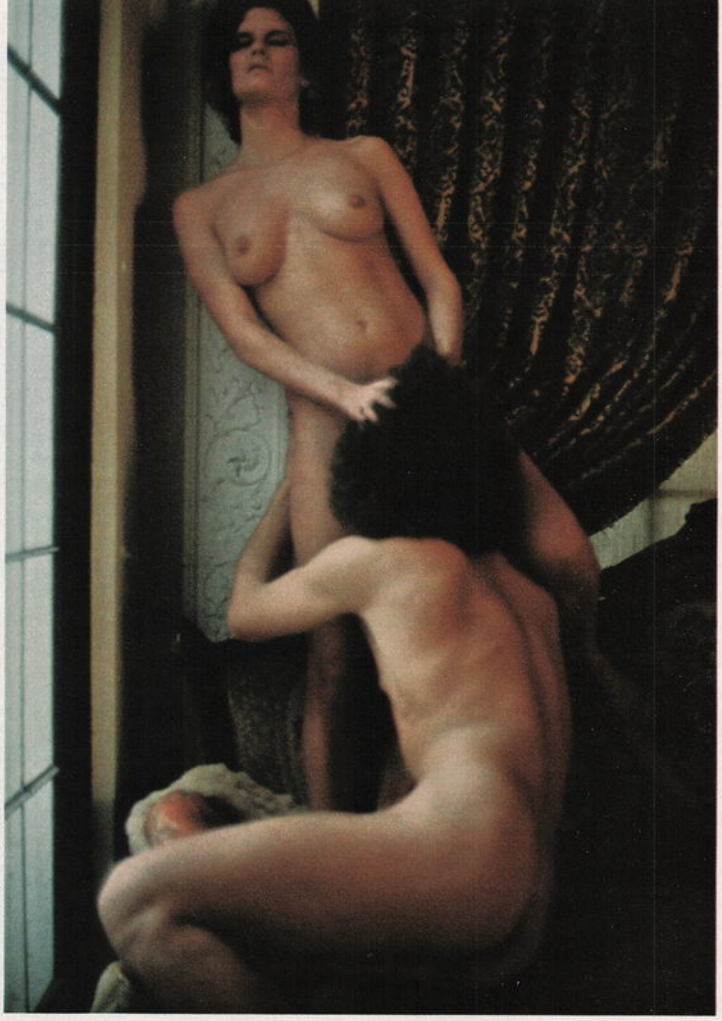
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Kathleen Carver entered the sculptor's studio with great expectations. She had been invited by Sir Stephen Somerset to sit for a bust—a compliment, she gathered, to the bust that even now heaved beneath her bodice. The thought of an afternoon of sitting still before Sir Stephen and his chiseling tool did not set her body aquiver, but Kathleen knew she could set other things in motion. True, she had heard the randy stories that Sir Stephen's models told and she delighted in the knowledge that there was more than one essential tool in the sculptor's collection. Sir Stephen began by molding the clay with his strong but sensitive fingers. "Of course," he soon snickered, "the best way to obtain the proper shape of the model is to have the real items full in my fingertips." Between his ministrations and the sunlight streaming through the windows the studio became hotter for Kathleen. "Sir Stephen," she gasped, "since I'm already in something comfortable, can't we *do* something comfortable as well?" "Not until I tell you!" Stephen commanded. "Before I can proceed with you, I must force your full womanhood in cold stone. Only then can I arouse my emotions!" His hands worked for hours on both the clay and the lady.

Just when Kathleen was sure that she could bear no more of his fiendish foreplay, Stephen put aside his sculptor's tools and took the matter firmly in hand. "I have created the perfect image of your body," he proclaimed. "It

is pure beyond belief. And now, having ministered to art and God, I can delight in the more carnal pursuits of the body. Art is forever, but the present moment needs passion to sustain it!" Kathleen pounced upon him with the

fury of a starving panther. The long hours of sitting motionless were finally ended, and in her mind the pleasures of the flesh had never been second to those of stone. She came at him angrily but then relented. In fact, she soon began to purr. "At first," Kathleen murmured, "I thought you had a heart of stone, but now I see it is another part of your anatomy that partakes of the qualities of fine marble."



Woman's hairstyling by Peter Vargo, Los Angeles.

ED HANNA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Common Council agreed, the workers were given notice, but then the council backed down in the face of union outrage.

When job cutbacks have not been feasible, Hanna has tried to keep a lid on wages. He is in an epic conflict with the Firefighters Association to prevent increased annual benefits of $1 million per year. To that end, he hopes to strike down New York State's Taylor Law and its provision for binding arbitration. Hanna has initiated a suit, which he is prepared to take to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The mayor has passed along the savings of the reduced payroll by reduced taxes. In 1974, for the first non-election year since 1948, he cut property taxes by $4.02 per $1,000 of assessed value. Although his opponents screamed that that step would mean fiscal disaster, he ended the year with a surplus of $337,402.81, the first surplus in a non-election year since 1945. For 1975 he cut taxes another $5.06 to $43.84 per $1,000. In 1976, however, he had to raise taxes by $8.78, which is still thirty cents below what people were paying when he took office.

Hanna personally supervises the spending of the $16.5 million Utica budget. "Look, I've got a tenth-grade education; so the end of government for me is eyes—what you see in front of you. With all your fancy résumés and Harvard degrees, it don't mean a shit if you don't have eyes," he says. He makes sure that he sees everything in front of him; he authorizes literally every public expenditure exceeding one dollar and crows when he can buy a piece of needed equipment for $50 instead of the $175 he has been told it will cost.

By keeping tight control on city agencies, Hanna has been able to reduce the gas used by city vehicles by 119,500 gallons, the heating fuel used by city buildings by 30,000 gallons, and the salt used on city streets by 3,600 tons. He walks around city hall at night, turning off lights and reminding janitors to shut them off in rooms that they have finished cleaning, and he gleefully tells how he made public-works employees go back out to scrape up most of the salt they had put on the roads one icy day shortly after he had assumed office: the salt was an inch thick. "They had to account for all the salt they had stolen in years before, and they were heaping it all over," he says.

While Hanna has reduced city purchase orders about as much as they can be reduced, his vigilance continues to pay off. Recently, he found that the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation was overcharging on one building by an average of $1,200 per month because of a defective meter. What is even more spectacular was his accusing the Water Board of wasting $200,000 a year and his protesting by refusing to pay his own bill. The Water Board then turned off the water in the mayor's home. The mayor won, however, and the board agreed to cut waste. A top official resigned, Hanna says, because "I exposed corruption."

Because there are only so many cutbacks the mayor can make and still have a government, and because the odds of finding misspent funds decrease as vigilance increases, Hanna would work himself out of a job if there weren't more to his program. He has initiated such projects as "Adopt-a-Lot," in which twenty-five abandoned and garbage-strewn lots were turned over to the people to be made into mini-parks. He has paved roads. With $600,000 of federal money he has built Terrace Park under the windows of City Hall, and with private contributions, including his own, he has given the park a year-round stage for performing arts. He's now determined to build twenty-five recreational centers for senior citizens. Symbolizing his hope for Utica is the Tower of Hope (also named after Bob Hope, who gave a benefit performance in Utica last year), a ninety-eight-foot-high clock tower that rings out "You'll Never Walk Alone" and the theme from *Doctor Zhivago*.

Urban renewal is Mayor Hanna's biggest hope for Utica. Perhaps only someone as enthusiastic about the city as Hanna is could envision it as a tourist center. On the other hand, Utica is located in the foothills of the Adirondacks, and when a new hotel and a replica of Rome's Spanish Steps are built—who knows?

Utica had been on the verge of major urban renewal for seventeen years when Hanna was elected in 1973, but the city government never got around to tearing down the old buildings so that they could put up new ones. In the first hour of his administration, Hanna signed all the papers to start the program moving. He condemned the buildings, he let out bids, and the Common Council went along with him, Hanna says, because "they thought, hell, it's been seventeen years, and no one's done anything; by the time we vote him out everything will still be in the courts, and he'll not have the credit for doing over the central city."

To make sure that this time the project would really get started, Hanna hired a bright young man from the urban-development office in Rochester, N.Y., named Mike Houseknecht, who knew how to get federal and state funds and how to present projects so that they would be approved. When Hanna was told by the state that $189,000 he thought Utica had coming was not available, he sent Houseknecht to New York and told him not to come back without the money. Houseknecht was back in three days with $491,000.

Hanna involved himself in the process, too, and, by doing such things as going with Houseknecht to the Housing and Urban Development offices in New York City and vowing not to leave until the demolition contract was signed (which it was, in two days), Hanna, within eight months of taking office, had not only cleared everything through the courts but cleared the land as well. Downtown Utica suddenly had a five-and-one-half-acre vacant lot, which is now being used for parking; and Hanna had some fancy-looking plans for something he calls La Promenade, which he proposes be built there with federal and state renewal funds, for the most part, and with some private

"Raquel Welch and I wear the same-size bra."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

"HEY, LEATHER LADY, YOU THE ONE THAT'S GOT ALL THE BEARS IN SHAKEY CITY CHOKIN' THEIR CHICKEN?"

"A BIG TEN-FOUR, FLASHMAN! SO YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE SEAT COVERS AND YOUR EARS ON THE ROAD."

Martin Mull, a singer-comedian popular on the Nashville nightclub circuit, has a Citizen's Band radio mounted on his electric guitar. At idle moments Mull manages to make contact with some passing motorist and invite him in to see the show. The motorist's arrival never fails to draw cheers and hoots from the audience.

On the highway outside Bristol, Va., a truck driver spots a hit-and-run driver and broadcasts his description and location over CB. Other truckers in the vicinity give chase. After a chatter of rapid-fire transmissions, the criminal is cornered by a roadblock of tractor-trailers parked across the road; he is then turned over to the police.

In the wide-open spaces and towns of Nevada, hookers openly use the radio waves to advertise their wares. Many a traveling salesman's ears have been burned by inadvertently being tuned in to such cute code names as "Beaver," "Proud Pussycat," and "Leather Lady."

In less than three years, the citizen's band two-way radio, which was once just an expensive gadget limited to novelty-lovers or dedicated hobbyists, has become the hottest consumer product on the market. In fact, it is now challenging ordinary radios for the number-two spot in the field.

Nine out of ten long-haul trucks today have a CB; one out of twenty passenger cars is CB-equipped; and the Federal Communications Commission's backlog of license applications consistently exceeds half a million.

Terms like "Smokey the Bear" and "ten-four" have entered everyday speech, and the truck driver himself has become the newest type of American hero, akin to the railroad engineer of the twenties and thirties. While many countries manufacture CB radios, the CB's history and recent rise are linked to phenomena that are quintessentially American.

The CB explosion began quietly back in 1958, when the Federal Communications Commission opened a broadcast band between the amateur (ham) and shortwave frequencies. This was done primarily to serve the communications needs of the general public.

Thus was born the twenty-three-channel CB radio, midway in power and performance between ham equipment and inexpensive "walkie-talkies." A CB unit is basically a simple transceiver—a cross between a transmitter and receiver. It was made even simpler and more portable when transistors replaced vacuum tubes. This gave CB one immense advantage over permanent AC-powered stations—mobility. Because much of the American's time is spent behind the wheel, the portable unit caught on, and the citizen's band quickly became the motorist's band. CB made driving much more interesting.

Still, few people were aware of CB and its potential until the sixties, when cross-country truck drivers began using the band as a sort of party line. On long overland hauls they used their "ears" (as CB units are called) to warn each other of traffic hazards and speed traps, and often to relieve the monotony of millions of boring, gray interstate miles.

Then came the widely publicized truckers' strike of 1973 and, hard on its heels, the gas shortage that changed the speed-limit signs on highways throughout the country.

For Americans, the race was on.

The race to be first on the block to sport a CB aerial.

The race against the other guy, speeding to the gas station across town, lucky enough to get a delivery.

The race against the 55-mph speed limit and the alertness of local law-enforcement officers.

And for the trucker, the race against the clock and the scales and fatigue and, ultimately, Smokey the Bear—i.e., the highway patrols.

Meanwhile, out in the suburbs (and occasionally even downtown), another change was taking place—a change in lifestyle that was to prove another big boon to CB radio. We might characterize this as a new spirit of "self-reliance"—a movement off the road, into the wilderness, in search of new frontiers.

The trans-am sedans of the sixties were replaced by the campers, snowmobiles, and off-the-road vehicles of the seventies, and backpacking and cross-country skiing became major outdoor sports. As recreation moved farther and farther from population centers, the need to keep in touch became more urgent, and CB filled it. Typically, Americans don't mind going back to nature—as long as the landscape includes a portable telephone booth.

Other well-worn facts of modern existence help account for the more than 10 million CB sets in use. The isolation and alienation that characterize today's interstate driving are relieved simply by having someone to talk to—even if that someone is a stranger in a car speeding in the opposite direction. For many drivers, "putting their ears on" is as automatic as releasing the emergency brake when they get behind

Handic MH 21 $19.95

CB or not CB,
that is the question.
Here are some hot sets
with answers.

By Jim Horstman

the wheel. They have come to rely on the reports of other motorists, not only to learn the whereabouts of police cars but to avoid traffic tie-ups, get directions, and ask for help.

Ironically, highway safety is perhaps the most compelling argument *in favor* of maintaining a citizen's band. The logbooks of state and local police are filled with incidents, accidents, and violations reported to police by diligent CBers. In one midwestern state alone, these reports add up to an average of more than 12,000 a *month*.

Many police cars now carry CB rigs next to their own police-band radios. And police officers generally agree that the use of CB to violate traffic laws and criminal laws is more than offset by its value to police and other public services in times of emergency.

XTAL's XCB-7 $189.95

Criminal laws? Yes. For example, it's generally agreed that CB radios were used to coordinate attacks on police in Boston and Louisville during the anti-busing demonstrations. In Boston, police are trying to convince a grand jury that use of the radios has constituted a "conspiracy to injure police officers."

Fortunately, most secondary uses of CB are much milder. More and more motels, for example, are equipping themselves with powerful home-base stations to accept reservations from incoming motorists.

Still and all the biggest single factor responsible for the CB explosion is the pure fun and excitement of belonging to an informal "fraternity" of the road. There's the undeniable satisfaction of learning the whereabouts of the police and "putting the hammer down" on isolated stretches of highway, of course, but the conspiracy doesn't end there. When you buy a citizen's band radio, you also get some added benefits: free fraternity membership; a CB "handle," or nickname, of your own choosing; and the right to talk just like a truck driver, as well as to use slang, the police and fire "10-code," and even an occasional mild curse.

It's a real treat to see some otherwise mild-mannered soul get behind the wheel, fasten his seat belt, pull cautiously onto the freeway, then fire up his CB mike and come on with something like: "Breaker on one-nine for a ten-thirteen on that highway eye-eight-zero. Come on!" Invariably, his voice gets deeper and rougher as he goes into this routine, and his whole aspect takes on a more manly appeal.

Women, too, change their usual lady-like role-playing when offered the relative anonymity of the microphone. Except in times of emergency, they often come on like sex kittens, sporting handles like "Tweety Pie" and "Doll Baby" and "Black Lace."

Men seem to prefer somewhat archer (and perhaps more descriptive) nicknames like "Fuzzy Face,"

Hygain's 672 $239.95

"Wee Willie," and "Hot Shot." All in all, a mystique—almost a cult—has grown up around the use of CB, and being in on it is at least half the fun.

Nor are the dues expensive. CB is quite cheap, easy to install, and simple to operate. The radios themselves range from $60 to $260, with the most popular sets selling at around $160. For this price, you get access to all twenty-three channels, a microphone, and a few useful features for suppressing unwanted noise and strengthening your signal.

For another $100, you can add SSB (single side-band), which will increase the efficiency of your transmission and add another ten miles or so to your peripatetic, folk-to-folk range (though it will also limit the number of people to whom you can talk to those who are also SSB-equipped). Most sets today carry only the primary "AM" band.

Your radio will come equipped with a microphone, though usually not with an aerial, which will add from $15 to $25 to the bill. And although you can install your radio and aerial yourself, saving from another $20 to $30, you'd best have your aerial professionally

RCA CB Co-pilot 14T100 $134.95

Shakespeare's 430-1 $24.95

"tuned"—a simple process that takes only a few minutes but still requires professional equipment.

So, with an investment of around $200, you can equip your car quite adequately with CB gear. Getting on the air, however, is another matter. You'll need a license from the FCC to broadcast legally, and obtaining one can take up to three months. Not that it's difficult—it requires only filling out a simple form and paying a $4 license fee. The problem is that big backlog facing commission examiners. There's talk currently of creating a temporary-license system until final forms are processed, but it's still under consideration by the commission.

Kraco's KCB 2330 $219.95

Though the temptation to broadcast before your license arrives will be great, it's probably best not to chance doing so. It's a federal felony, punishable by a fine of from $50 to $500 and loss of your license for the first offense. FCC enforcement facilities are woefully inadequate, but getting better, and monitoring techniques are improving. So why should you risk it?

There's another aspect of CB that merits some attention before you go on the air—the best channels for broadcasting. The FCC has named channel 9 the "emergency channel," and it's monitored twenty-four hours a day by thousands of volunteers across the country enrolled in a program called REACT. A comforting thought.

JIL's 606CB stereo am/fm radio, cassette deck and CB $419.95

Channel 11 is the "calling channel," which CBers are supposed to use when they want to contact others, switching to another to talk.

Other channels have been "designated" for special uses by general agreement. Channel 19, for example, is the "interstate channel," which gets most of the long-haul truck conversation and is best for cross-country travel reports. CB operators in local areas often assign specific channels to major arteries—again, by convention.

Some uses are not so prosaic. In many cities channel 6 is the "singles channel," being used almost exclusively for making dates. In New Orleans, meanwhile, channel 6 is known as the "soul channel," and its frequency is dominated by blacks.

With the CB installed and the license in hand, you're bound to find many uses for this handy product, both poetic and pragmatic. Housewives who trade recipes, students who swap homework answers, hunters who track deer, workmen who maneuver heavy equipment, and lovers who exchange sweet nothings all swear by it—and find it cheaper than the telephone!

Sharp's CB800 $139.95

Its biggest devotees, of course, will always be motorists, who now feel they'll never be alone on the road again.

Before you rush out and lay your money down, however, there are some "negatories" that should be mentioned. The biggest of these is theft. As the hottest consumer item around, CB radios attract a lot of "shoppers" who don't worry about sales slips. And the worst thing is that the conspicuous CB aerial is a dead giveaway.

In Dallas during 1975, more than half the reported thefts were of CB radios, and in Flint, Mich., police report that the average "life" of a unit is only three weeks before it gets stolen!

Royce's 1-606 $249.95

Then there was the wary and resourceful CBer who parked his car at a motel in Oakland, W. Va., carefully removed his CB rig, and left a sign that said, "Warning—the CB radio normally in this vehicle has been removed."

You're right: somebody broke in and stole the sign.

But the industry is gearing up to meet this problem, and a lot of new locks, alarms, and slide-in mounts are now available. In-dash units that are harder to pilfer are becoming increasingly popular, and several companies have

Hygain's Hellcat 1 $21.95

Cobra 21 $169.95

made the telltale aerials removable. Precautions like these will add to your total bill, but they are probably worth it.

Another problem is that Smokey now has ears of his own, and this has led in some instances to a brand-new kind of "speed trap." Using handles of their own and all of the CB jargon, police have led unsuspecting speeders right into their arms. Overall, however, relations between citizens and police have been remarkably amicable, with many policemen tolerating a few miles-per-hour over the legal limit in exchange for the added eyes and ears.

Experts see the future of CB as a long, upward growth curve—at least until Dick Tracy radios, electronic games, or some other wonder captures our national imagination. And there are some major and predictable improvements ahead. SSB, with its greater range and sensitivity, promises to become more popular—and therefore more useful.

Combination auto radio/tape/CB units are on the market already, and this fall you'll be able to order in-dash units as optional extras from most major car manufacturers. Just ahead for road chatterers is the addition of push-button channel selection, furniture styling for home units, digital readouts, and other bells and whistles.

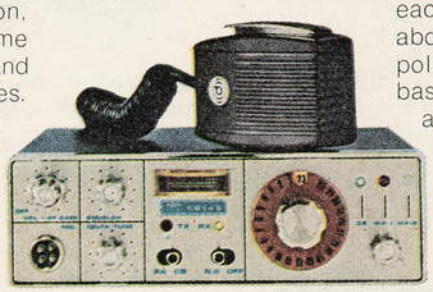
Fifty channels are a certainty, though the FCC has been astutely coy in announcing when and at what frequencies they'll open up. Bargain-hunters can look forward to reductions in prices as supply catches up with the overwhelming demand (but don't expect a repetition of what happened to the calculator business).

Finally, if you can believe FCC pronouncements, sophisticated new electronic devices soon will put an end to CB's anonymity, and with it, much of the hanky-panky.

Meanwhile, whether you happen to be an entertainer, a hooker, a Smokey, a sportsman, a swinging single, or just an average citizen, citizen's band radio is definitely a part of your future. In fact, some say it's only one step in a much larger and much more exciting "personal communications" revolution that includes two-way wrist radios, TV shopping by phone, and the checkless, cashless economy.

Right now, it's just a hell of a lot of fun—which is really what it's all about.

Is CB for you? Mercy sakes, good buddy, you'll never know till you put on your ears, modulate, and put that old hammer down!



Pace 145 $209.95

CB: THE LINGO OF THE OPEN ROAD

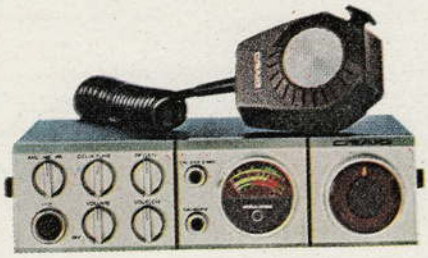
As we mentioned earlier, it's not enough just to own a CB unit of your own. To be really effective with your new ears, "you've gotta walk that walk and talk that talk." Because CB lingo developed out of interstate truckers' trying to give each other information about road, traffic, and police conditions, the basics of CB language are an amalgam of regional slang, euphemisms for physical acts and one's dubious heredity, and that sheer, whimsical invention inspired by long, boring hours spent staring at a white line in the darkness. As a result, a very special and colorful metaphorical argot has developed that is not immediately comprehensible to people with new ears.

In order to help those readers who have, or will soon have, their own CB sets, we are providing a brief glossary of some of the more common terms used in CB lingo. Those who really want to know what's up on the open road would do well to buy for themselves a glove-compartment-sized book called *The Official CB Slanguage Language Dictionary*, by Lanie ("Sugar Britches")

General Electric's 3-5820 $220.00

Shakespeare's GBS CB2500 $169.95

Kraco KA2401 $34.95



Craig's 4102 $199.95

Dills. Dills compiled this dictionary and published it herself for the reasonable price of $2.95. There are now more than 400,000 copies in print. The book is available everywhere throughout the United States and Canada. Because it also includes a handy cross-reference section, it is invaluable for those who want to get inside CB jargon. CB lingo—strictly outside of Webster's:

Astrodome City—Houston, Texas.
backdoor—the last car or truck with a CB unit in a group.
Bay City—San Francisco, California.
bear—the local police. *Federales*, highway patrol, FBI, CIA.
bear cave—the haunt of "bears," also known as a police station.
bears taking pictures—the use of radar to trap speeders.
beaver—a colorful term used to denote the presence of an attractive young lady in the vicinity.
Beer City—Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
breaker—a station requesting a "break" or use of a channel. Usually used only with the channel number, as in "breaker on one-nine."
bucket mouth—someone using obscene language on the CB.
Charlie—the Federal Communications Commission. Also referred to as "Uncle Charlie".
choking the chicken—masturbation.
Cigar City—Tampa, Florida.
clean—used to denote that the road ahead is clear of police.
clean up—to engage in multiple sexual acts with numerous individuals.
county mountie—specifically used to denote rural police.
Derby City—Louisville, Kentucky.
Dirty Side—The East Coast.
down—stopping transmission.
drop the hammer—to accelerate.
doing the double nickel—driving at the official speed limit of fifty-five mph.
ears—a CB rig.
electric teeth—a police radar unit.
eye in the sky—a police helicopter watching traffic.
fancy seat covers—pretty girls, as in "Hey, goodbuddy, check out those fancy seat covers coming up beside you."
feed the bears—pay a traffic fine.
finger wave—a universally recognized obscene gesture.
first sergeant—a wife.
flip side or *flip flop*—the return trip. "Nice jawing with you, catch you on the flip side."

Handic's 2305 $279.90

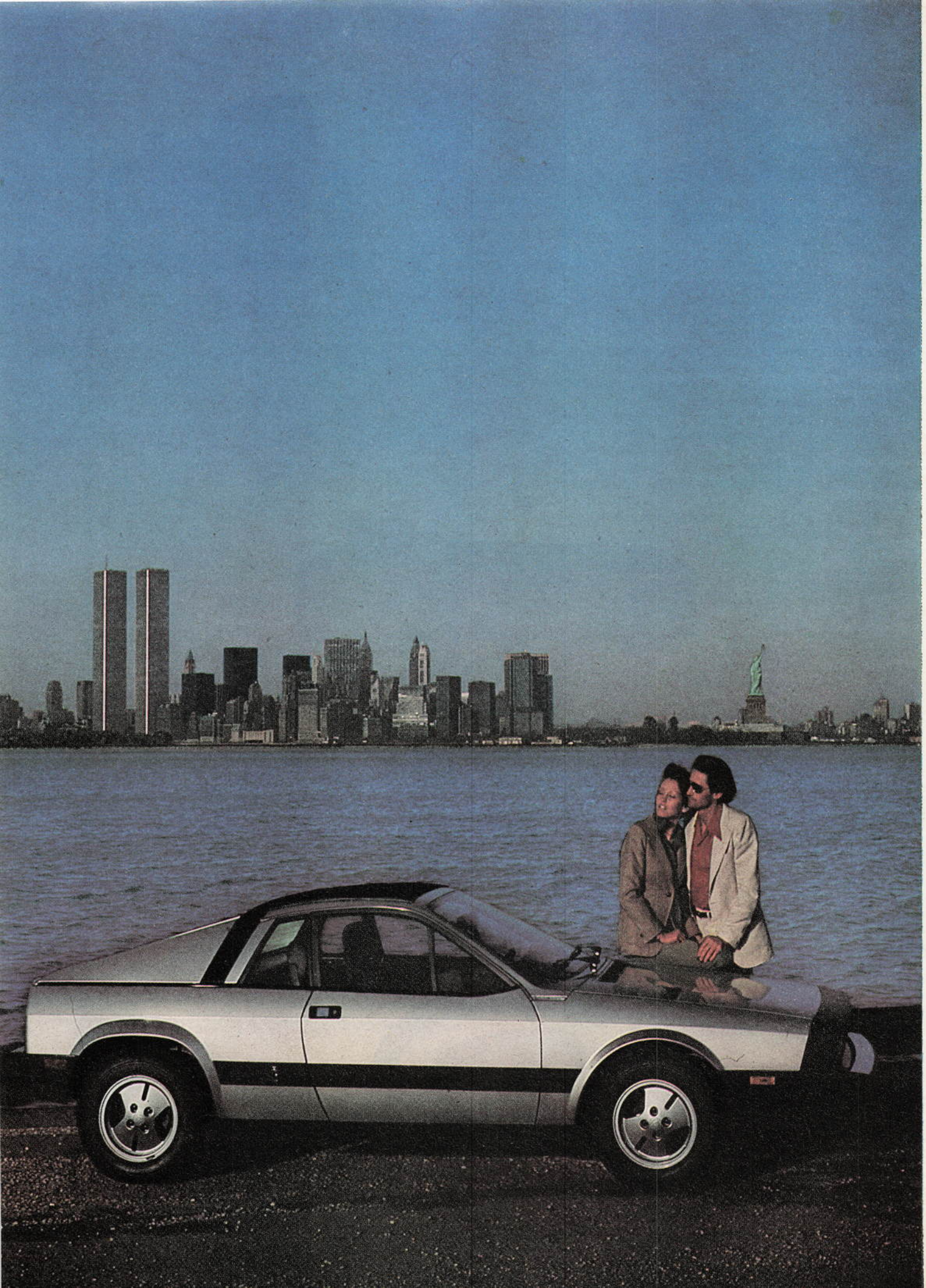
flop it—to turn around.
free ride—a prostitute.
funny books—pornographic literature or pictures.
goodbuddy—another driver with his ears on.
green stamps—speeding tickets or money.
Guitar Town—Nashville, Tennessee.

Panasonic RJ3200 $179.95

SBE's Formula D $229.95

handle—your CB nickname.
honey wagon—a truck hauling beer or liquor.
hump—a mountain or long up-grade.
keep the shiny side up and the dirty side down—a farewell; i.e., "Don't have an accident."
kiddie car—a school bus.
mercy—expletive—or word unsavory to the FCC—deleted.
modulate—to talk, as in "Nice modulating with you; I'm down."
Monfort Lane—the passing lane or the high-speed lane (after a trucking company).
motion lotion—fuel or gasoline.
Motor City—Detroit, Michigan.
negatory—no, a negative reply.
pavement princess—a roadside or truck-stop prostitute.
pink panther—a police car.
plain wrapper—unmarked police car; i.e., "There's a Smokey over my shoulder in a plain wrapper."
pumpkin—a flat tire.
quick trip around the horn—to flip through all twenty-three CB channels.
racket jawing—too much idle talk. ("Hey, no more racket-jawing. Let's hunt for bear and fly on to Chi town.")
Shakeyside—California (earthquake country).
sweet thing—any female CB operator.
ten-four—affirmative.
ten-thirty-three—emergency.
Tijuana taxi—a police car with all its lights flashing.

Mega's hand-held XB100 $39.95



FIAT'S

SCORPION

A classic blend of superior styling and engineering gives this GT a real sting.

BY JOE OLDHAM

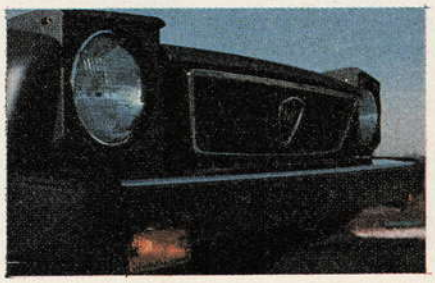
There's little doubt about it—the Lancia Scorpion is one of the more elegant automobiles to come off the boat from Italy in a number of years. The styling is nothing short of brilliant, the handling superb, the engine hard-working and finely tuned, and the price (around $11,000) is quite right for a car in this class. For not only is the Scorpion as finely modeled on the outside as a well-honed piece of modern sculpture, its performance is right up near the top among cars in its class. It whisks through its own dimension, with zing, with sting. And if you add to all this what driving and owning a Scorpion will do for a serious driver's image, you've got a lot of automobile in an eminently sleek, trim package. Open it up . . . and open up your new lifestyle.

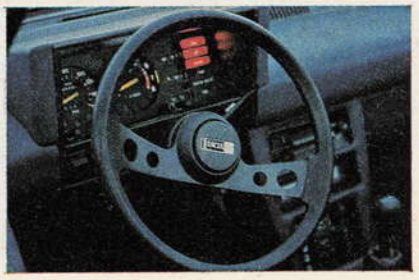
This car has instant cachet. True, it won't appeal to every man, but then it wasn't designed to. The Scorpion is strictly for your man Jacque who finds effortless speed wedded to tautly designed machinery and driving comfort to be exactly his idea of an automobile, of a way of life.

One look at the trim lines of this Lancia and you can easily picture Robert Redford taking it out on a Western highway into the sunset, or Arthur Ashe wheeling it into the parking lot at Wimbleton, or Marcello Mastroianni overtaking a Mercedes limo on a curving Alpine road. On the other hand, Robert Morley—although he would probably appreciate the Scorpion's handling—would be a bit out of place behind the wheel. Ditto Don Rickles (room for handlers?).

All in all the Scorpion is a very special car, one that will inevitably attract a certain type of person. The kind of person who needs those "weekend wheels" for sprinting to his beach house or secluded mountain cabin with a pettable (Hi Test) companion. The fellow who likes to move out with *éclat* when his toe touches the floor, who wants the right atmosphere *before* arrival. The man who likes his cars, like his women, to respond instantly. In short, the kind of man who likes to live his life with flair—which is to say, speed, spiff, and style in one fell swoop.

Flair is the key word when you're talking about the Scorpion. It's far from your average "functional transportation," although everything about the car is crisply functional from the first time you turn the key and hear its engine growl alive to a fine purr. Although there are seven cubic feet of luggage space under the bonnet, families need not apply for this car: its trim interior is first-class transportation for two—and only two. (Who likes crowds?)





Still, the cockpit has to be experienced to be truly appreciated. The seats are covered in a fine leather. They also afford a nicely wrapped, protected feeling along with a sense of firm support—as if subtly encouraging you to *wake up and drive*. The dashboard, too, is finished in leather, with a tachometer along with enough other gauges and knobs and switches and lights to satisfy even a former

Photographs by Pierre Houles

B-52 pilot. And along with this instrumental finery you get a retractable roof which stores neatly in the rollbar above and behind the passenger compartment. So on those sunny days, just take the roof away and your companion can watch the trees blur by in the sunlight as you slide your Scorpion into another perfect turn. When winter comes, just button up and you're back in a snug, GT coupe. Neat.

Of course, if you've noticed that the Scorpion has a certain family resemblance to the Fiat X 1/9, you're ready to go to the head of the class in Italian auto-spotting. Really advanced members of this group will note the Scorpion is also taking a few lessons from the Ferrari Berlinetta Boxer, the *ne plus ultra* of exotic sports cars. This is no accident, of course, since the Scorpion comes from a careful breeding of the finest auto designs in Italy.

Both Lancia and Ferrari are now owned by Fiat. In its developmental stages the Scorpion was known as the Fiat X 1/20. But when Fiat took control of Lancia, it was decided that such a high-performance GT machine should bear the legendary name of Vincenzo Lancia, rather than the more mundane Fiat crest. Coupled with that, the unitized body and platform were designed and built entirely by the equally legendary Pininfarina Coach Works.

The result of this very special, very careful breeding is an automobile that epitomizes the best in Italian design and engineering at a price that is well within the reach of sports-car aficionados everywhere. At the same time, the Scorpion is a car that not only looks like a thoroughbred but delivers the kind of performance that its lineage promises.

As everyone knows, it's not enough for a GT coupe to sit in the driveway drawing applause from the neighbors. Not at all. The real test—and, in this case, the real reward—of owning a Fiat Lancia Scorpion is turning the key, throwing the shift lever into first, and heading out toward some sinuous mountain road where you can push the Scorpion through its paces with calm, assured moves.

To help you better your ability to negotiate some tight roads, Pininfarina, along with Fiat and Lancia, has given the Scorpion some of the finest underpinnings available. And these engineering choices make the car one of the finest GT machines available on the American market.

Its quick and sure handling owes to having full independent suspension all around, with coil springs on MacPherson struts used on the suspending units. The Scorpion also sports sway bars front and rear to assure the kind of cornering that could well revive the Flat Earth Society. The steering is direct-acting rack and pinion, with a tough, responsive feel to it that is so good you almost *think* the car around the curves. The transmission gives you five fully synchronized speeds forward, with a nice tight feel to it, just enough tension in the throw to make your shifts decisive, and to keep you from going from fourth to first without sincerely wanting to. Alloy wheels are standard on the Scorpion, as are 165 HR 13 radial tires. Coupled to the tires are disc brakes, power-assisted on the front and mechanical on the rear to make sure your Scorpion stops as well as it goes.

And go it does. With your foot on the floor, your top speedometer reading in the Scorpion will hover somewhere around 112 mph. The car will come off the line growling and reach sixty in ten and a half seconds. Obviously, this is a machine that is as much at home on the Interstate as in the mountains.

The power plant responsible for these excesses is the familiar Fiat unit that has powered 124s in this country for a number of years, and which can also be found in the newer 131 Mirifioris and even in other Lancias sold here. The unit displaces 1756 cc (107.13 cubic inches) and is rated 81 horsepower at 5900 rpm.

Unfortunately for driving enthusiasts who might buy a Scorpion in the U.S., the Fiat four-cylinder unit has been particularly hard hit in recent years by federal emission regulations. These extra pollution controls have cut the horsepower output back considerably, and the top speed of the Scorpion is now 110 mph. By comparison, the Lancia Scorpion in Europe, where it is called the Lancia Monte Carlo, is sold with a two-liter engine pumping a more lusty 120 horsepower. Top speed in the Continental version is about 120 mph.

> A driver's car that almost begs you to use it hard.

Speed aside, the Scorpion you buy stateside still boasts a two-barrel Weber carburetor. This gives the throttle a right-on smoothness that is real and tangible. Even more remarkable is the stentorian roar that comes forth when that second barrel grabs for air just behind your head. That's right—*behind*—because that's just where the engine is in this automobile.

A unique feature of the Scorpion is the fact that it's a true mid-engined coupe. The engine and transmission/drivetrain are situated behind the passenger compartment, just ahead of the rear wheels; engine access is through a side-hinged rear panel. The spare tire and wheel are mounted at the rear of the engine compartment. This leaves the area under the hood for luggage storage, radiator, and battery.

Although the mid-engine layout has been in use for years in racing cars, this positioning has only recently been incorporated into the engineering of cars on the consumer market. With the advent of high-performance automobiles for everyday driving, however, two factors augured the use of a transverse, mid-engine mounting design.

First, the weight distribution approaches the ideal. Virtually equal amounts of weight are posed over front and rear wheels. This makes for a highly stable car that hugs the road, one without radical handling characteristics. Since you don't have the massive bulk and load of an engine hanging out over the front or rear wheels, you don't enter or leave a curve with a lot of mass pulling against you, like a giant pendulum. Instead, you sort of "pivot" through and are long gone.

Second, you get, with the mid-engine layout, an extremely responsive car. In the mumbo-jumbo of engineers, the Scorpion has been deemed to have a "low polar moment of inertia." This means not just that the car changes direction quickly and efficiently at the command of the driver, but that the vehicle becomes virtually an extension of the driver. You move the wheel, the car responds. You cut through a series of tight esses, the car slices each apex perfectly at your command. What starts to happen after you've driven this car for awhile is a little disconcerting: it's almost as if the Scorpion is anticipating your wishes, wishes only it can grant.

This is a driver's car that almost begs you to use it—and to use it hard. The steering, clutch, shift lever for the five-speed transmission—in fact, all the Scorpion controls—are light but firm to the touch and responsive to the command. The car is not only as good as its driver, it actually makes its driver better. Fantastic!

Other vital statistics include an overall length of almost 157 inches (6 inches longer than its European counterpart) and a wheelbase of 90 inches. This Scorpion weighs in at 2370 standing by the curb, and it is available in silver, red, yellow, or white. All in all a fine machine with a fine look and a fine feel. It's little wonder that *Car and Driver* termed this marvel from Fiat "the best example in years of what it is to be an Italian sports car."

All too true. There's something about driving the Scorpion down a winding road, feeling it push you as much as you push it, that does strange things to your mind. Suddenly it isn't the Catskills any longer. The roof is slid back, the tach is nudging the red, your favorite pet is belted in snugly next to you. It's the Italian Riviera coastline coming up below. You stop for an $80 bottle of wine and Osso Bucco in an intimate little restaurant near midnight. You emerge with your arm around her, and the little towns strung down the coast are like pearls against the dark. The breeze is fresh and comes from the sea. You lace on your driving gloves, and you both cinch up the seat belts. The radials bite the tarmac. The speedometer needle arcs and then dead-steadies at 100. You've got it all together. You'll be in Nice in an hour.

THE HAMPTONS ON $500 A DAY... PLUS TAX!!!

Jackson Pollock pawned his paintings for groceries there, and many years later, from the elegant serenity of an Amagansett tennis court, Clifford Irving (of Howard Hughes fame) proclaimed his personal bankruptcy before television cameras and a public that was too amused to be outraged.

A brief stay in this fashionable part of the world would be prohibitive to the average pocketbook, and with the possible exception of a German submarine that landed "spies" there during the Second World War, no one has made it. The Maysles brothers filmed *Grey Gardens* there, a semidocumentary "tale of two pities," Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' eccentric relations who live in an East Hampton mansion surrounded by cat droppings, memories, unfulfilled dreams (in that order).

We're talking about New York's fashionable "Hamptons," a large, overpriced piece of real estate located near the end of Long Island—and getting there is *not* half the fun. As a matter of fact, getting there can be a downright disaster. The Long Island Railroad, which offers a view through filth-stained windows, has the track record of a crippled greyhound chasing its own tail; and the Long Island Expressway has been nicknamed "the world's longest *parking lot*." By the time you arrive, you've made Hannibal's crossing of the Alps look like a boy scout outing.

However, if you can survive the fiscal hustle of a holiday in the Hamptons, or if, like our resident observer of the human condition, Bill Lee, you have disciplined yourself never to pick up a check, you might just enjoy this cavort of last resort... the Hamptons on $500 a day—plus tax!!!

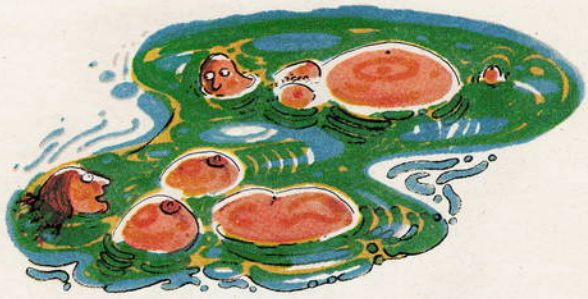
BY BILL LEE

"Gee... a happy hooker!"

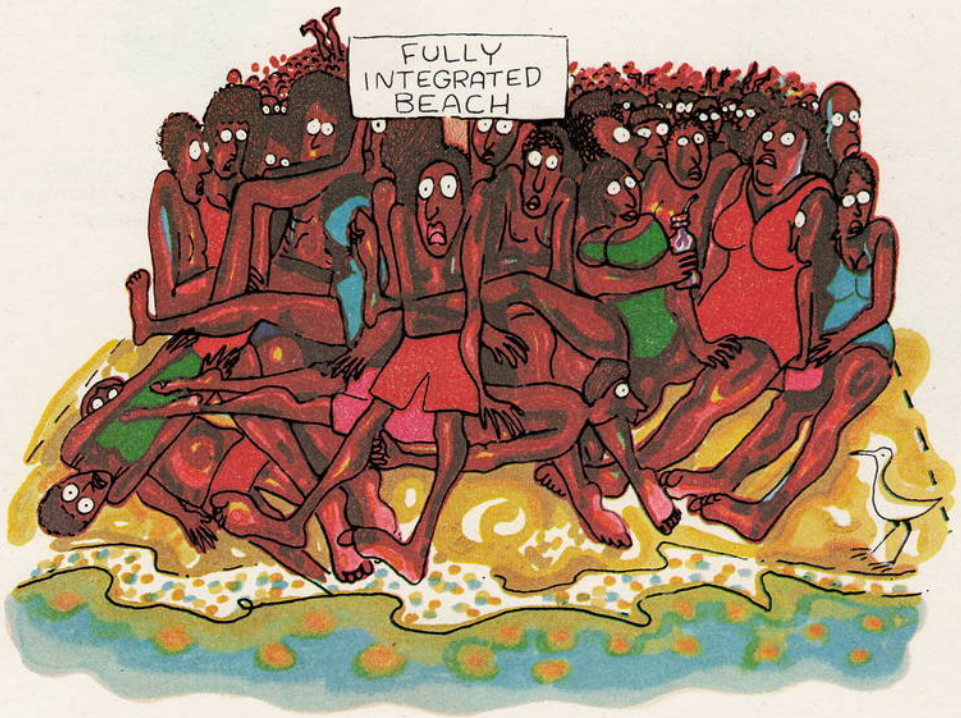
"... Four hundred dollars for a nine-year-old bed pan made in Bayonne, New Jersey?"

"Hey, baby, do you realize that you're growing two hundred bucks' worth of potatoes on top of two million bucks' worth of real estate?"

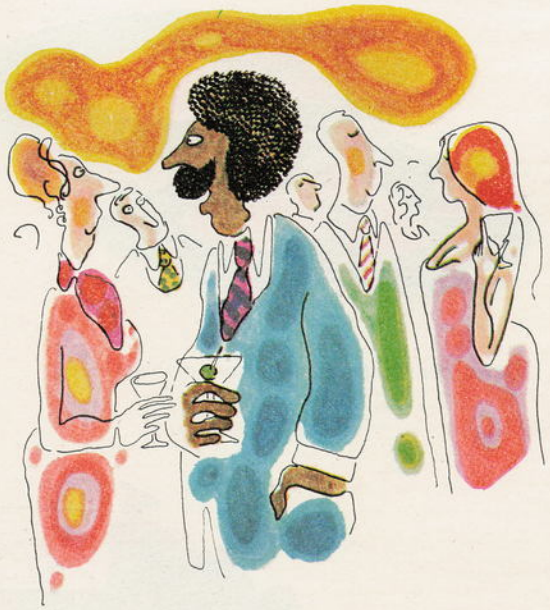
"And don't give me any shit about not reading English."



"I wonder why they call it skinny dipping."

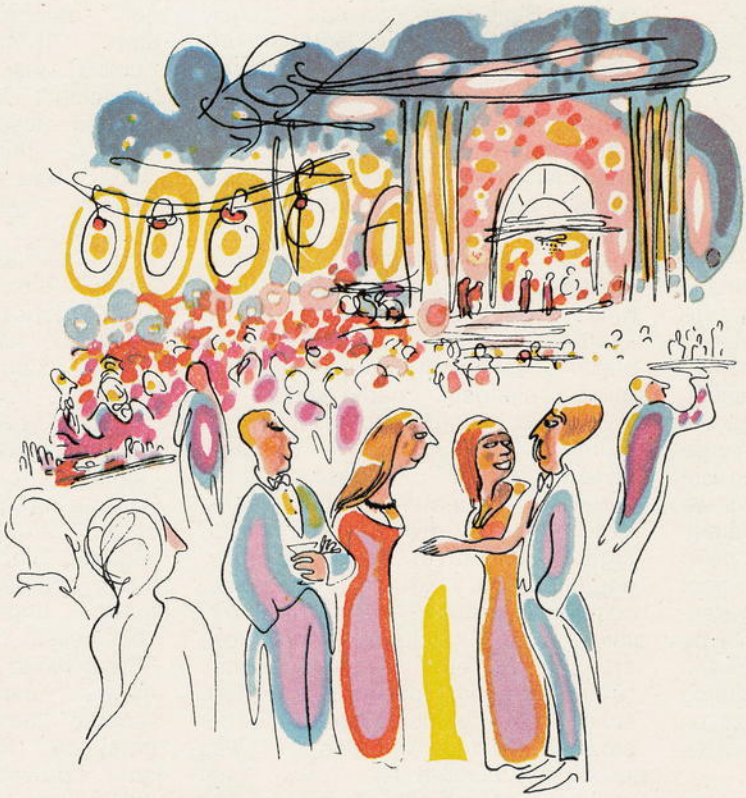


"You're a man of the cloth? Oh, how kinky."



"I'm sorry, but I can't stay long, Mrs. Breevort. I've got four more token party invitations to attend this evening."

"Hello, my name is Henry K. Felker, Jr., I'm a stock broker, I have a house out here. Do you have a house out here? I'm a Gemini. What's your sign? Let's fuck..."



"You remember Ronald and Melissa? We made love to their son, Burgess, at Cousin Randolph's baptism."

"During the summer months this town has the highest per capita income *in the entire country and the lowest per capita* morality *in the entire world."*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

Little does the cocksure lout realize that it is his anterior sphincter and I who are directly responsible for people eventually telling him that he's all wet (personally, I think cavalry twill yields the best results). Some of the places where we hang out have crowded facilities that can only be described as repellent; so to get even with him for the indignities visited upon us, we simply reverse our slack-muscle strategy just when Moe takes his place at the head of the line. The dirty looks he gets from seven or eight angry guys impatiently waiting to take their turns are priceless. Maybe this makes it seem as if I'm biting the hand that feeds me, but I don't see anything unethical about putting the squeeze on someone who's made you the victim of his shakedown tactics.

Although the idea of stooping to blow my own horn is somehow distasteful, I'm nevertheless convinced that, with the proper exposure, I could go over big as a stand-up comic: my "shrinking violet" bit never fails to elicit applause from the person Moe ends up having carnal ignorance of, and my sight gags are so outrageously funny that I become literally limp with laughter. Maybe I could win an Oscar!

Speaking of show business, Moe once had a starring role in Sir James Barrie's most famous work. *His* exposure took place before a captive audience of astonished twelve- and thirteen-year-olds in a junior-high-school auditorium in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Cast as Captain Hook, he unaccountably used *me* as a prop during a melodramatic exchange with everyone's favorite fairy. The only critical mention he received was made by a juvenile-court judge and self-styled wag who observed of Moe's histrionics that he was strictly a "flash in the Pan."

In medical books I'm called an "erectile copulatory organ." Moe, who generally can't stomach such mouthfuls, calls me many other things. When I was very young, for example, I was dubbed "wee-wee." This is a nickname I'm still occasionally stuck with, except that now Moe spells it o-u-i—o-u-i. He thinks he's being witty. I say that it's incontrovertible evidence of his arrested development. The prospect of a wee-wee's being brandished by a failed exhibitionist now pushing fifty who looks like a cross between an ugly Bela Lugosi and the Green Bay Packers—all of them—is more than I can bare (sic).

Other appellations that I've managed to come by run the gamut from the commonplace and the inelegant to the bizarre and the absurd. They include "dick," "toad sticker," "Big Dipper," "cannon," "poker," "wurst," "detonator," "screwdriver," "bishop," "ladyfinger," "fuse," "jammer," "schlong," "puff adder," "tap," "Goliath," "pecker," "coronet," "belaying pin," "torpedo," "beast," "wart remover," "bung," "popsicle," "gag," "French connection," "barrel," "probe," "Coney Island red-hot," "missile," "club," "pickle," "bloater," "roscoe," "telescoping antenna," "dipstick," "trunk," "einspritzer," "snark," "King Kong," "piece," "skewer," "worm," "scalpel," "nozzle," "stogie," "lever," "blasting cap," "horn," "forcemeat," "long splice," "plunger," "marlin spike," "auger," "squid," "tongue depressor," "pork," "scimitar," "niblick," "shiv," "kielbasa," "hose," "feeler," "toggle switch," "syringe," "repeater," "whim-wham," "lard," "snorkel," "divining rod," "swivel," "cigar," "skin diver," "exhaust pipe," "depth charge," "whang," "yardstick," "coupler," "harpoon," "pencil," "morning glory," "baton," "maggot," "corkscrew," "stanchion," "beef injector," "shell," "faucet," "dragon," "pee-pee," "third leg," "splint," "eel," "guidon," "mace," "oboe," "crowbar," "dingus," "throbber," "swagger stick," "blunderbuss," "peg," "gherkin," "dart," "Louisville slugger," "C ration," "sleeve," "potato masher," "elevator," "root," "weenie," "paddle," "can opener," "gat," "scepter," "creeper," "blowgun," "joint," "gusher," "ding-dong," "bugle," "triphammer," "wand," "stuffing," "schmuck," "zeppelin," "cob," "howitzer," "obelisk," "fang," "red comb," "Loch Ness monster," "dumdum," "Tiny Tim," "plug," "chamber," "pig in a blanket," "spitter," "staff," "turbosupercharger," "shank," "hat rack," "lollipop," "Eiffel Tower," "gun," "reptile," "seed drill," "Maypole," "stick shift," "dong," "Big Bertha," "load," "one-eyed serpent," "dork," "part," "cartridge," "shrimp," "wiener," "rivet," "enforcer," "bowsprit," "mallet," "anaconda," "easy riser," "stinger," "lance," "scavenger," "Old Faithful," "pizzle," "deacon," "fungo stick," "Screaming Meemie," "skin flute," "stovepipe," "tallywhacker," "pole," "mattock," "all-day sucker," "apparatus," "pillar," "snake," "cucumber," "blimp," "scorpion," "periscope," "humdinger," "iron," "vanilla sundae," "shaft," "sprinkler," "handhold," "drumstick," "blade," "pile driver," "wad," "jock," "hoagie," "mast," "stickpin," "Big Ben," "defoliator," "phallus," "Colt 45," "ringtailed snorter," "bone," "pointer," "cobra," "pickax," "gadget," "Mighty Mouse," "stave," "bullet," "peter," "salamander," "graft," "sump pump," "battering ram," "wick," "colossus," "Braunschweiger," "reamer," "Mt. Vesuvius," "blackjack," "arrow," "extension cord," "prong," "tooter," "rocket launcher," "putter," "creamsicle," "spout," "banana," "hangdog," "oscar," "joy stick," "mole," "tentacle," "post," "yardarm," "weapon," "hot dog," "saber," "plank," "Gargantua," "beef jerky," "rake," "corona," "peashooter," "stilt," "clam digger," "bologna," "musket," "hoe," "column," "trumpet," "cricket stump," "jumbo," "pistol," "quill," "stopper," "tail," "shillelagh," "antler," "tubesteak," "bat," "guided muscle," "time bomb," "pike," "baster," "thingamajig," "penis," "carrion," "boa constrictor," "flintlock," "spear," "flyswatter," "swallow," "drill rig," "shoot," "organ," "straw," "golly-wog," "salt lick," "tutti-frutti," "bayonet," "Q-tip," "dirk," "taper," "member," "carbine," "gooseneck," "reed," "meat thermometer," "lumber," "Long Tom," "quail flusher," "stub," "root climber," "noodle," "jewel," "lizard," "crank," "bacon," "squib," "needle," "firecracker," "tusk," "rapier," "bludgeon," "dilator," "octopus," "salami," "piccolo," "twig," "pestle," "dingle-dangle," "javelin," "counter-shaft," "trunk," "stalagmite," "sidewinder," "pocket gopher," "truncheon," "high explosive," "piston," "whistle," meat," "lingam," "avenger," "stem," "business," "rotor," "spigot," "mortar," "Great White Father," "chingus," "night crawler," "implement," "blood sausage," "spade," "jack-in-the-box," "viper," "slide trombone," "fag," "cylinder," "pepperoni," "dowel," "caterpillar," "knob," "billyclub," "short arm," "geyser," "dripolator," "rifle," "swab stick," "stake," "projectile," "pud," "driver," "squeegee," "chisel," "priapus," "halberd," "Moby Dick," "cyclops," "pig stabber," "throat lozenge," "digit," "instrument," "breech-loader," "husk," "peenie," "love muscle," "cudgel," "lancet," "cock," "mouthpiece," "shot," "dagger," "chanter pipe," "tool," "hot rod," "limpet," "women's home companion," "pile driver," "tube," "arbalest," "widget," "cottonmouth," "key," "proctoscope," "sawed-off shotgun," "panetela," "pick," "beef roll," "pulsator," "gismo," "candy cane," "equipment," "stopper," "lava cone," "avenger," "passion fruit," "crossbar," "flagpole," "Long John Silver," "Mauser," and of course "prick," which I have always objected to because of its nakedly pejorative implications. Many persons have applied this last term to Moe—but not with justification.

Despite the oaf's unmitigated gall in making me his favorite whipping boy—I'm accused of being a slacker, of laying down on the job—I've pretty well hardened myself to taking his bum raps. What I simply won't stand for, however, is Moe's fatuous adoption of machismo. Swaggering about like some cock of the walk, he laces his conversation with inexcusably coarse language and engages in a lot of sophomoric blather about his "manhood" that no one will swallow. Frankly, I'm so humiliated by the way he stretches it that I wish I could just disappear into the nearest hole. Another bone I have to pick with him has to do with the German handles he likes to saddle me with. The newest one is "Schwance." I know it's unfair to brand an entire race for the heavy-handed tactics of

only a few hundred, but I have an incurable thing about Krauts, who have always rubbed me the wrong way.

I'll have to concede that in my flaccid state I'm certainly not much to marvel at; a wrinkled inchworm is hardly your likely contestant in a beauty pageant. All of me, in fact, fits easily—Moe says all too easily—in the palm of his hand. But when I turn the idiot's thoughts to "hidden treasures" and "vats of honey," an astonishing metamorphosis unfolds. And when the "sleeping giant" awakens (Moe unhesitatingly opts for hyperbolic constructions; for my money, the phrase "comatose Lilliputian" is much more apt), the stage is set for one of nature's most obscene miracles: the unleashing of a million potential Moes imprisoned in their "scrotal dungeon."

The abhorrent possibilities, of course, are theoretically unlimited. With the collusion of a sadistic Providence given to flights of black humor, any of the semen that may dribble from Moe's urethra after I've become quasi-tumescent (I can remember when they used to explode!) could take root as a future general, middle-echelon market-research functionary, chamber of commerce flack, banker, advertising-agency creative director, politician, skip-tracer, or some such worthy. It's conceivable that one could even surface as a bidet salesman and challenge Moe for his job, although I think the troglodyte will have petered out long before his security could be thus threatened.

But lest I be accused of employing fear tactics, it should be noted that the only "issue" ever occasioned by any of his liaisons, licit or otherwise, is currently doing three years in a correctional institution for having attempted to do you-know-what to a male mannequin in the Fifth Avenue window of a famous New York City department store before hundreds of shocked Christmas shoppers. (Since I'm the "conduit" through which half of this regrettable anomaly passed toward its ineluctable "rendezvous" with the other element in this genetic misadventure, I guess you could say of my unwitting participation that I really laid an egg: the grotesque is a carbon copy of its sire.)

So much for a macabre accident, for what was a freak occurrence. If anyone is still uneasy about the menace posed to society by the improbable sprouting of yet more of the dolt's "bad seeds," I need point out only that the equipment required to sow them is almost always out of commission now (I find it a delicious irony that the word for such failure is *downtime*!).

Moe is convinced that my principal function is tied to procreation, but that's an absurd phallacy. He's simply too dull-witted to grasp the ins and outs of our peculiar symbiotic relationship. To demonstrate that he doesn't even understand the ABCs of anatomy, the following recounting may be instructive. Moe once got into an argument with a construction worker about my configuration. His friend insisted that I am wider at the head than across my shaft in order to give Moe's partner more pleasure during the "ultimate act." Moe said that this explanation was rubbish, that I was built the way I am to provide *him* with the hog's share of the gratification. To which I felt like saying "poppycock." Anyone with a modicum of street sense knows that I taper toward the base to prevent Moe's hand from flying off!

For more than three decades I've just been a plaything—a sort of bauble, you might say, expressly designed for an imbecile to idle away the hours with. In the beginning, of course, was a silly game called "circle jerk"—and I'll bet you can guess who always came in last! This was followed by the inevitable discovery of milk bottles, vacuum cleaners—yes, and even of a certain cut of meat long before Portnoy sang its praises. And then came graduate school, which usually entailed a lot of frantic "cramming" that I never really got anything out of.

Moe likes to think that he's had a barrel of fun, but it hasn't altogether been any bowl of cherries for me, if you get the picture. I mean, there's nothing particularly delightful about being in a lot of scrapes. Or having to extricate yourself from one tight spot after another. Or finding yourself in an endless progression of sticky situations. I've been pounded relentlessly. I've been flogged unmercifully. I've been spat on. I've taken countless lickings. And because Moe is apt to go off half-cocked, I've had more than my share of tongue lashings. Can you really blame me if I'm unable to stick up for him anymore?

As Moe's "Boswell," I'd be remiss if I failed to acknowledge that he has sometimes been nice to me. For example, he once said that he loved me (so did a 260-pound stevedore named Bruno, but I think the less said about that, the better). And Moe, on his fortieth birthday, after pouring down nine cocktails and a liter of cheap wine that had an absolutely dreadful bouquet, clumsily tried to pay me tribute by festooning me with blue ribbons. "You're a real 'fun thing,' " he told me, although I always felt that he was gilding the lily. Moe has often boasted that I should be given a trophy. With my kind of luck, however, I'd probably wind up with some obscene novelty-store statue instead of the expensive loving cup that I think I've earned.

Moe's shrink knows all about our ups and downs. I think he even suspects that Moe is a closet heterosexual. But one thing has always puzzled him. "How can you expect to be a great Lothario," asked the funny little man with the German accent, "when you subject your Schwance"—and here I winced—"to such punishment?"

"But I knead him!" Moe ejaculated.

". . . Now that's what I call a good match—her superfluous hair and his bed-wetting have cancelled out each other's imperfections . . ."

"More gas quickly... he's coming around!"

ED HANNA

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investment, too. As he sees the project, La Promenade will have shops, restaurants, trees, fountains, the replica of the Spanish Steps, the hotel, parking facilities, a convention center. In short, Utica would have a new downtown full of strolling peanut vendors, musicians, and, Hanna hopes, Uticans and tourists. He feels that this will generate a lot of money for Utica.

Others disagree. The Common Council, the papers, and the local business establishment are up in arms against La Promenade—mainly, it seems, because the original idea was Hanna's. He is being sniped at for using out-of-town architects (Poor, Swanke, Hayden, and Connell, who are working on the U.S. Capitol), even though the city hall that was designed by the supposedly best architects in Utica is an unimaginative and leaky structure which looks as if it had been built in 1950 instead of 1960. Indeed, no one save Hanna has come up with a carefully planned idea for Utica's new downtown.

A new, slightly more sympathetic Common Council was elected along with Hanna in November (the old one consistently voted against him 9-0; this one votes against him 6-4). For this reason, and because a developer is ready to sign papers as soon as financing comes through, the situation is more hopeful than it has been. The old council even introduced bills to abolish urban renewal altogether.

During his usual sixteen-hour days at the office, Hanna's moods range from joviality to fury, and all the shades between. When he's really angry, his face reddens and the veins in his neck enlarge. Sometimes he just talks angrily. He *always* talks, all day long, on and on, and *fast*. The things he usually talks about are the things that make him the angriest: the Common Council, the local papers, and the business establishment—and what he considers their conspiracy against him. His relationship with the *Daily Press* and the *Observer-Dispatch* ("the *Daily Mess* and the *Observer-Disgrace*") is so bad that he has tried to exclude their reporters from his press conferences. They got a court order giving them equal access with other reporters. Hanna countered by ordering all appointed city employees not to speak to any newsmen. To stop what he calls their distortion of facts, he made himself the only official source for comments on city doings. His troubles with the newspapers are not new. He has feuded with them on and off—mainly on—since he has been in public life, and he has filed, but let drop, suits in excess of $100 million against them for allegedly ruining his reputation with their reporting and editorials against him. His press conferences (which like those of most politicians are more orations than conferences; he calls them less to answer questions than to make statements) are well attended by the newspapers and radio and television stations—even by an occasional United Press International, a *New York Times*, or even a *Washington Post* reporter. Hanna's flamboyance has attracted a good deal of big-media attention, and he likes it.

Lean and nattily attired, Hanna, who looks as if he were forty years old instead of the fifty-four he really is, strides past Terrace Park, with its artificial waterfall, café tables, and eighteen hibachis, toward City Hall. In winter he moves the park into City Hall, lays down a plastic-grass rug, sets up a gurgling fountain, and plants trees and flowering plants in pots. For a while the indoor park extended into the Council Chamber, but the council (the old pre-November one) got a court order to get it out. Hanna says that the people were indignant and voted out the council members instead. "Two out of nine trees went out, but six out of nine councilmen went out," the mayor says with satisfaction.

> While arguments can be made for Hanna's good intentions, his Don Rickles approach to public relations hurts him.

As the mayor goes to his office, he passes his Bicentennial effort—a collection of antique potbellied stoves, sewing machines, a half-dozen old phonographs, a sea chest, an icebox, several wagon wheels. Upstairs in his own office are several old organs, sofas, a painting of an Italian city square, a closed-circuit television so that he can watch his staffers work, and a small wooden statue of Don Quixote, a gift from his two sons. And, as usual, there is a crowd.

A meeting of city union officials has broken up with a weary mediator trying to get a concrete offer he can take to the union.

"My offer is that the days of wine and roses are over," says Hanna.

"Now, Mayor, that's just poetry," the mediator replies.

"All right, then, tell them the days of screwing the city are over. Is that better?"

The phone starts ringing with reporters asking for a response to the Teamsters' request that Governor Carey fire Hanna. The mayor produces a statement and lists, in order, which television and radios should get it. The local "lousy and sick" newspapers are definitely not a priority.

"I've got nothing going for me but my good name and image; so that's what they're trying to destroy," he says later. "That's my weak spot, defending it. I can't smoke any of them out to debate me. What did I do to spoil Utica? I'm *afraid* of the press and establishment; that's why I keep fighting them. I'm not going to let them ruin my determination to help the city. It would be easy to socialize with the upper crust, win the papers' approval, and ride that nice, smooth trail with them. But if I join them, I'm not just choosing them over the rank and file but choosing the same ruination and deterioration of the city. The city comes first. Then the people. People are a present thing; the city is permanent. It makes a better quality of life for the people if you make the city good to begin with. In a campaign speech before the first election I said, 'Utica has one foot in the grave and the other in quicksand.' I tell it the way I see and feel it. I go for broke. I'd rather say I blew it the honest way than succeed the dishonest way."

A young couple come into Hanna's office while he is on the telephone talking to a contractor, who wants to do work on La Promenade. ("Call those scoundrels on the Common Council. They've put it into committee. Tell them you have men who are unemployed and want to work.") She is tall and thin, with blond hair piled in a bun on top of her head, and is dressed in a long, red-velvet dress with white-lace trim around the bodice and a white lace shawl. He looks like Tiny Tim, only more handsome and clean-cut: long, curly brown hair and a long face. He is wearing a sort of brown Edwardian suit. They have come to be married by the mayor.

After hanging up, Hanna comes over to the couch where they are sitting and looking very nervous. "Are you both eighteen?" he asks. They nod. "Let me sign the certificate now," he says. "I get so nervous I sometimes forget." Hanna goes back to his desk while they wait for the rest of the wedding party.

Then someone comes in to talk to Hanna about the hiring of a secretary. (Hanna really did have the door removed from his office after he was elected, and people did wander in and out while he did city business. But the situation finally got out of hand, and the door has been restored. Nevertheless, people who ask to watch are generally shown in.)

"How much is she going to get?" Hanna asks.

"Two-fifty an hour."

"That's awfully low," he says.

"That's what she applied for."

"Oh, yeah? Well, if she's good, she ought to get two-seventy-five."

"She's not that good," the man says.

"Okay, give her the two-fifty."

A physically deformed man employed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Left: *His long, belted wrap robe ($60) is by Andy Lucarelli; head scarf by Krishna. Her swimsuit, Rose Marie Reid.*
Below: *The waist-laced terry jogger pants ($15) by Andy Lucarelli; the pleated terry velour shorts ($25) by Arthur Richards Sport. Fishbone necklaces by Nairobi.*
Opposite page: *Down among the sheltering palms of secluded Grafton Beach, Tobago, near the new Raddison Crown Reef resort. His zippered terry cover-up ($72) and bikini ($13) are both by Chuck Howard and Peter Wrigley for Mark of the Lion. Diver's watch by Seiko. Her gauze wrap dress by Grecophilia.*

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE BROOKS

HOT SHOTS

Be provocative this summer in sophisticated terry-cloth sunwear that exudes a tropical elegance.

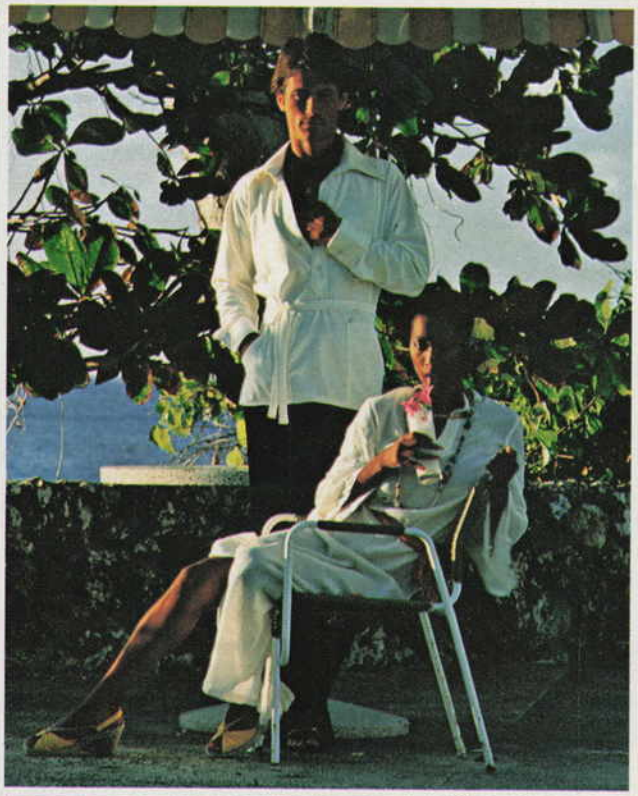
Sophistication keys the way for beach-and-pool gear as the bronzed set slips into toweling cover-ups, breezy shorts, and shirtsuits—all cool and easy and ideal for facing the sunshine. To test this out, we chose the sunshine of tropical Trinidad and Tobago, making it direct to Port of Spain, Trinidad, via BWIA's swift nonstop service, which leaves New York every Tuesday. BWIA also flies from Miami and Toronto with stops in Jamaica and Barbados.

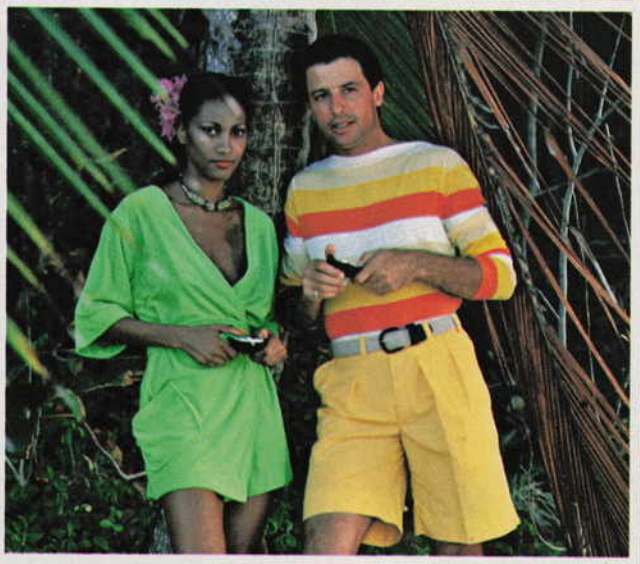
Once you've arrived, you will want to take the twenty-minute flight north to Tobago via Trinidad and Tobago Air Service for the first stop on your itinerary. Tobago is the tiny island less than thirty miles north of Venezuela where Robinson Crusoe was supposedly shipwrecked on one of the many deserted beaches —which are Tobago's main attraction. Sparsely populated, Tobago has a mere handful of major hotels. Among them, the most fun and luxury is available at the Raddison Crown Point and the Raddison Crown Reef, both set into Store Bay, a lovely crescent beach on the waters of the Caribbean and a peaceful contrast to Tobago's larger, bustling sister island, Trinidad.

Cosmopolitan Trinidad is where you can hear the fantastic music of steel bands and enjoy partying from dusk to dawn. Music—the endless verses of Calypso and its bone-throbbing beat—is close to the hearts of Trinidadians since it started there. The other great influence is the annual two-day pre-Lenten carnival with elaborate costume parades and parties that rock 'round the clock.

Where to stay? Well, we chose the Trinidad Hilton, a unique resort hotel—you enter the lobby and descend to your room because the hotel is built into the side of a steep wooded hill. Each room has a private balcony overlooking the sea, majestic mountains, and Queen's Park Savannah. Superb waterfalls, rare-bird sanctuaries, tropical gardens, and elaborate dining—different ethnic cuisines as well as West Indian specialties —are right there.

So return to paradise and experience the casual comfort of sun gear fit for your tropical journey.





Left: *On Maracas Bay Beach, a sunny idyll just north of Port of Spain, a spectacular setting where mountains and forests sweep down to the calm, palm-fringed waters. The sportsy terry-velour poncho-caftan with zippered pouch pocket ($40) doubles as beach blanket when reversed to inside, by Trylon.*
Below left: *Poolside at the Raddison Crown Reef resort high on the cliffs above the Caribbean waters in Store Bay, Tobago. His Qiana wrap-tie shirt ($40) is worn over pull-on black velour trousers ($35), the set by Robert Schafer for Burma-Bibas. Scarf by Echo. Her caftan by Grecophilia.*
Bottom: *His summer-cotton striped rugby shirt ($12) by Jantzen; the pleated poplin shorts ($20) by Frank Bober for Arthur Richards Sport; the braided-hemp belt by Harness House. Her terry wrap kimono by Roxanne.*
Opposite page: *In the cool of a Ceylon willow grove in the Botanical Gardens just outside the Trinidad Hilton in Port of Spain. The tropics are all around the Hilton, as each room has a balcony overlooking the sea, mountains, and lush foliage of Queens Savannah Park. His all-nylon mandarin-collared tie-belted shirtsuit ($25) by Gil Cohen for Boulet. The watch by Bulova; sunglasses by Foster-Grant. All men's sandals by Smerling Imports. All women's jewelry by Nairobi. (Models' suntans from Coppertone's new Tropical Blend Dark Tanning Butter products.)*

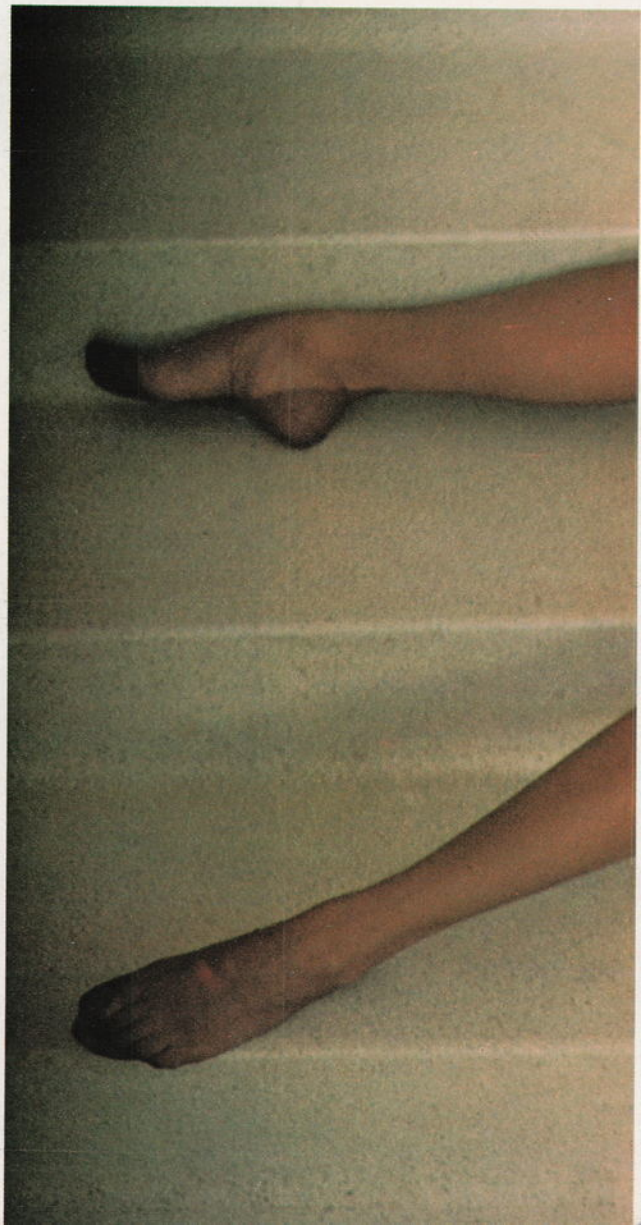
For information on where to buy the merchandise featured, see Retail Fashion Finder page 164.

"Skydiving is the most exciting thing in the world next to making love. I'd volunteer to have sex while skydiving anytime."

RHIANA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Rhiana Post has packed more living and loving into her twenty-three years than most girls her age have even fantasized. She conquers the elements in a truly elemental style. "I love having sex in the water," admits the five-foot, two-inch, brown-eyed, 36-24-36 beauty. "I just love to feel the current undulate around me." She's obviously conquered her fear of flying. A veteran of twenty-one free-falls, Rhiana insists "skydiving is the most exciting thing in the world next to making love. I'd volunteer to have sex while skydiving anytime."



Fashions by Holly's Harp and Aardvark's Odd Ark

"I was a virgin in the Virgin Islands," Rhiana confides. "I'd gone down there for a vacation and ended up staying two years. When I came back for a visit Stateside, I decided it was time to get rid of my virginity. I'd seen a guy hanging around the airport. (You do some crazy things in the Virgins, like hanging out at the airport.) Anyway, we ended up together on the same 747 night flight, drank a lot, and started necking like mad. It was crazy. I mean, we cuddled up in a dark corner and actually started balling. Nobody came over; no one even looked around, but I wouldn't have minded if anybody had. I sometimes fantasize that I'm making it in a fancy restaurant—I think nobody's watching, and I come just as I realize the whole place knows what going on."

"The most sensual parts of my body are my breasts. I love having someone play with them. My hips run a close second. I *love* it when a man places his hands on them while we're dancing. Very sexy. Very erotic." Off the

dance floor this Scorpio enjoys an equally hip lifestyle. "I just play it by ear and take what comes. I'm leaving for Brazil in a few weeks. I love the jungle, the moist plants, the exotic birds, and the snakes. Snakes really turn me on, even boa constrictors.

"I adore Brazilian music. The beat is fantastic. It makes my ass bounce to a different drummer so that I get really horny and I go out looking for it. Now, although I'm very aggressive in bed, my men have to make subtle moves to get me there—

at least in the beginning. I have to *choose* my bedmate. What I hate is to be pestered by someone I don't really like. But generally I'll go for an older man —about forty. For me men get better, not older." What do they say about life beginning at forty?

ED HANNA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

by the city comes in with a friend, who explains that the man is being teased at work. The mayor gets the foreman on the phone and shouts, "If I ever hear about this man being used as a punching bag again, I'll fire the whole lot of you!" He is on the phone as the rest of the wedding party comes in, led by a three-year-old boy yelling, "Hello! Hello!"

"Okay, are we ready?" Hanna asks the group. The bride and groom come over to his desk. Hanna looks at the groom.

"Now, your face looks familiar. Didn't I marry you last week?" Everyone laughs. Hanna pulls out a sheet with the marriage ceremony typed on it.

"The following . . . let's see. . . ." He realizes that he is looking at the directions and starts reading again with the service proper. It is the standard wedding ceremony used in the Episcopal Church and in most movies, except that all references to God are deleted because it is a civil ceremony. The bride grins for the first half of the ceremony and then breaks into tears as she recites her vows. Hanna pronounces the couple man and wife and, with warmth that permeates the entire group, congratulates them.

"Keep up the good work," the groom says.

"Thanks for inviting me," Hanna replies while fishing around in his desk. He comes up with a box of rice and throws several handfuls on the couple.

"That was class, Mayor," one of the guests says, coming over to shake his hand enthusiastically. The party leaves. Hanna is happy.

"I have to turn down a lot of people who want me to marry them," he says with a candor that is characteristic. "I used to marry everyone who wanted me to, but it started taking so much time that now I do only one or two a week."

Other visitors come in. One man wants Hanna to lend him $1,200 so that he can promote a show with Frank Sinatra, Jr., as the attraction. A father and son say that they are out of work and wonder whether any city work is available. The father does cement finishing; the son is a welder. Hanna promises them $1,000 of city work and proceeds to find out what other kind of work there is.

"Don't tell me about unions," he snaps to someone suggesting they could cause him a lot of trouble. "Here's a father and son with a family and no work. That's all I know."

Someone else comes in and wades through the rice to Hanna's desk. "Have a wedding today?" he asks. This person has come to ask that someone in his department be given a raise. He tells Hanna how good the man is at his job.

"If he's that good, I ought to replace you with him," Hanna says. He cross-examines the person carefully for several minutes. "I'm not stubborn," he says. "I just want to be sold."

At 4:33 Hanna is looking out the window, watching all the city-hall workers file out.

"I wish they walked into work as fast as they leave at night."

He is seated at his desk, beneath a sign that proclaims, "This government belongs to the people." "I'm thinking of adding, 'Where are you?' to the bottom," he says. "I know the people's hearts and souls are with me, but sometimes you need more than that."

At 7:00 P.M. he is still working, when Ellen comes in to persuade him to go to dinner. "There's too much to do," he tells her. "Besides, I had a sandwich this afternoon." He says that he will just have a banana split, from Howard Johnson's.

It is after 11:00 when he leaves the office to go home, where there will be more calls and letters to be taken care of.

It is two days later when Ellen finally manages to get him to go out to dinner. They go to an old, small German restaurant in an old back part of town.

Two elderly men are there whom Hanna has known most of his life. One is alone, and one is seated at a table with his wife, and both of them greet Hanna cordially, telling him who they are even though he knows.

They start talking about the way Utica was forty years ago and the way times have changed. People don't take the same pride in their blocks as they used to, they agree. Streets were kept clean, and snow was shoveled; people had a stronger sense of responsibility.

"Good and responsible city government doesn't begin and end at city hall," Hanna says. "I was the first mayor to give out summonses to people for not shoveling snow off their walks."

The talk moves to the trouble Hanna is having with the papers. Hanna sometimes makes much of a story that appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*. It said that the Utica papers were the weak link. "You've got to have guts, and you have them," says the man accompanied by his wife. Hanna is right at home. He turns down an offer to go upstairs and say hello at the meeting of a fish-and-game club he nominally belongs to, saying that it looks too political. After a double order of boiled ham hocks and sauerkraut, much of which he insists others at the table eat with him, he returns to the office.

Along with plans for La Promenade, there are also artist's sketches along the wall depicting a new park and a new fire house that would consolidate companies that were supposed to have been combined ten years ago. Hanna also has plans for the development of three other parks and has even put up $5,000 for one of them.

"People say that I want to build shrines to myself," he says. "Even if that were true, what's wrong with shrines? Should we rip up the thruway Dewey put in? Tear down the Eiffel Tower? Every 'shrine' for me is a hell of a good asset to the community. I'm not talking about opening up a whorehouse."

At about 11:00 P.M. the man who says he may be "the most hated mayor in America"—and loves every moment of the role—will go home, for a short night.

"Polly wants a crack-at-her."

Of all filter kings:

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, mg/cig.	nicotine, mg/cig.
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
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Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
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Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

LUCKY PIERRE AND THE COLD-WATER FLAT

FICTION BY ROBERT COOVER

Documentary slag, the serial debris of his compulsive remigrations, litters his trail to the cold-water flat. Letters, old bills, a lock of her red hair, trinkets, photos—a thousand eyes on him, all his own. His tears disturb not one pool, but an infinite regression of pools within pools. What drives him to come back here?

—Come back here! Come back here!

Film tins like manhole covers lie in the frozen streets. Shredded scraps of notepaper fall and shift like drifts of snow, and camera lenses twinkle in the deep, white heaps, reflecting the lights of signs and shopwindows, the passing traffic. Wind howls through the gaps and chasms of the city, orchestrating the mutterings of engines, the clangor of horns and auto crashes, the fading screams of urgent sirens. *Da capo. Da capo.* Passing his own shadow, trammeling his own footsteps. Over and over again.

—Again! Again! Again! her voice laves his inner ear.

I must be mad, he thinks. Yes, irretrievably mad.

—Yes, mad! You are mad, Lucky! Mad about your Cleo! Hurry, love! I am hot! hot! hot!

Mannikins model her underwear, her rings and bangles, her ancient gown, flashing their dead green eyes and hard, white bottoms at him. Notebooks block the slush of gutters, their ink running hopelessly, and spools of tape tumble out of metal wastebaskets like wild red hair.

—Was I the first, Lucky? Really the first?

He is drawn up the dimly lit stairwell like a clock hand to its hour. The wooden stairs creak; his hand sweats on the worn rail. He watches his reluctant ascent, blowing a flute at it to drive away the stink of piss and ink. The flute quickens him. Eager

Illustrations by Richard Crammer

A sane man believes
there is a great
difference between illusion
and reality. Those who are mad
know that this is
simply not true.

now, he climbs hand over hand. Cleo squats on the bidet, spraying ice-cold water up her womb. He lies on the flowered carpet, listening to the splash of water, staring at the ceiling, piping himself up the dingy stairwell with its chipped and battered walls, once green, past its urgent graffiti: *Hurry, Lucky! my cunt's on fire!* The carpet smells, not so much of daffodils, as of sheep, too long dead.

—I heard you out there in the corridor. You were peeking through the keyhole. I opened the door.

—I watched you through the branches. I'd never seen anything like you. I fell.

A child still, with big green eyes and long lashes, springy red ringlets all over her head, slipping barefoot through the fresh grass to the water's edge. Dappled with sunlight and leaf shadow. Her white gown, fine as gossamer, twines about her slender thighs and narrow hips, clings to her breasts, small and firm as new apples. She kneels on a flat rock and dips her finger in the pool. The gown folds into a soft crease down her buttocks, flows forward between her thighs as though caught on a sudden breeze. His once-quiet heart is pounding in his ears. Something is happening!

He opens the door. He hesitates at the threshold, as though anticipating . . . what? He is disappointed. It is the same: a hanging bulb, a bed, stove and cupboard, a chest, a chair. The mattress on the bed is laid with a frayed quilt. The windowshade is torn, and the spring is gone: it hangs at the same odd angle. The flowered wallpaper is soot-smeared and peeling. It has always been peeling. She smiles at him from the mirror over the washbasin, her white teeth sparkling.

—It's our anniversary, Lucky!

Her long, slender thighs are distorted, creased by the lip of the bidet. In this part of the city, apartments have bidets. The ridges of her spine, curved slightly forward, cast a ripple of dark dimples down her back, crossed by the downy shadows of her shoulder blades. Her bottom is hunched forward like a cat's when it shits, and beneath the smooth, white cheeks, steam is rising. She watches the man, stretched out on the old wool rug, his eyes fixed on the ceiling where nothing is happening, nothing in her mind at all, one of his hands clutching his rigid organ; the other, an empty wine bottle.

—You're just torturing yourself, she says and lowers her steaming cunt over his face.

—That's right. It sizzled when you touched the water, he says. I remember now!

—That's not true, Lucky. She laughs and unpins her wide-brimmed bonnet, shaking out her curls. You're making it all up! Her ruffled, white blouse is creased starchily over her prim breasts, and her full skirts rustle as they brush the old oak bed. The door clicks shut behind the both of them.

—Your nipples were petaled like pink daisies. In your navel you kept a——

—Help me unbutton, Lucky! Please! Hurry! The buttons!

He switches off the tape recorder. Street sounds leak into the room. He sits on the bidet, smoking a pipe, spraying his balls with cold water, gazing thoughtfully at the old bed with its stained and sagging mattress. She writhes there, her nymphae puffy, enflamed, the clitoris quivering, her head thrashing from side to side.

—I thought you knew everything, he says softly. I loved you more than life.

The gown in a filmy puddle at her feet, the branch between his legs, she gazing curiously at her breasts, cupping them in her slender hands, squeezing the pink buds.

—Lucky . . . ?

—The first? I don't know; there might have been others. But if there were, I wasn't counting them. I started with you, Cleo. Number one.

Her tummy is flat and soft, with a deep navel like a secret eye. On the hard nub of her childish mound: a small cluster of tiny red ringlets in the shape of a little goblet. She steps cautiously into the pool, shuddering, clutching her breasts, and then stands there spraddle-legged, staring at her reflected orifices. Gently, tentatively, she strokes herself.

—You were masturbating. I heard your heavy breathing through the keyhole. I rose from the bidet and crossed to the chair, where you couldn't see me.

—I masturbated all the time then. I was happy, Cleo. I wasn't afraid of anything.

He opens the door. Again the same. The frayed quilt, the crooked shade, the battered tin wastebasket with the pink swans. Long ago he bought the room. He has tried to keep it just as it was. As best he can. As best he can remember. The old oak bed, the hat tree, the empty wine bottle, the basin and bidet with their cold-water taps, everything in its place. Even the same coarse, white towels, now yellowed with age, the oilcloth on the chest. He has tried, but it is *not* the same. There is now a yellow film box in the wastebasket; he doesn't remember how it got there. New holes in the rug, stains in the mattress, rust in the basin. A torn photograph under the bed. And there were more mirrors then; some of the mirrors are gone now.

—No, they're just the same. Except that we looked in them more often then. You were just a boy. You didn't even have a mustache then.

She dips her finger in the pool, licks it, sticks it up his rectum. His balls drop into his scrotum. She blows on his groin and black hairs sprout, spreading like vines. Like a bird with a worm, she draws forth his reluctant penis before sliding the foreskin back and sucking the heart-shaped crown. His hips buck.

—How did I—*ah!*—get into this room? he cries.

—I don't know; that was a long time ago, she says. I was still a virgin.

She stands at the washbasin, gazing at him through the

> He pulls her bloomers down, stroking the little cluster of ringlets on her pubis, caressing her bright, white bottom.

mirror. Her eyes are in shadows, but their whites seem all the more striking. She unties the pussycat bow of her ruffled blouse. Her movements are hesitant, hurried, blurred, flashing in and out of deep shadows, but the flowered wallpaper is very clear. She stares wide-eyed into the mirror, her hands groping for the buttons on the back of her blouse. He approaches, wearing boxer shorts, baggy in the seat, and an undershirt with narrow shoulder straps. He undoes the buttons, tugs the blouse free of the skirt, and lifts it over her shoulders—but it gets stuck there: they have forgotten to remove the wide-brimmed bonnet.

—Wait, Lucky! Wait!

—I . . . I can't!

They watch themselves fuck, sandwiched in mirrors. Their hips heave frantically in an infinite series, their thighs slap, she bites his shoulder, complaining, counting, rips hairs from his ass, from his innumerable asses, he explodes in her, his seed bursting forth in a chorus of imitative spasms, and he sinks away, all by himself, on her breasts. He is unable even to contemplate this collapse in the mirrors but closes his eyes and allows himself to slip down into some deep, consoling cave. In his fading mind's eye, the bucking of all those hips gradually gets out of sync, begins to undulate slowly like waves lapping a shore. She slides out from under him, and he hears her scratching on the notepad she keeps by the bed.

—Forty-seven minutes, 836 thrusts, she announces flatly. You were doing better than that five years ago. You don't love me anymore, Lucky!

—I just realized, Cleo. There's one too many ashtrays in this room.

It almost worked once with the towels. When he least expected it. Nothing special about the moment. They weren't even fucking; he was just washing his face at the basin, as he had done a thousand times before. He reached for the towel, and suddenly he had it: the scene, whole, just as it was then, her body stunted by refraction, her legs as though sprouting from her breasts, buttocks just under her shoulder blades. She ducks under, and her bottom bobs to the surface for one fantastic second, gleaming bright and pure in the sunlight. And then, with a foamy kick: it is gone. It's only the towel in his hand, soapy water in the basin, his own image, wet and perplexed, in the mirror.

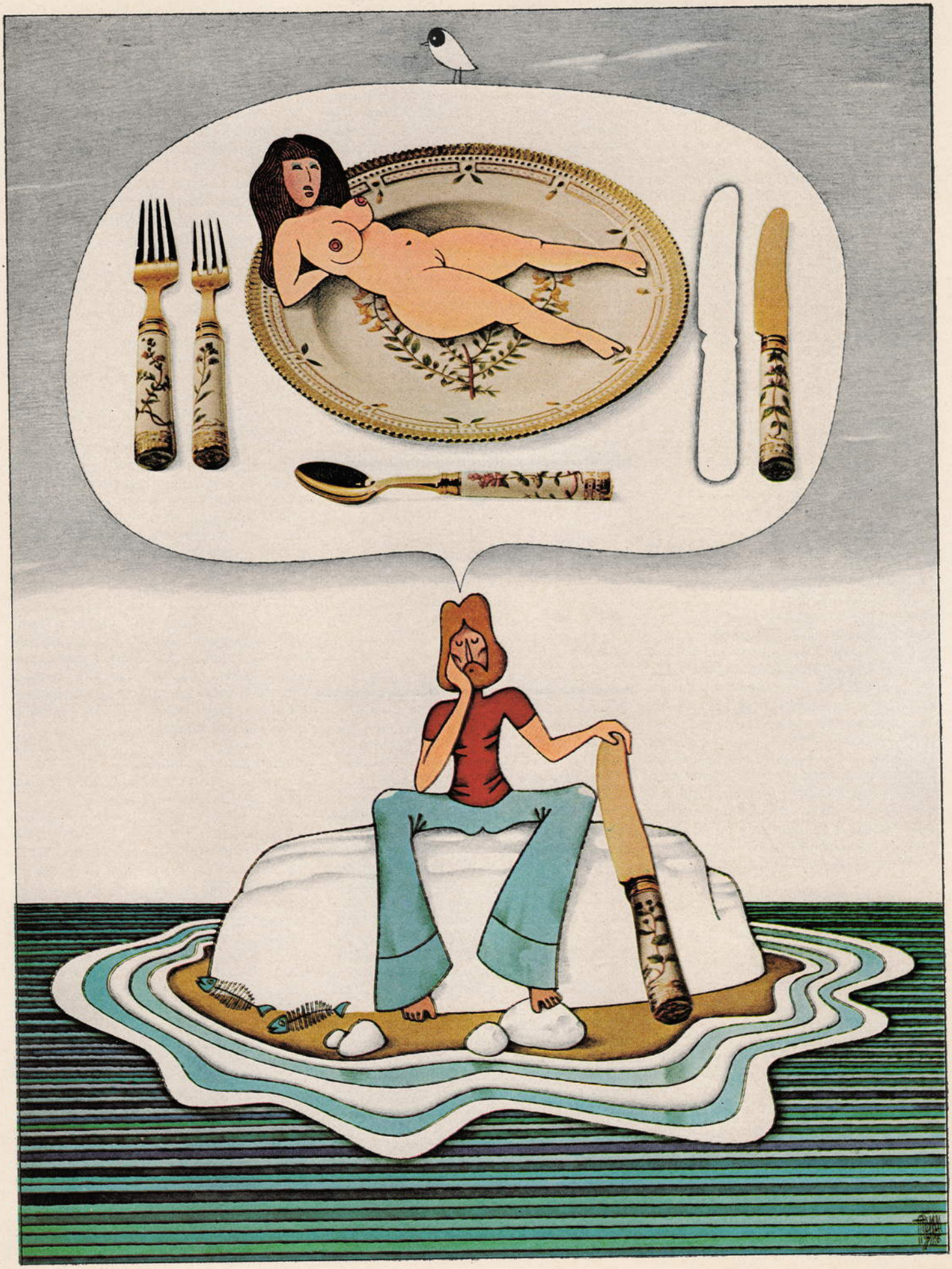
—It was pink then, your anus, like a tiny little raspberry, with just the lightest fleck of downy red hair ringing it round. And your cunt, too. Pink, Cleo. Just a blush. Like the crease in a peach.

—What color is it now? she asks, coming down.

—Wait! I'm not trying to hang on to anything, Cleo; I just want to get through to—*mmmf!*

Wow, it *is* hot, her cunt: it burns his lips and makes his tongue leap and throb. At first, he can't see a thing, but then she leans forward to lick at his groin; and past the goose bumps on her cold, wet ass, he sees himself, projected onto the ceiling, climbing the stairs, peeking through the keyhole.

Why does he keep coming back? It's impossible, he knows that. He could have recorded it then, got it all down somehow, but you always think of such things too late. And once it's gone, there's no remaking it: the door closes and disappears into the wall forever; it's useless. Yes, he's a fool, jacking off in the corri-



dors of some lost episode. He leans forward, weeping sorrily for all the beauty that escapes him and finds the door there after all: it opens and he tumbles into the room.

—My hero!

Balls of lint and dust on the carpet. Cracks in the baseboard, the cupboard, the chest. The chair legs are nicked and scuffed, worse at the feet. There is gum stuck under the seat, a microphone concealed in the bedsprings. Cleo's pale ankles are planted in a little mound of her own underwear.

She steps out of her puddle of panties and straddles his head, her bangles ringing. Did she wear bangles that time? Does it matter? Paint is splattered on the underside of the washbasin, and a strip of wallpaper is missing.

—Do you remember what we did seven years ago tonight?

—No.

—Oh, Lucky, you're hopeless! How old are you?

—I don't know.

—What is today? Don't you even know that? Who are you anyway? What's the matter with you?

On her ass there's a projection of him pulling her bloomers down, caressing her tight cunt and white bottom, but he can see only the lower edge of it, foreshortened, like a body refracted in a pool of water. He backs it up and starts over.

—Bend over, Cleo.

He unbuttons her skirt, unlaces her corset. Through the mirror she watches him as though in fright. His hands fondle her young breasts—two firm, little bubbles with tiny, dark tips. He kisses her neck under the dark ringlets, her throat, her armpits. She seems about to swoon. He pulls her bloomers down, stroking the little cluster of ringlets on her pubis, caressing her bright, white bottom. He nips her cheeks in his teeth, brushes them with his mustache, licks her anus, then runs his tongue up her crack and spine. She drops limply into his arms, her eyes rolled back.

—We did fuck once in the country, didn't we, Cleo?

—It's our anniversary, she murmurs. I've brought the wine.

—There was a tree, wasn't there? A rock?

—Why are you staring at the chair?

—A pool, a meadow? Wasn't there, Cleo?

—And wild flowers?

—Yes! That's it!

—Wild flowers!

—Good!

—A river!

—No . . .

—Yes, a river, flowing hard and fast,with churning rapids, and all the reeds along the bank—all the reeds were penises!

—No, Cleo . . .

—Long, golden penises with big, violet heads like giant acorns! Wherever I moved the reeds tried to follow, leaning toward me! As I danced around them, they swayed, to and fro, to and fro, stirring a frantic, hot breeze! *Whush! Whush!*

—Uh, Cleo . . .

—I leaped back and forth across them! They thrashed about wildly, pulling at their roots! The wind rose! The reeds grew bigger and bigger! Oh, Lucky! There was thunder and a thick perfume, convulsions; the skies were aflame! Oh my god! Still they grew! Their heads burst, raining nectar on me! I was screaming! I threw myself on hundreds of them at once——!

He watches her roll about on the carpet, fucking the wine bottle.

—Damn you, Cleo. Damn you. It wasn't like that at all.

She faints.

He carries her past the bare bulb hanging near the stove, and he lays her on the bed. He smiles, scratching his armpits. He spreads her legs,doubling her knees back with a fluttering flash of light and shadow. Hmmm. There is a cork in her cunt. He ponders this, poking about at the pale little cunt; then he brightens. He reaches into the fly of his boxer shorts and, as though

6

They scratch and gouge, mingling hot blood with their sweat.

9

pulling a blade from a jackknife, opens out a corkscrew. He stabs it into the cork and she starts up suddenly as though in pain.

—You don't love me anymore, Lucky, you're just using me!

—Hold still, damn it!

He lies on his back, head propped by quilt and cushions. She straddles his prick, facing away, leaning on his knees, her feet in his armpits. On one cheek of her ass, he is taking her maidenhead with his corkscrew penis, revolving round and round, impatiently manipulating her cumbrous limbs, kicking her in the face with his stockinged feet; on the other, he is watching through the keyhole while they fuck on the bidet, surrounded by mirrors and cameras.

—Now, if I can just bring these two projections together somehow, on top of each other, right over the ass hole . . .

His heart is racing. She sits on a rough-hewn rock at the water's edge. Her hair sparkles in the sunlight; her naked body gleams. What is she staring at? Her smooth, plump bottom is warped by the rock's craggy surface into a kind of wry grimace. In the upper-right-hand corner, at the edge of a forest, there is what looks like an opening into a cave.

—Good Lord, Cleo! Has this . . . has this been hanging here all the time?

—No, I bought it for you, Lucky. It was pretty. I thought you'd like it. I thought it'd cheer you up.

He rips the frame down off the wall and, throwing open the window, chucks it out into the night. Snow blows in and whitens the hair on his belly, frosts his cock, chills his heart. Cleo runs to the window and leans out into the storm. Far below there is a crash and a scream; she laughs excitedly, one hand pressed between her thighs. Now! Swiftly, almost without thinking, he rears back and gives a tremendous kick to that splendid red-haired ass.

—Good-bye, Cleo!

But it is like kicking a rock. She spins around, grinning wildly, her red ringlets glittering with ice crystals, her green eyes shining.

—Suck me, Lucky! Now!

—My goddamn foot hurts, Cleo!

—You won't need it. She laughs and leaps on him, wrapping her limbs around him, tumbling him to the carpet. It's our anniversary!

They pitch and roll, her bangles jangling, around the flat—under the bed, past chest and stove, scrunch! over their photo album, slam! up against the cold-water bidet. They kick the chair halfway across the room, cameras and recorders come crashing down on them, they scratch and gouge, mingling hot blood with their sweat.

—That's it, Lucky! she gasps. Oh yeah!

Photos crumple and stick to their bodies, they wallow in a tangle of celluloid and nylon, the tin wastebasket goes clattering about, bowling over wine bottles. Projections run riot, mirrors tip and weave, there's a blur of images like film jumping out of its sprockets.

—I love you, Cleo! Gawdamighty, I hate myself, but I can't help it!

—You'll get grass stains on your ass, baby! she laughs.

She grabs him by the ears, stuffs his whole head up her cunt—oh criminy! it's all liquid there between her thighs,.a warm pot of honey! There's nothing like it; doesn't matter if she's the most famous piece in the city, when you're in here she makes you think you're the only one! He shoves in, but his shoulders jam on her pelvic floor. The soft folds of her vaginal walls slide by his face, as she rotates ninety degrees. He kicks forward; past the fleshy pillow and in to the elbows. Pinioned; he starts to panic. But one fierce hand wraps his cock; the other digs deep into his anus for a grip. An impassioned tug; he slides in to the wrists. Another push, and he's free! Only his feet stick out. He plunges about in there, lapping it up, slaking his ancient thirst, his weary ass wrapped in a hot, buttery embrace, while below, to keep him moving, she scratches the soles of his feet.

Finally, as if drugged, he fades away, succumbs to an oily peace, his dreams reduced to patterns of light and color, cycled on a short endless loop.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUTH PIECE

She was faithful in vagina only.

BY MAGGIE M.

Dear Susan,

Today Greg told me he hadn't been kidding about being away from me a while. He's definitely taking the East African art study-tour grant and will be gone the entire semester. I cried at first. I couldn't believe having just graduated from high school and not spending my first semester at college with him.

There we were on the steps of Baldridge high, our old alma mater. I cried, but then Greg said some wonderful things. They may sound a little sappy now, but we sat there caressing each other, and he told me he'd remember me every minute that he was in Africa. My chestnut hair and tanned face, my deep green eyes, the ardent eyes of a Gypsy Princess... he actually said those things! Greg, getting romantic? I hate to admit it, Susan, but I'll just burst if I don't tell someone, and since you're my best friend...

The thing is, Greg and I had never made love before, before the night there on the steps of our old high school building. Those same well-worn steps that we had trod so often, holding hands, in our distant youth. It was so dark that night, jet black, no moon at all, not even one distant twinkling star, so I'm sure that no one saw us. If they did, I honestly can't say I much care.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 183

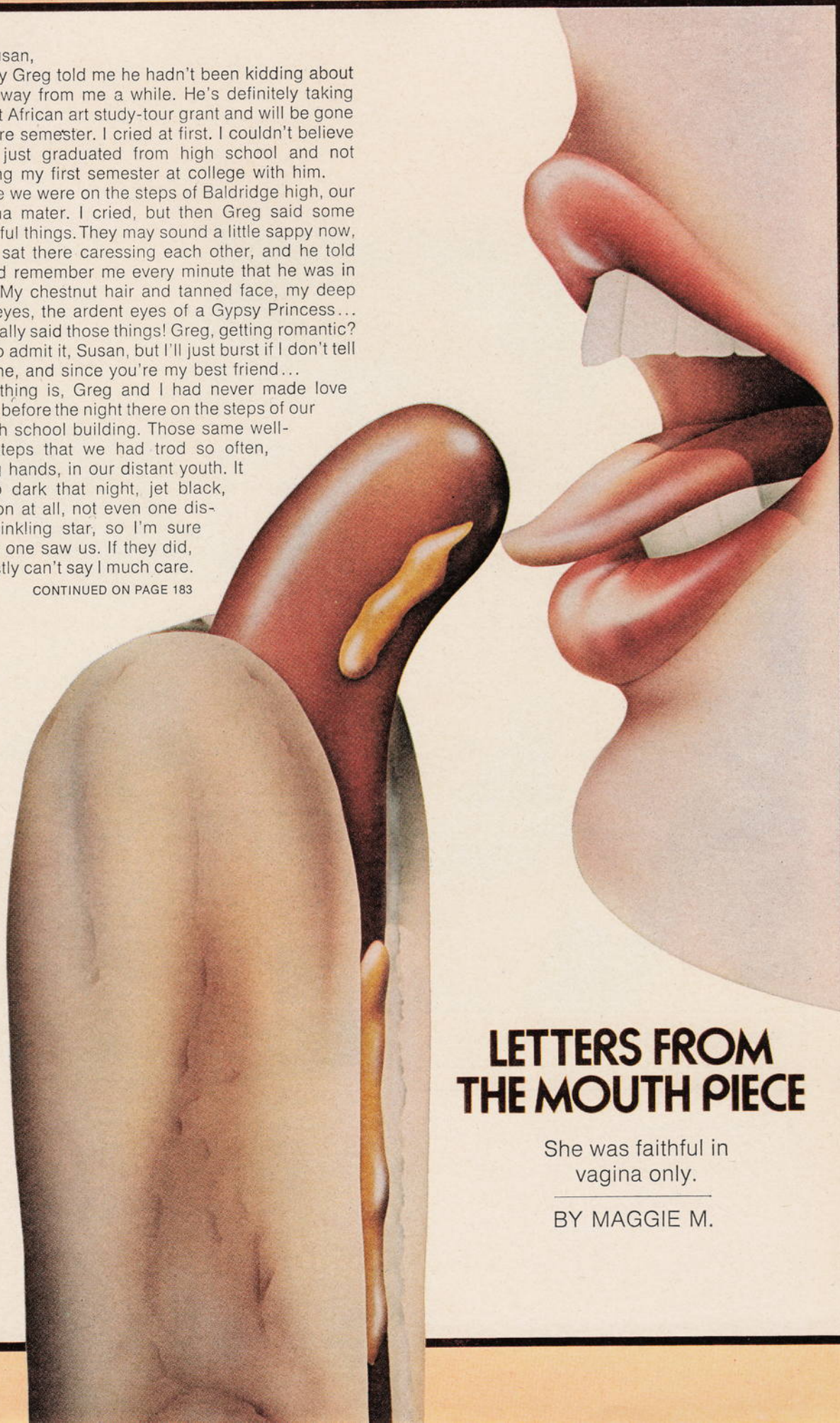


Illustration by Terry Pastor

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

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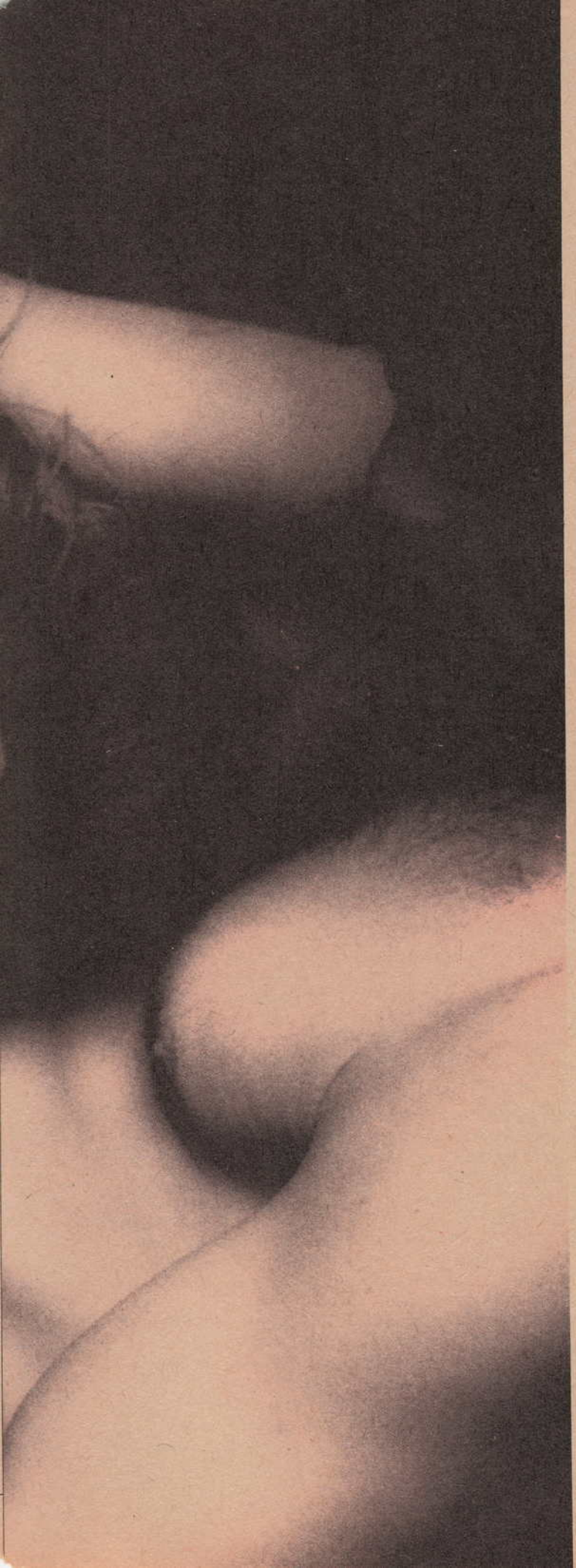
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

COUPLE

Coping With Group Sex



STEPHEN'S STORY

I was in college dating Alicia's older sister, Patty, when I first met Alicia. If I'm going to talk about the relationship, I suppose that's where to begin. And yet Alicia was only about twelve at the time, and I must admit I really didn't pay much attention to her then. I remember being pretty far gone over Patty. Maybe you couldn't say that we were actually engaged, but this was my first big love affair—in capital letters—and I was extremely intent upon marrying Patty right after we graduated from Boston University. Getting married was all I talked about for a while there: where we'd live, places we could see together—stuff like that. Patty listened, but I guess it just never sank in. Maybe I even put her off a little with all my big plans of domesticity.

As it turned out—obviously—we never did get married. Shortly after graduation she took off with some guy to live in California. I was practically inviting my friends to the wedding, when my roommate said: "Hey, get off it, Steve. Patty's into some jock." Of course, it pissed me off, because I didn't like people doubting our relationship. It never dawned on me that he was telling the truth.

I remember calling Patty shortly thereafter. I brought up my roommate's remark as a kind of joke. I thought Patty would kind of get off on it—find it funny. Of course she didn't, and there was just this long, ugly pause over the telephone. Finally, I just had to say something, something like, "Hey, come on, isn't that funny?" or, "Isn't that just too crazy? Where would anyone get a story like that?" I don't remember exactly what I said; all of a sudden I was too scared, too frightened that it was all true. She said that she really was in love with some other guy and that they'd be leaving for the West Coast shortly after graduation. I said I couldn't possibly discuss this over the phone, that I'd have to see her immediately. She refused to see me and said she'd rather end the relationship right there over the phone. We'd gone together almost all through college, about four years, and there we were finishing it off in about four minutes.

I spent that summer rethinking the relationship. Had it been a total sham? At first I couldn't believe that she'd been seeing someone else. We had shared so many interests; and although our sex had not always been exactly passionate, it had definitely been improving the more we slept together. Now how many couples can say that? In fact, the last few nights together our sex had even gotten pretty kinky. I guess you'd say it was "animalistic" in the way sex can be if you let your passions overwhelm you. Patty had always been a little passive in bed, but she was changing. When I think back, I realize that she became more aggressive in bed about the time she started up with this other guy. She got over this horrible fetish about keeping her body clean during sex. Let's face it: if you're going to fuck, you're going to get a little messed up. Our last night together was so fine. Of course, I didn't realize at the time that it'd be our last time together.

Even with her cleanliness fetish, Patty'd gotten to the point where she wrapped her large, luscious breasts around my hard-on. I was lying on my back with my erection in the air. She was in the bathroom, and when she came into the bedroom, I expected her to cuddle with me for a while. Instead, she just knelt right over my crotch, holding her breasts so that they'd slide right down over my dick. And so there I was with these beautifully soft breasts enveloping my erection. Patty just fondled her breasts so that they very gently rubbed against me. I could feel her nipples slowly harden against my skin, and even though there wasn't a great deal of friction against my cock, it wasn't long before I shot off onto her

Photographs by Frank Laffitte

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

chest. I tried but couldn't control my orgasm. I didn't want to mess her up because I knew how fastidious she could be. Funny, but she wasn't pissed at all. Instead, she just laughed a little, rubbed the warm come over her breasts, pressing them close to my chest.

Even though I really enjoyed titty fucking with her, I couldn't believe she'd be so liberal. It was our last night together. I guess the jock had liberated her by introducing her to more sophisticated forms of sexuality. Who knows? Judging by the way it all sounded from our final telephone call, Patty'd been trying to find a way to break it off for a long time. She'd been hoping that an opportunity would arise and, well, this was it. I'm talking about this affair now because it was important for a couple of reasons. First, even though the relationship took place nearly five years ago, she was my first big love. Also, Patty is Alicia's older sister, and I met Alicia through her.

Patty's family lived in Boston near the campus, and she lived with them. I lived off campus in student housing and naturally spent a lot of time at Patty's house. When I first met Alicia, she was just twelve, so I didn't pay much attention. She was just Patty's kid sister, and at twelve she wasn't much to look at. When Patty and I broke up, Alicia was about sixteen. She was crossing the Commons one day on her way home. I tried looking the other way, but she noticed me and insisted on apologizing for her sister's conduct. The situation was embarrassing, of course, and yet she was very sincere and I remember thinking how really naive she was. It was one of those incidents that stayed with me for a very long time—I couldn't forget it.

Actually, I didn't see Alicia after that until about three years later. I was bumming around out on Cape Cod, doing a few odd jobs for the art galleries in Provincetown. The tourists weren't particularly crazy about my own paintings, and so I'd started dealing in prints. Also, I did a few sidewalk sketches from time to time if I really got hard up.

The summer I met Alicia again I was working in a gallery along the bay in Provincetown. I was showing some prints to a customer one day. The girl looked at them with some disdain, saying, "Oh, no! Don't you have any original art?" And so I showed her some of my own stuff. She didn't seem to be paying much attention until I realized that she wasn't even looking at my paintings. I asked if she'd care to see some other things when she finally said, "You're Stephen, aren't you?" The girl of course was Alicia, but I didn't recognize her until she introduced herself.

"I'm Alicia. You remember, Patty's sister."

Right off the top of my head, I said, "Oh yes, and how is Patty? Is she still in California?"

The question was definitely the wrong one to ask and immediately I regretted having asked it. Alicia was visibly disappointed; I guess she still had some kind of a schoolgirl crush on me. Anyway, she said that Patty was living in California, married, and with a child. I didn't ask whom she was married to and just assumed he was the guy from Boston U.

I began to miss the adventure of group sex. You can ball like crazy with the fantasy of your choice.

I left work early that day and asked Alicia to have supper with me at my bungalow. She accepted, and her excitement was absolutely contagious. At first I suppose I was patronizing as hell, but Alicia quickly erased the image of "Patty's kid sister." She was genuinely charming and so unlike the teenage nymphets who populate this tourist trap during the summer months.

I really had no intention of making love with Alicia that evening, but after supper, listening to her discuss her college plans for that fall and her deep interest in art, it was only natural that we should sleep together. At first I felt somewhat guilty about my intentions. Maybe Alicia would reject me, thinking I was only interested in balling her sister by proxy. I was afraid she might think I was only trying to get back at Patty through her. But when it came right down to it, Patty wasn't on my mind that evening. At least not for long.

Alicia was sitting on some floor pillows in the corner of my living room. She was talking away like crazy—almost a kind of nervous chatter. During the course of the evening, I kept edging over toward her. Every time I'd get up for some more food or drink, I'd sit down just a little closer to her. It all sounds so ridiculous now, this whole seduction routine, but somehow I wanted everything to seem sincere to her. I didn't want Alicia to get the idea that I'd invited her to my place to ball. Period.

Anyway, when I was sitting almost right next to her, I placed my hand on her knee. Then I noticed her foot caressing my ankle. "I guess we're pretty entangled here," she said.

Inadvertently, I excused myself and moved a few inches away; I guess I was more embarrassed than actually disappointed. But Alicia just laughed a little and bent forward to kiss me. She'd been so passive all evening that I couldn't believe that she was actually trying to kiss me. When our lips met, they just barely touched. We were both on our knees, and yet our bodies remained apart; only our lips met. When I finally began to caress her body, she practically crumpled into my arms. Still on my knees, I held Alicia for a very long time, rocking her back and forth in my arms. I wanted to be gentle with her. So much of the screwing I had had since college had been hurried and impersonal. Somehow with Alicia I wanted it to be very, very different. Even as I knelt there with her body in my arms, an orgasm didn't seem all that important. If I didn't have intercourse with her right then, the evening would've been perfect anyway. As it turned out, things were more than just perfect.

As I caressed Alicia, I found my hands gently gliding over her soft body. Her frame was so small, so delicate. I didn't want to hurt her, more in a psychological sense than a physical one. She seemed so very vulnerable that to my mind it became necessary that I, too, make myself vulnerable to her. It seems a little sick now, but I used to get a kick out of screwing a chick with my clothes on. You know, just whip it out and stick it in while the chick's lying there nude in front of you. It was a real power trip of mine. Well, I certainly didn't want anything like that with Alicia. Instead of stripping her

first, as I'd done with so many others, I slowly began to remove my own clothes. Alicia followed my actions, but I motioned for her to stop. I lay down on the rug naked. My cock was hard, and it was obvious to me that Alicia could not quite bring her eyes to look at it. At that moment, for the first time, it dawned on me that she was probably a virgin. I took her hand and placed it on my crotch. Her breathing was very heavy, and still she didn't look at my cock. Perhaps I was only embarrassing her. If so, I didn't mean to. Closing her eyes, she quickly began to jerk me off. We finally rolled together on the floor, caught in a passionate embrace.

Slowly, I worked my hands over her body, undressing her as I caressed her skin. In the nude she was even smaller than I'd imagined—so tiny, in fact, that it almost made me tremble to think of our making love. I'd have to be so gentle and not hurt her. For some reason I just imagined that she was a virgin. When I finally placed my hand between her crotch, she immediately clamped her legs together. I brought my hands back to her tiny breasts, and as she relaxed her legs, I placed my pelvis between them. At this point my hard cock was bobbing up and down between her thighs. I didn't want to enter her, not right then, and so I propped her ass up on top of some small pillows and let my cock slide right under her. After rocking her in my arms for a few minutes, I began working her cunt with my fingers. At first she was extremely tense. But as she began to relax, my fingers were covered with her juices. Funny, but I thought I'd have trouble getting a couple of my fingers up her, but as it turned out, they all fit in nicely. I guess I wanted Alicia to be virginal. I don't know why, because I usually don't get off on women who are really inexperienced—for obvious reasons.

I've always wanted someone who could provide a really good orgasm. If my climax was good, then the sex was good. Not much time for foreplay. Since Patty, I haven't had much interest in repeating my encounters with the same girl. If I happened to, sometimes the sex was okay. Usually, however, it was just a case of diminishing returns. With Alicia, I couldn't detach myself from the emotional aspects of lovemaking. That first night with her, it was as though we'd "coupled" through intercourse. I can't explain my feelings any better than that. I "coupled" with Alicia rather than just banging away, as I'd done countless times before with so many other bodies I couldn't even remember.

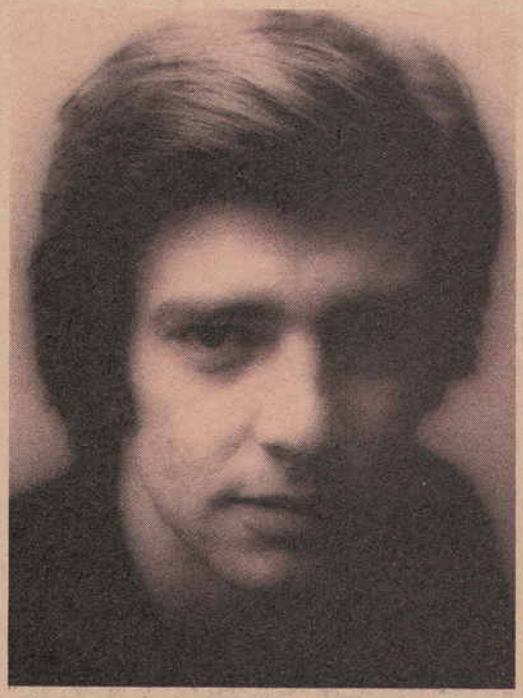
After I graduated from college, I'd gotten into a group-sex scene. You couldn't call it "swinging," because most of us involved weren't married. Usually, there were about ten people of each sex at these "parties," and six of us were old regulars. Along the Cape, particularly during the summer months, it isn't too difficult to find a bunch of horny people who want to screw themselves to exhaustion. Like I said, about six of us here were part of the core group, while the others tended to be interchangeable. Of course, the "interchangeables" are what makes group sex interesting. You kind of psych yourself up for those new bodies that just might show up. At first I thought I was into the group-sex scene just for the sexual release of it all. But then I began to realize that each time I attended one of these parties, I was really looking for a love interest. I found myself hoping that I might meet someone . . . someone like Patty, someone whom I could eventually fall in love with. For a while that scene can be great. You see a beautiful girl. Physically, she fits your fantasy perfectly, and you ball like crazy. Then you get to know her, and the more you get to know her . . . well, eventually, she begins to conflict with your "fantasy girl." Then it's over, and you start looking again for someone else.

Alicia took me away from all of that, or should I say that after Alicia I just didn't need group sex anymore. Unfortunately, before I had reached that point of awareness, I introduced her to group sex. You see, right when I first started going with Alicia, I found myself missing the old excitement of this kind of trip. Alicia and I had gone together for a couple of months. I was going to tell her about these groups but decided against it. She was still a pretty naive kid, and I thought telling her might throw her. Instead, I went off by myself—you know, just to get my rocks off. There were about ten girls there that night and a few guys, too. A friend of mine, Bill, had a little house near the beach, up near Truro, and he decided that it'd be fun to hold a sex party on the beach. Luckily, it was a fairly warm night, and the girls were really beautiful. Everything seemed more perfect than at any other sex scenes we'd held. There were lots of new faces.

I was very embarrassed when I noticed that other people were watching me make it in this three-way.

I can remember seeing one chick who'd been in and out of the gallery a few times within the last month. I'd tried to strike up a conversation then with her, but she seemed uninterested. Bill was fucking her out there on the sand. He was lying on his back while the girl sat on his cock, thrusting her hips around. Bill and I had done a number of these three ways before, and so I slid up behind the girl, lubricated my cock with some Vaseline, and shoved it up her ass. She practically jumped right off Bill's erection, but he held her on. We'd done this scene before, and so we knew exactly how to alternate our thrusts so that the girl between us got the best of both ends. Bill thrust his cock up into her, while I pulled out just a little. Bill would give her lots of tiny, quick thrusts while I'd just kind of sink in deep and slow. Then it'd be my turn to give her lots of rapid fire. Needless to say, in a three-way with two guys and a girl, there isn't a lot for the girl to do but sit back and enjoy it. It felt so great, and I remember thinking how much I missed these little orgies. About that time another girl came up behind me, pushed me onto my back—my cock still up the first girl—and sat on my face. Soon after another girl pushed that second girl off my face and then she sat down for a little cunnilingus, too.

It was wild sex, certainly. I felt guilty, though—something I'd never felt before regarding these scenes. On the one hand, I wanted very much to remain sexually faithful to Alicia; she deserved that from me. And yet I truly missed the fantasy of group sex. What could I do but tell her about these affairs? I thought she might even be curious. After all, I don't think her sex life had been all that much before she met me.



Anyway, about a week later, I decided to tell Alicia about these group scenes and ask her along. I tried to explain that there were different degrees of sexual involvement: ours was both physical and emotional, but I also needed a complete emotional detachment from sex once in a while. I suggested that together we try group sex. I told her that she could just come along with me the first time, check it out, and then decide for herself. Neither of us would do anything. We'd just check out the scene and quickly leave.

When we went to our first group-sex party, Alicia hung on to me like a little kid going to kindergarten for the first time. I'd always attended these orgies alone, and it really got my blood up to see all these other potential fucks there. Suddenly, I wanted to be alone, but I tried to keep that thought from Alicia. She was obviously frightened by the whole thing. After all, she'd done her bit by coming, though she hadn't wanted to. I couldn't let her down.

After a few hellos one of my friends, one of the old regulars, asked Alicia to dance. This was a stroke of luck that helped to relax her since she'd met the guy under more "normal" circumstances before. I was watching them dance when the girl from the time before—the three-way with Bill—came over to me. She introduced herself as "Elaine," and we laughed because we never did get each other's names that night. Well, she believed in getting right down to basics and began groping up my crotch immediately. Luckily, Alicia was out of the room, and so I thought, "What the hell."

Alicia continued to attend a few more of these parties with me, and then her attention began to wane. For now Alicia and I have returned to a less-hectic relationship. The group-sex scene is done with for both of us. Alicia tells me that I'll return to it someday, but I've been off it for a few months now. Sure, there's that old urge, but it diminishes more and more all the time. To please Alicia I'll give her way a try.

ALICIA'S STORY

Before meeting Steve, going to college had always seemed so imperative. I'd never actually considered the possibility of not going. It just seemed the thing to do.

I'd been seeing Steve for only a few weeks, and my family just wasn't ready for the announcement that I was living with this guy whom I "hardly knew." Those are *their* words. Of course, the accusation wasn't true. Steve and my older sister had dated all through their college years. I guess my family didn't like the idea that I was carrying on where she'd left off. Incest-by-proxy. Maybe that's what really put them off to the whole affair. They never discuss that aspect of the relationship. Parents have an odd way of disapproving and giving you only dishonest reasons for their disapproval.

I can remember when he was seeing Patty. They were both freshmen in college, and I was only about twelve at the time. I developed an incredible schoolgirl crush on Steve the first time Patty brought him home. I knew vaguely what masturbation was, but I'd never really seen anything attractive about it. I thought it was somehow abnormal, almost perverse to "play with yourself." I'd just started to menstruate, and my mother told me not to use tampons. I guess she didn't want me to "lose my virginity" or to get into the habit of masturbating with them. Well, I'd never tried it and certainly didn't have any desire to—until I met Steve.

Like I said, I was only twelve at the time, and Steve had just started dating my sister. I'd pulled some ligaments in a gym class at school and was taking a long, hot bath at home. The house was empty when I heard Patty and Steve enter downstairs. I'd just met him the night before and flipped out immediately. I could hear them laughing downstairs and wondered if I should get out of the tub. I remember Steve saying, "What about your parents? Won't they be coming home soon?" Patty laughed, explaining that they were away for the weekend and that I was in school. (Usually, I would have been, but I'd injured myself.) So I thought it best to stay quiet and hope that they wouldn't notice me in the tub. Of course, it never occurred to my twelve-year-old mind that they'd probably be using the bathroom after they screwed. Then again, I never thought they'd actually screw—not my sister.

I remember overhearing some talk about contraceptives—Patty had just started taking the Pill, and it "wasn't safe yet." It all sounded so adult . . . so dirty, and yet I envied her being with Steve. Fortunately for them, Steve had brought a condom along, and I remember hearing him break open the package. It really excited me.

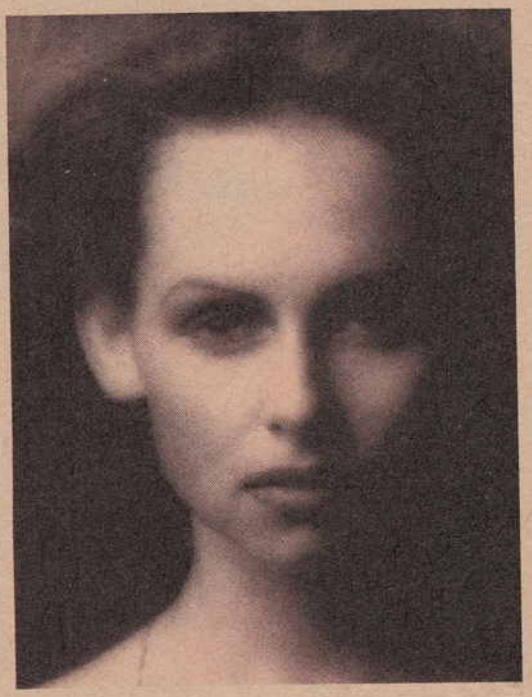
I don't suppose that either of them was terribly experienced. The whole sex session didn't last very long, but what I couldn't hear, I imagined. My mind was pretty much sensitized to erotic thought, and it just needed to be awakened. I remember how Patty kind of cautioned Steve not to enter her so fast, that he'd hurt her. I wondered whether screwing was really all that pleasurable. Their cries and sighs as they rolled together in bed sparked my imagination, and so there in the hot, soapy water I began to finger myself.

My hymen was no longer intact; I was much too much of a tomboy for that. But I'd never masturbated before. With the two of them rolling around in bed, though, I just couldn't control myself. This incredible wave of sexual energy hit my crotch, and I just felt that I needed something, some object, in me to relieve myself. And so lying there in the hot, soapy bathwater, I very gently stuck a finger into my vagina. I didn't move it around at all, but just held it there. I was really afraid of hurting myself. As the cries from the next room became more and more frantic, I began to twist my finger around in my cunt. The bed was squeaking to Steve's thrusts, and in my fantasy I began to thrust my finger to his movements.

I entered another finger into my cunt, but I was too tight at age twelve for that kind of action. I remember one of my school friends had this hardcore porno magazine showing nude men and women. Some of the guys had erections in the picture, and I just couldn't imagine how any woman could take something like a nine-inch cock in her cunt, and I wondered if that was why Patty was screaming in the next room.

One tiny finger was all I could handle—at age twelve, anyway. I later learned that all her screaming was what one calls an "orgasm."

After a few minutes of absolute silence, I could hear the two of them moving around a little. Finally, Patty tried to get into the bathroom. It was pretty awkward for everybody when I explained what I was doing in the tub—soaking my leg and all. Then they both made a dash for the downstairs bathroom. About a half an hour later I came downstairs, and they had both left. Nothing, of course, was ever said about this episode. A few months ago I said something about it to Steve, but he just said he'd forgotten it. To me, of course, it was a big moment. You might say it was my first sexual experience.



Steve and Patty broke up shortly before graduating from college. After that I just didn't see him anymore. It wasn't until I was eighteen and vacationing on Cape Cod that we met again. I suppose all this sounds like a dream come true. Sure, Steve was a masturbatory fantasy for me, but when I got to know him better that summer, I began to wish I hadn't known him from before. With Steve I began finding it difficult to erase my preconceptions of him. I had this battle between Steve the fantasy and Steve the reality. Of course, the reality can never quite compete with the "perfect fantasy." I suppose the fantasy I had of Steve was something of a sexual father figure: protecting, all-knowing, adoring. Luckily, Steve turned out to be a whole lot better.

With him I've gotten over a lot of my insecurities. I'm not looking for all the right answers and solutions anymore; I'm learning to flow with my life. I'm not afraid to learn and take chances, such as not going to college and trying to achieve the so-called good life. Steve helped me to see beyond the false security of material goods so that I could take a chance with my crafts and art.

Before I met Steve I also had all these old-fashioned, romantic ideas about fidelity—that you shouldn't even want to ball with any one other than the guy you're living with. Well, I'd lived with Steve only two months when he brought up the option of group sex. I thought he was kidding. I remember laughing and asking, "You mean an orgy? Those things really exist?" So Steve sat me down and explained his philosophy on sex. To him sex was like having a good conversation with someone; you just don't limit yourself to one person. Why should sex be any different? I said that I always felt sex should be very personal, and making it with lots of people would turn sex into a bore. Steve got angry and said I had to get over the idea that sex was a big mystery.

Well, I went to his orgy.

I didn't really even think about what the sex would be like. On the way to this guy's apartment, I suddenly got the chills. What was going to happen to me that night? What weird kinks would I be subjected to? As it turned out, the party was like any other party. People were lounging around, dancing, having a good time—and they were clothed. Suddenly, it didn't seem like such a bad idea. Then a friend of Steve's came over and told me that "all the action's in the bedroom."

Steve didn't say anything. He just looked at me with a slight smile, took my hand, and led me to the bedroom. In the room there was just one tiny pale-blue light. At first I couldn't make out much of anything else. It was pretty dark, and no one was talking. Then I realized that the room was literally crawling with people. I left Steve there and made my way to the living room. People were still dancing, but I began to notice that a few of them had stopped and were beginning to make it. Also, the room seemed a little darker than before. As the evening progressed, I began to get the picture that the bedroom was for anonymous groping while the living room was more for one-to-one relationships. I was surprised to learn how little voyeurism there was. It seemed as though I was the only one actually checking out other people. To tell the truth I was beginning to feel a little left out. Yet, I just couldn't relax into this free-sex scene. Steve seemed to have retired to the bedroom for a complete free-for-all, and I just couldn't bring myself to join that animal scene. Frightened and bored at the same time, I finally decided to leave. Just out the door, I heard this guy's voice: "Leaving already?"

I turned around, and here was this guy, about my age, sitting on the porch. "I'm not much into that scene either," he said and smiled at me kind of innocently.

I giggled and shook my head in agreement. "Yeah, I'm afraid this will be my last experience with group sex."

The guy then asked me to sit on the porch with him. He started in on this long spiel about how he'd been going to these parties all summer long. He said that he had never made it with anybody, but that somehow he enjoyed the parties anyway. Well, it was a great line, all filled with compassion and vulnerability, and I fell for it. About half an hour later we were in the living room, fucking.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a particularly memorable balling—well, at least in the beginning. I remember that with practically no foreplay he entered me from the rear and started performing anal sex on me. It's not exactly my favorite form of intercourse. It doesn't hurt me; it's just that anal sex doesn't really turn me on. So there I had become this passive receptacle, not really into what was happening to me, and so I started to masturbate my clitoris. I noticed that a couple of guys were watching me get it in the ass, and I didn't like that. I was a little paranoid anyway, and I really wanted to be out of there. Somehow I thought that if I just masturbated, closed my eyes, and forgot about them, they'd go away. And so I moved my fingers around my clitoris, practically ready to come any second, and then I felt somebody massaging my crotch and thighs. I opened my eyes, yanking my fingers from my clit, and saw this older woman trying to jerk me off. I was shocked as hell and yet so close to coming that I let her fingers enter me. She gently gripped my clitoris behind two of her fingers and started to roll it between them. She didn't look at me, not once, but kept her eyes on my crotch. As she rolled, she blew on my clit. I couldn't believe how wet my pubic hairs were and thought that I must have been flowing with juices. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

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THE RAID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

planners of the assault on Son Tay.

A handful of these senior men—those privy to *all* the intelligence—had already learned that the North Vietnamese had moved the POWs to another, more secure compound that was closer to Hanoi. Why? Because the Song Con River next to the camp had flooded to within a foot or two of the prison's walls.

In November, only hours before the raid, the Pentagon had received additional confirmation, through a clandestine source, that Son Tay was probably empty. But this news came directly following reports that seventeen more Americans had died in North Vietnam's prisons. Because of this intelligence, on the one hand, it seemed futile to attempt a rescue, but on the other hand, it was all the more important that United States soldiers try one.

For security reasons, the raiders were not told what the Pentagon had learned about their target. Bull Simons certainly expected to rescue prisoners. But when Meadows reported that there were none, Simons reacted instantly, reorganizing his teams: "Prepare to withdraw to LZ [the landing zone] for extraction. Blueboy and Redwine exit on first extraction helicopter. Set up LZ security: Redwine to west, Greenleaf to east."

Simons sent a photographer racing through the breached wall to photograph the empty prison cells. Fourteen minutes into the raid, he ordered one of the HH-53s in the holding area to land back at Son Tay. He told Nickerson to fire off a flare as a directional aid. Eighteen minutes and fifty seconds into the raid, Warner Britton's *Apple One* was back at Son Tay. Simons told Meadows to get his thirteen men aboard, plus the three air force crewmen, Kalen, Lt. Col. Herbert Zehnder, and T. Sgt. Leroy Wright, who had crash-landed their helicopter inside the compound. Sydnor was directed to board his men as well, with the exception of himself, a security group, his pathfinders, and his "Marshalling Area Control Officer" (MACO).

The MACO's job was to count every man boarding the departing helicopters; Bull Simons was determined to leave Son Tay with exactly as many men as had flown in there with him. The MACO reported, "Count twenty-six: count correct." Simons signaled the helicopter to get the hell out of North Vietnam. Britton lifted *Apple One* off and headed west.

Twenty-two minutes after the raid started, Simons called for the second HH-53 to land. There were now thirty-three men left at Son Tay: Simons's team, part of Sydnor's, and Dick Meadows. Simons's men "readjusted the landing zone security" and fired M-79 grenade launchers at four small vehicles racing to cross the bridge south of the compound. Dick Meadows reentered the prison courtyard and set demolition charges inside Herb Kalen's badly bent-up HH-3.

Twenty-seven minutes after the raid began, the last thirty raiders and Simons, Sydnor, and Meadows boarded the second HH-53. Simons told the pilot, John V. Allison, "Count thirty-three, count correct," and the plane lifted off. As it streaked for the Laotian border, Simons learned with relief that only one man had been wounded, a sergeant with a flesh wound in the inner thigh. The helicopter was six minutes out of Son Tay when a huge explosion lighted up the target area. Meadows's HH-3 demolition charge had detonated right on schedule.

Simons's raiders and Britton's pilots had performed flawlessly. The landing had been fast and violent, the surprise total, the search swift, the fire precise, the reactions unflappable, and the withdrawal smooth. It was "beautiful," he thought. There was only one thing wrong. Not a single prisoner

The raiders weren't told that the Pentagon knew the prison was empty.

was with them as they headed back to join the refueling tankers over Laos.

Simons's men were "very let down, very quiet." They had done their job well, but it was not the job that they had risked their lives to do.

The flight back to Thailand was very quiet—but not uneventful.

Forty-five minutes out of Son Tay, Simons pulled out a code book and composed a message for his task force commander, Air Force Brig. Gen. Leroy J. Manor. Simons looked up the word for *prisoners* and put the word *negative* in front of it. He looked up the word *moved* and put *previously* in front of it. Then he asked Allison to relay the message to Manor, who was monitoring the raid—through his radio relay aircraft over the Tonkin Gulf—from an electronics marvel near Da Nang, South Vietnam. The command post was called Monkey Mountain.

At 3:35 A.M., one hour and seventeen minutes after Meadows had landed in Son Tay Prison, Manor received Simons's message. There were no prisoners at Son Tay. They had been previously moved. Simons thought that Manor already knew this fact by monitoring Meadows's transmissions while the assault force was still on the ground. But the "dry hole" at Son Tay was news to Manor. He read the message again: "Negative prisoners; previously

moved." He asked that the message be repeated but received only a "garbled" transmission. Within seconds he sent a flash message that reached the Pentagon's National Military Command Center ten minutes later: "Possibly negative POWs. Leaving for Udorn." It meant that he was taking off from Da Nang to be on hand personally to clarify the situation when Simons landed back at Udorn.

Because technology had failed Leroy Manor again, he had been able to pick up only a hazy picture of what had happened at Son Tay. Two EC-121 "College Eye" airborne raider platforms had taken off from Korat Royal Thai Air Force Base in Thailand as scheduled to orbit over the Tonkin Gulf and let Manor monitor, as it happened, every radio transmission of the Son Tay raid. But one of the planes had broken an oil line, lost an engine, and had to abort, landing near his command post at Da Nang. The back-up plane reached its orbit point over the Gulf of Tonkin but "experienced IFF/SIF equipment failure and was unable to receive IFF/SIF returns at extended ranges." This meant that it could no longer maintain voice contact with most of the friendly planes over Son Tay. A spare unit was installed—"with negative results." Moreover, there was so much interference on the key frequencies that Manor, sitting in front of three of the six huge display consoles in Monkey Mountain's electronic brain, had at best a confused idea of what was going on at Son Tay. Beyond a range of thirty or forty miles, the signals weren't reliable. He said later, "There is no adequate explanation for the interference or lack of IFF/SIF returns." Then he said, "It must be noted, however, that the navy was jamming NVN radars at this time. Inadvertently, they were also jamming Manor's own elaborate communications system.

None of this, however, should have prevented Manor from monitoring the raid's key radio traffic "in real time." Something else did. Before leaving the States, he had arranged with Strategic Air Command headquarters to have an RC-135 *Combat Apple* radio relay aircraft orbit over the Tonkin Gulf. It normally operated with four UHF channels; but to monitor "all of the discrete frequencies" that would be used by the assault force, Manor asked SAC to have four additional channels installed. The necessary equipment, he was told, was already in Southeast Asia. But when he arrived there, "the in-country personnel had no knowledge of their location." As a result of these unexpected "cavities," Manor had not heard Meadows's FM radio message to Simons, "Count complete. Negative items."

The plan for the raid was perhaps more complex than the plan for any other operation of the war, but it failed at the crucial moment and left the raid's commander without his "eyes and ears."

About an hour out of Son Tay, Bull Simons struggled to control his incredulity when he learned that someone had apparently been left behind. He couldn't believe

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it. "Oh, my God," he thought, "we blew it!" There were only twenty-five men, not twenty-six, aboard the first helicopter. Simons requested a recount. Several counts and recounts were taken, but without the aid of cabin lights, that took a nerve-racking ten to fifteen minutes. Finally, Simons was assured that in spite of a screwed up bean-count, all fifty-nine men who had landed at Son Tay were airborne on their way to Laos. There were only twenty-five men aboard the first helicopter, but there were thirty-four, not thirty-three, in his.

On the long ride back to Udorn, Bull Simons wondered, half-chuckling to himself, what the North Vietnamese would make of it all. They could not be sure who was responsible, because there wouldn't be any bodies to examine or prisoners to interrogate. They would know only that someone had assaulted an empty compound twenty-three miles from Hanoi; had blown up a remote command center nearby and killed Chinese or Russians; and had apparently landed a few miles to the southeast and west and had "one helluva fire-fight," without even engaging North Vietnamese troops at either place. Meanwhile, navy planes were "raiding" Haiphong Harbor—would you believe it?—with a flock of *flares*. It was "good stuff," he thought, "going in and twisting the tails of those damned sonsuvbitches twenty miles from Hanoi."

On the ground in the holding area west of Son Tay, Marty Donohue and Tom Waldron couldn't believe what they were hearing on the radio. First, it sounded as if Simons's chopper had been shot down. Why else had Sydnor called for Plan Green? Soon they saw missiles going off all around them. They counted eighteen of them, four close enough to be of concern. "They lighted up the sky," Donohue later said, "just like a launch at Cape Kennedy."

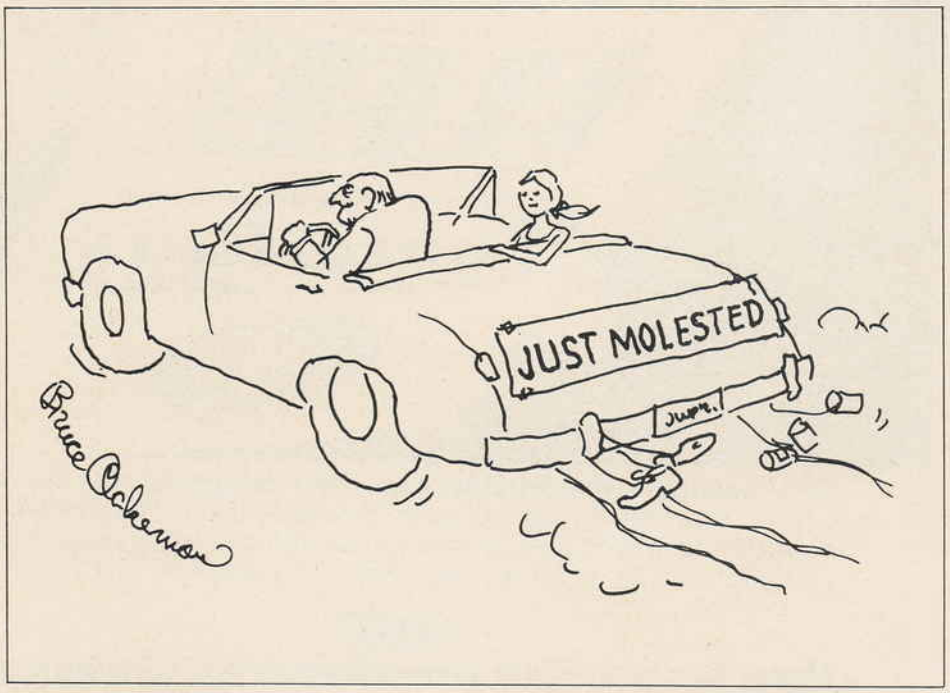
When Donohue and Waldron heard Meadows's report, "Negative items at this time," followed only a minute later by "Search complete: negative items," their reaction was one of "complete disbelief." Everything had gone so well, Donohue later remarked. "There was less confusion than on any other mission I had been on. But I just couldn't believe it. It didn't really come through. We just sat there."

They waited on the ground in a rice paddy that was surrounded on three sides by a crook in the winding twenty-foot-wide Song Con River. A minigun on the rear ramp covered the ground behind them. Donohue waited there for more than half an hour. He heard Simons's code-word messages calling in *Apple One* and *Apple Two* to extract the ground force. Then he heard "more traffic" and saw *Apple Four* and *Five* lift off and head west. That left him, *Apple Three*. More SAMs were going off; "it was pretty busy." Still he waited.

Donohue was listening on his UHF channel for the code word telling him to "bug out" when he overheard Allison relay Simons's report on the long-range HF net to Manor: "No items." Several transmissions followed reconfirming the bad news. There were no prisoners. Soon it became very quiet. Donohue's helicopter was to be the "clean-up ship," the last one out. The "SAMs were all over [finished firing] by then," Donohue remembered. He and Waldron had been on the ground longer than they had expected, but still there was no signal releasing them. Was something else wrong?

Suddenly the radios came alive again. Donohue listened with mounting concern as *Apple One* and *Two* discovered that their "head counts" were wrong, and he wondered whether a man had been left behind at Son Tay.

He was about to ask for permission to fly back to Son Tay and try to "police up the stray" when he heard another transmission. It sounded as if *Apple One* was telling *Apple Two*, "Count correct." The signal was much too faint for him to be sure, however. Almost in desperation, Donohue radioed one of the A-1 pilots "in the clear": "Did I 'read' that right, 'Count Correct'?" The A-1 pilot confirmed the good news. He told Donohue that he was "clear"; there was nothing left to clean up. *Apple Three* was finally released. Donohue should "get the hell out of there." Even with his helicopter at full throttle, it took him almost half an hour to catch up with the others.



Who were those "100 to 200" men whom Bull Simons and his men had killed in their "preemptive strike" at the "Secondary School" situated 400 meters south of Son Tay Prison?

Five years after the raid, the Central Intelligence Agency deputy director who had been closest to it in 1970 would insist that he had never been told. When he checked his agency's records, he could not find out. He deferred questions about those unidentified troops to the Defense Intelligence Agency, calling it a "military matter." When DIA checked its records, no entry could be found indicating that the question had ever even been listed as a "collection requirement."

In the aftermath of the Son Tay failure, was the nation's national-security apparatus so anxious to forget its embarrassment that it went out of its way to avoid learning any more bad news about the operation?

Had Bull Simons and his men slaughtered an entire company of elite Chinese troops and left their billets in North Vietnam "burning like a Roman candle"—at the very time when Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon were massaging every diplomatic channel they could think of to open a dialogue with Peking? Or were they Russians, killed by American troops almost one year to the day after Moscow and Washington opened their first round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks? Could it be the CIA didn't want to know who those troops were—and the CIA didn't want to tell the White House the Pentagon had just "blown" Henry Kissinger's secret "game plan" in world power politics?

The Russians and Chinese, American intelligence operatives would learn, were shaken up by the raid on Son Tay. Was it, however, not because of what had happened at Son Tay Prison, but because so many of their own soldiers were wiped out to the south of it? Did Moscow or Peking think that the real purpose of that raid was to signal that the war in Vietnam was going to get very rough and possibly expand to their territory?

In any case, we know that the raid caused the Soviet and Chinese armies to tighten security at critical targets all over the world. The enemy apparently feared the unconventional brand of American warfare more than they did an invasion of Cambodia or the other orthodox military operations that were typical of America's war in Southeast Asia.

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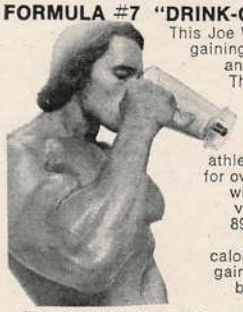

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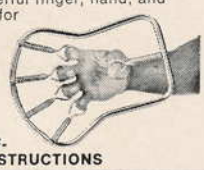

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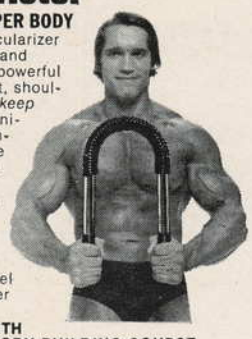

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Marco Vassi, the guru of American erotica, admits to experiencing just about everything in the sexual arena. Now he shares his latest discovery—a pleasure concept that leads to sensual and erotic enjoyment few men and women even know exists.

OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

The Seagren affair is a melancholy microcosm of Olympic failure, the debasement of a gorgeous ideal by arrogance and ineptness and pettifoggery. Throughout the qualifying rounds Seagren had to keep switching poles while the International Amateur Athletic Federation officials banned, unbanned, and rebanned his poles.

"They banned them just on hearsay," he says, "based on what they read in a couple of papers. They didn't even bother to investigate or check with the manufacturers. I went over to the stadium and found that Wolfgang Leonard, the West German coach, and Adrian Paulen of the I.A.A.F. were weighing my poles on a scale. 'What's going on?' I asked. Leonard said, 'We're checking the poles to see if they are legal.'

"I had six black poles and three green ones. Then, suddenly, the coach of a rival team was examining my poles for legality and claiming that the green ones were fifty grams lighter than the black ones. I proved him wrong and walked out. The next day I came to compete and found that they had all been confiscated. I said, 'You've got to be kidding.' Paulen said, 'You're disqualified if you say one more word.'

"So I looked through the poles that had been deemed legal and finally had to use one that was made for a guy fifteen pounds lighter than me. I was afraid I'd break the pole." Seagren didn't; nor did he top seventeen feet, ten and one-half inches. Wolfgang Nordwig, an East German who had complained about Segren's pole and who was in fact using *his* own poles, soared over eighteen feet, one-half inch, and took the gold.

The Americans had already been severely criticized for the disrespect shown on the victory stand by black runners Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett; the American coaches were not about to brook another incident. Seagren, who has never been anything but the consummate gentleman, was warned by a coach that any show of unsportsmanlike conduct would result in his being disqualified. "The whole thing was bullshit," Seagren says bitterly. "The Polish vaulters, the Norwegians, the West and East Germans—they all got to use their own poles. I don't understand the connection there at all; I have no idea who was getting paid off by whom. I do know that Paulsen should have been banned from the Olympic Games for life. Instead, he's the head pole-vaulting official again at Montreal."

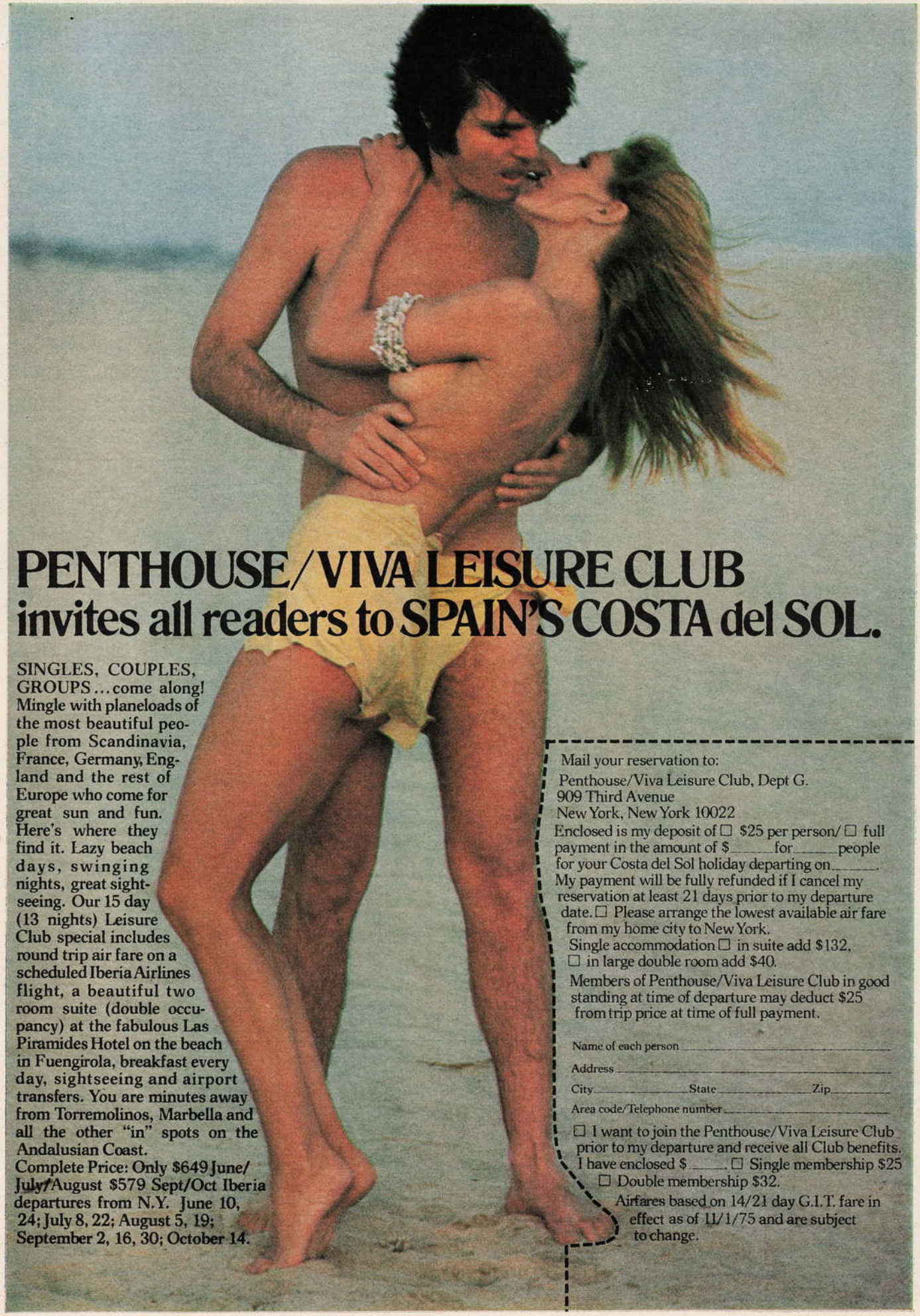
After the Munich games American athletes began to sound off. Referring to the massacre of the Israeli athlethes, Rod Milburn, the popular winner in the 110-meter high hurdles, could only shake his head and say, "Man, it was like a bad dream. You don't ever believe that things like this could happen here. Man, this is the *Olympic Games*. I don't understand it." Nor can anybody else understand the savage actions of deranged minds, but other athletes felt that they could explain what was going so wildly wrong with the games. Said the late Steve Prefontaine, "The I.O.C. must realize that it is dealing with a new generation, one that doesn't think as its members did years and years ago. Times have changed. Our only hope is that the I.O.C. won't continue to think as Avery Brundage did. If it does, you can forget about the Olympics. They will be dead after 1976, if not sooner."

Bill Toomey, the former decathlon winner, addressed himself to the problem of Olympic overpopulation. "The entry lists crawled with people," he says. "And the Olympic Village looked like Broadway during the shopping hour. With every new Olympics at least one new sport seems to be added. At Munich it was something called handball. At the '76 games it will be women's rowing."

Like so many other athletes, Toomey favors the redistribution of the Olympic sports, particularly the team contests. "It's pretty obvious," he says, "that the Olympics of the future will have to be staged during the summer without most of the team sports. The games were never meant to include them anyway; the contests among individuals represent the real Olympics. Besides, The Winter Olympics are less crowded: why couldn't volleyball and basketball and water polo be played there?"

Toomey also feels that the mammoth structure of the games has become too much for the athlete to cope with. "In the first days of the modern Olympics, a bunch of happy-go-lucky guys, say from New York A.C., would go to the games at their own expense—mainly to have a good time. Now you have an elite corps of supermen making the ultimate sacrifice for what is supposed to be the ultimate in amateur sports. They should compete in a relaxed atmosphere, not in the commotion of the Olympics."

Can the games be saved? Most athletes past and present think so, but all agree that something must be done. One sensible step would be to cut the games down to a manageable size. Many events are repetitive; swimming, after all, breaks down to four basic strokes, which have been parlayed into a week's worth of races. Also, it is scarcely necessary to field three athletes in every event, as the major powers almost always do: two would suffice. And as much as I enjoy team sports, maybe it would be politically practical to drop them from Olympic competition and thereby stanch some of the worst bloodletting. Kenny Moore once said that he would like to run in a white T-shirt with nothing more than his name on it. That Utopian goal will be achieved the day when the Soviets and the Americans bury their nukes forever be-



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neath the North Pole. In the meantime anything that will reduce the high nationalistic fever should be supported. Thus the tiresome medieval tradition of hoisting national banners and trumpeting national anthems must be abandoned.

Another possibility, which has been endorsed at least in principle by Lord Killanin of Ireland, Brundage's successor at the I.O.C., is to carry on the movement without the quadrennial games. As he puts it: "There is too much concentration on the fortnight of the games rather than on the Olympic movement, which goes on all the time." Now here is a good idea: the games could be distributed over a longer period of time and across a nation or a group of nations. Such a geographic distribution would obviate, among other things, a focal point for terror.

The one problem that must soon be surmounted is that of the starched and stodgy I.O.C. and, in particular, its hopeless views on amateurism. There are, for example, no ex-athletes under thirty-five on the I.O.C. and no women at all. One powerful voice prodding the old guard is that of John B. Kelly, Jr., who won four Olympic medals in a single sculls but is perhaps better known as Princess Grace's brother. He is a director of the U.S. Olympic Committee and was president of the Amateur Athletic Union. He also founded, along with Suzy Chaffee, the World Sports Foundation, which seeks nothing less than a radical overhaul of the I.O.C. and the Olympics. Says Kelly: "What bugs me is that the Socialist countries go along with the old guard of the I.O.C. in perpetuating archaic rules that say everybody has to be an amateur, when in fact the athletes from their countries are, in many instances, more professional than our pros, because our pros generally engage in sports only about six months a year and then sell life insurance or run bowling alleys. Whereas in Russia or Hungary, the athletes keep in training the year round and are rewarded for success with extra rooms in their apartment or automobiles or lifetime pensions. The alliance between the Socialists and the old guard is as unholy as that between bootleggers and ministers, in cahoots to keep a dry state from going wet.

"All our athletes have to take an oath that they are amateurs, and the overwhelming number of them are forced by that requirement to commit perjury. There's a rule still on the books that if you shovel manure in a stable you're a pro and can't ride on the American equestrian team, and if you drive a nail in the hull of a boat you can't row on an Olympic crew. When you come right down to it, most of these rules are simply antiquated social distinctions. But it's hard to get people to budge."

The American athlete in particular is caught between the rockbound I.O.C. and the copper-sheathed U.S.O.C., which doesn't want government subsidies for American athletes because it wants to avoid any possible government en-

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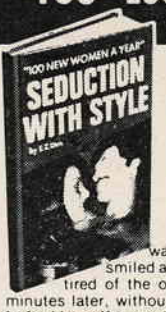

One Friday night, I was relaxing with a drink at a popular So. Cal. singles' bar. Shortly after I arrived a **very sexy blonde** sat down at the next table. **Immediately, four young good looking guys** tried to hustle her. One by one they **walked dejectedly away,** muttering "What a cold chick." I sat back and watched them **strike out.** Then I smiled at her and asked if she wasn't tired of the old **"bar scene hassle."** Five minutes later, without saying anything more, **she invited herself to my table.** An hour later, we were back at **my pad making wild love.** Even though I'm ***not*** a six-foot ***Adonis,*** with a ***thick bankroll,*** I **scored** because **my savvy** and **experience** provided me **exactly the right words** and **moves. You must read "Seduction With Style"!! Learn** and **master my incredibly simple, *fool-proof* technique!!** A technique I have **successfully** used to **conquer** more than 500 of America's most **beautiful women!**

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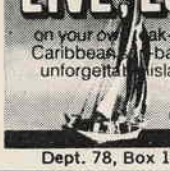

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croachment on its well-manicured turf. Says Bruce Jenner, the American hope in the decathlon this year: "Of course the U.S. Olympic Committee doesn't want to give up any controls; they're mostly old, retired guys on fat pensions and expense accounts who like traveling all over the world for nothing. The government is a threat to their positions."

Hence the richest nation in the world has some of the most poorly subsidized athletes. I got my first inkling of this anomaly when, as a new reporter for *Time*, I caught up with the U.S. ski team in Wengen, Switzerland, during the pre-Olympic World Cup Tour. One night in a bar, American Coach Bob Beattie turned to Dan Jenkins of *Sports Illustrated* and asked, "Hey, Dan, can you lend me a couple of hundred bucks for train tickets? Our check hasn't come from the committee yet."

Now think about that: the head coach of the American ski team having to borrow money from a writer to get his kids down off a Swiss mountaintop. The stories get even worse. Says Jenner: "We've got athletes picking up food stamps and collecting unemployment. The United States has the best program through junior high, high school, and college; but when our system falls off, it falls off drastically. You graduate from college, and the coach says good-bye and shakes hands with the new guy coming in the door. Here you either have to give up amateur athletics or sacrifice everything. We're not looking for handouts; we just want to be able to compete on an equal basis."

Even such dedicated amateurs as Al Oerter, a computer analyst from West Islip, N.Y., who enjoyed "the challenge of training on my own time," readily concedes that "an athlete is an athlete, whether he gets paid or not."

Indeed, Oerter and every other athlete I talked to thought that an open pro-am Olympics is the only feasible solution. Donna de Varona dined with some of the Russian coaches during a recent world tour and concluded that "the Russians are ready to accept our pros in the games. After all, the Olympics are a business, and they want the buck as much as we do."

Yes, the Olympics are big, big business, much too big, and too unwieldy, and too often conducted on a level light years away from the concerns of the athletes who participate. As Suzy Chaffee cautions, "Lots of athletes are feeling ripped off. If they aren't given better representation on the Olympic Committees, they're just going to revolt and take over the events."

Come to think of it, that's not such a bad idea. The major powers and the I.O.C., with a little help from Third World fanatics, have managed to all but quench the Olympic flame after 2,500 years. Perhaps it is time to let the athletes who pit their skills in man's ultimate competition pick up the flickering torch and return it with grace and dignity to the heights of glorious Mount Olympus. ○+■

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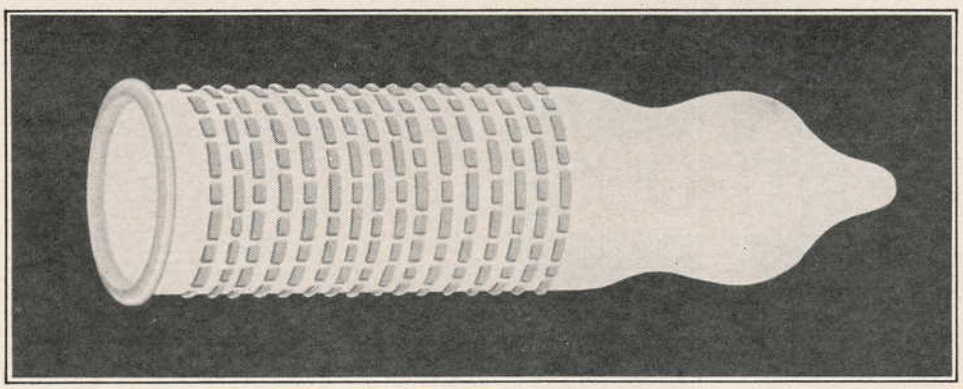

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

down jacket he is huge. Clarissa throws herself inside and slams the door. "Leave her be," growls Farley.

"This is my fucking business," you shout. You try to push by. He fastens onto your neck and hurls you down into the snow. You scramble to your feet. Farley whirls about, turning his back to you, hearing his car's throaty answer to Clarissa's foot on the gas. "Goddamn it!" he shouts.

In a fury you let fly from behind with your foot. It slams into Farley's crotch. He roars and crumples. You have sent his balls through the uprights. Exhilarated, you careen over the snow to your Triumph. At the distant intersection, the brake lights of Farley's car glow without moving. What is she waiting for? Him? Like a boat in a swell, Farley is rocking from side to side, on his knees, his head bent into the snow.

You fire up the TR-3. Pressed to the pedals, your feet sizzle. Your heart is pumping sparks to your toes. You jam the stick into reverse, and then you reach down to knock the snow from your socks. You realize Clarissa is not waiting; she is rubbing her feet. You swoop backward against the bank of plowed snow, hit first, and leap downhill toward the Mustang. It's off at once, throwing a screen of exhaust into the cone of your headlights. She's turned right, up the mountain instead of toward town. That's good. All you have to do now is keep her in sight. That's all you want to do. Suddenly, your wiper blades spring free of the ice on the windshield like flushed birds. You switch them off. She's moving ahead at a good clip, already past Bouchard's farm and past the last fork into the valley. Your feet are waking out of woodenness into a pain they seem to have invented for themselves. It's all you can do to clutch and brake. You switch on the FM.

On a road like this, snow-packed and narrow and twisting, you know she can't put you behind, not in that Mustang, not with her slim skills at the wheel. You must not push her into trying, either. Farley's car is like Farley, all power plant, no finesse. He used it to tow his big, red snow machine from one meet to another. When you think of Farley, your groin tightens. He will want to ride his snow machine over your face. Your instep still feels saddled by the kick. You chuckle. What can he be thinking now, all huddled in the snow?

Half a mile ahead, where the road hooks uphill, steepening along the shoulder of the mountain, Clarissa's taillights pass, winking among the sparse trees. Where is she headed? The road branches next at the state park, miles ahead, then at the tower road, which is snow-filled in winter; then it slants across the north face, winding down through the pines, and then runs straight between hills and pasture until it dips at the river bridge and crosses to the interstate. Is that it? The interstate? On the FM a blend of instruments has given way to an oboe, which calls to you in a sad, fluid voice. You cannot let her go, no.

You whine uphill in third, spraying snow in the turns, keeping close enough to make a move if you think of one. She's slowed some. Your feet are letting up on you. They feel hot and fat. If you close in honking, she'll realize she has to stop, because you're too fast, too determined, too crazy just to let her drive herself out of gas. You'll both pull over. You'll jump out running. Her face will be pressed to her arms on the steering wheel, and her back will be trembling. You'll yank open the door, you'll pull her to your chest, you'll say, "Clarissa, Clarissa, don't ever try to run from me. You can't do it. You love me." And she'll sob, "It's not you. It's not you. It was *him*." She'll clutch you fiercely. You'll carry her to your car. You'll drive away, to your house, or to New York, or to the Mexican coast.

You wish you'd held onto your bottle of brandy. It's 1:00 A.M., says the radio man. Clarissa has crossed over the shoulder out of sight. You have broken out of the trees high on the ridge. Down to the right you can see at a glance the ground you've covered. Back in the flats, headlights are streaking. Farley, in Paul's truck. In a second, as you cross the shoulder, he drops from view. He'll be several minutes closing the gap. Nothing can be done about it.

With the wind on this side, small drifts have crept out from the woods, narrowing the road. Clarissa is not far ahead, easing herself now through the bends. Where the forest has been slashed down like a highway for the giant towers of electricity, a wedge of snow has claimed the road. You see by her tracks that she nearly lost the car there, apparently braking in surprise and sliding. She must be worried, getting edgy. At once you are touched by a dramatic sympathy for her. She is a little bird, tameless and afraid. You slow down. There is skittering piano music on the FM. Bird or not, you must have her. You pick up speed.

You round the last bend before the valley stretch, and there is the Mustang just ahead, stopped. You pull down into second, pumping soft at the brakes, feeling for the snow. To try stopping behind the car would be to risk climbing up onto the trunk lid; so you glide by her, then yank up on the brake lever, wrenching the wheel to the left until you're looking into the Mustang's headlights. You leap out, forgetting about your feet.

Clarissa's lying on her back across the bucket seats. You jerk open the door. She smiles in the light. Her eyes are closed. You want to slap her. Are you crazy?

"Clarissa!" She doesn't say anything. You're on your toes, dancing foot to foot. "Move over. I'm getting in." You wait a few seconds, then you slide in onto her shins and slam the door.

"Get your tub-a-lard off me," she says.

You arch yourself. She draws her legs free. Her tangled hair falls around her face.

You don't want to reach for her, and you find nothing to say but, "Why the hell did you stop here, in the middle of the road?"

She's looking straight into the glare of the sports car's headlights. "I don't even have a license," she says in a flat voice.

You say, "Well, what suddenly made you think of that?"

"How do I know? I stopped because I almost hit a bunch of deer, a whole bunch of deer. They didn't even move, except at the last minute. And the car was skidding and everything. I hate driving."

"I would, too, if I had this car. This is a lousy car."

"It's a good car," she says. "It's a Ford."

You stare at the glowing speedometer, a fan of numbers. The needle points to zero. She is beautiful, like a cake. Look, she is beside you once again, sulky and familiar, and the old congestion surrounds your thoughts. All your words dry up. "We had something important together, you know, Clarissa, before tonight." She doesn't answer you. What else have you got? "You really hurt me tonight, Clarissa."

"Good. You're an old turd."

"Maybe I am," you say, thinking maybe you are, "but I always figured Farley Locke for more of a turd than I am."

"That's what you think."

"Yeah, and that's what I think you think."

"Boy, you must be a born thinker." She won't look at you. Her arms are crossed, and her legs are doubled beneath her.

"That's right," you say. Then in the mirror you catch the distant flickering of the truck. "You know, if you turn around, you can see that turd we were just speaking about hurrying on his way to make this a threesome."

"So?"

"So, doesn't that make your skin tingle?"

"He'll kick you from here to Hong Kong."

You say, "Not unless I give him the chance." You twist the ignition. The Mustang roars. You arc it around in reverse until it straddles the highway. "Get out," you shout. "Get the fuck out!" She does. You leave the car there idling, its lights on, its doors locked, its keys in your pocket.

A half-hour later you are parked in your TR-3 behind a boarded-up Texaco station down the street from Clarissa's house. She is giggling because it's two in the morning, she hasn't any boots on, and she has to sneak through the snow to the back door. She has a French quiz tomorrow, and her United Nations paper is due Wednesday.

"You're wonderful," you say to her. You love her. You feel that now. It's like a dip on the roller coaster. She is beautiful, and now she is kissing you, her mouth fully open, sliding down into her seat and straining toward you at the same time. Somewhere in the engine hot metal is clinking. You smother her breast with your hand. You feel like a hero. You, too, have school tomorrow, but Clarissa is making a sound in the back of her throat and stroking your thigh with her fingertips. Well, what do you know? She's yours after all. Isn't she? O—E

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O'NEILL

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migration. But given almost unlimited energy, materials, and a situation that is very favorable for automated construction, the rate of construction of new land areas could be very fast indeed—so fast, that within periods of fifty to seventy years one could, technically, have the earth's population reduced by immigration. But that will depend on how bad our problems have become here, how attractive life is on the colonies, and the relative efficiency of manufacturing both here and there.

Penthouse: How would these colonies benefit life on earth?

O'Neill: Probably the most direct, immediate way would be in making a contribution to solving the energy problem. If you have something that's going to be used in free space, or at some high altitude above the earth, it's very expensive to ship it out from the earth's surface. The lift-off costs are very high. If you have the alternative possibility of a manufacturing facility already in free space, which can use lunar-surface material as the input for its manufacturing, then you're in a very favorable position to manufacture large objects cheaply. We've looked at the possibility of building big, fairly conventional, power stations located on an orbit that would keep them over the same spot on earth and beam microwave power back to earth. The numbers seem to work out that this can be done at about one-tenth of what it would cost if done from the earth's surface.

Penthouse: When could solar energy be beamed to earth?

O'Neill: I'm impressed by the fact that when people want to do something badly enough, they seem to work on a very fast timetable. The entire atomic bomb project took only three years. The Apollo Project took about eight years from the time the decision was made until the first landing. I feel that we could build Model 1 in about thirteen years and have the first power stations beginning to take up one or two percent of the electrical load of the United States a couple of years after that. There are people who think that figure is too ambitious, but the interesting point is that even the most conservative types are arguing only about five or ten years. They're saying maybe mid-1990s or late 1990s rather than late 1980s.

Penthouse: So that compares favorably with Project Independence.

O'Neill: Yes, Project Independence is supposed to be in operation by 1985 and is geared to expanding existing domestic energy sources. What we're talking about is something that does not use fossil fuels or nuclear fuels, does not produce any atmospheric sulfates, radioactivity, radioactive wastes, or plutonium. It would not deplete the earth's dwindling fossil fuel and uranium resources or involve continuing high prices. And after the first space solar-power station is built, you could very quickly start building more. You could go on almost indefinitely.

Penthouse: Let's talk about life in the colonies. Would diet be drastically altered?

O'Neill: In the early colonies, at least, you might have difficulty finding beef, but on the other hand, on earth it may not be very easy either. People are more likely to be living on poultry, pork, and such things. You'd probably find vegetables, fruit, salad. There would be a larger variety and a much better quality in the space colonies because the growing climate can be carefully controlled. But meat from large animals would be in very short supply.

Penthouse: Is this simply a matter of logistics, the expense of shipping large animals from earth?

O'Neill: No. In principle, all you would need to do is to ship a pair. But beef cattle start their lives on low-cost, low-value land, which can't be used for anything else. When you have to build your own land, you want to use it for better purposes.

Penthouse: Would the agricultural community still be faced with the same environmental pests?

O'Neill: We would hope not, because you presumably start just with sterile soil, fertilizer, and carefully inspected seeds; so you'd be able to carry out your agriculture without any insecticides or pesticides. If pests did develop, it would be quite possible to sterilize and pump out the water from the infested station and simply raise the temperature to kill everything biological. You could do that for a week or two, then reseed the area, and start again. That's another option we don't have on earth.

Penthouse: What other occupations would the colonists engage in?

O'Neill: Heavy manufacturing. If the numbers are right, there will be quite a few hard-hat construction workers and many others involved in power-station construction. I don't see a great number of design engineers there, because a big design office doesn't have to be close to the industry it's serving and in the early days space will be at a premium. Presumably, you would want to have only those operations that can be done efficiently on site carried out in the colonies. Everything else would be done on earth.

Penthouse: Would heavy manufacturing be formed in earth gravity?

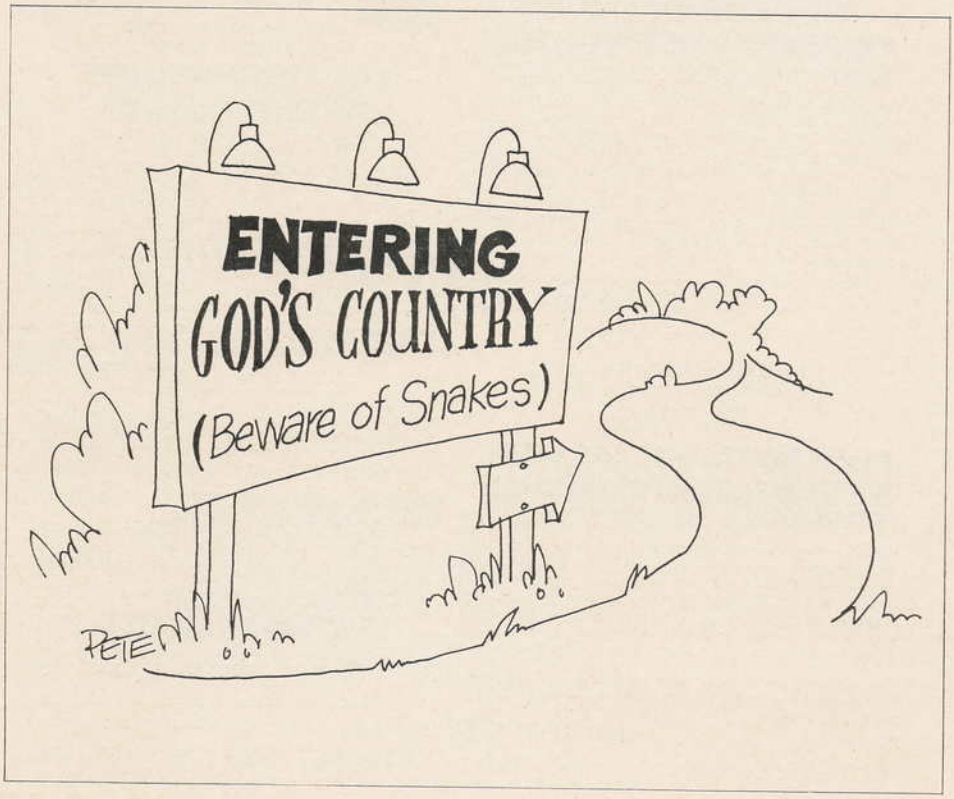
O'Neill: No, it would be done in zero gravity or perhaps .01 gravity. You could simply rotate a construction area very slowly and therefore produce any gravity desired.

Penthouse: Would there be any physical danger for workers so exposed to zero or low gravity?

O'Neill: They'd only be there, presumably, for eight hours a day. The places in zero gravity would be only a few hundred meters, at most, away from areas where gravity is earth-normal. I assume the workers will be in zero or low gravity for an eight-hour working day and the rest of the time they would spend at 1g.

Penthouse: What process of selection would you propose for potential settlers?

O'Neill: That's a real can of worms! We've already had many applications. I assume the first 10,000 people would be carefully selected. Even so, considering that there were only twenty men in the Apollo program, it would be several times less elitist than Apollo. But as time goes on, I expect it would develop into a situation where anyone who wants to go, goes.



Penthouse: When would the average person be able to relocate in a colony?

O'Neill: I won't prophesy. But if the whole program moved on the fastest possible time scale, I think it would be technically possible to have a million people living in space by the year 2000. I'm not claiming it's going to happen. I'm just saying it's a technical possibility. If that were to happen, it would mean—if they were all Americans—1 out of every 200 people. That's quite a few. If there is a mix of people from many nations, maybe it would be more like one in a thousand or one in a few thousand. This still means that in almost any small town you would probably know someone who was in a space colony. You would be getting direct, personal information on what life was like there.

Penthouse: If 90 percent of the world's population migrated to the colonies, what would become of the earth?

O'Neill: It would probably be much more pleasant. In the long run, the logic seems to point to having most of the heavy manufacturing located in space, rather than on earth. Simply because, at a certain point, it's going to be much less expensive to manufacture there. Presumably, that means industries will move out; therefore jobs will be in space, and people will move for employment. I envision a time when the earth will have a stable population, not from any harsh dictatorial limits, but rather simply because immigration will keep population in reasonable balance. There will be continuous growing land area in space and a fixed land area here, but with the opportunity for immigration. I would assume the earth would have a much less industrialized economy. There would probably be quite a bit of tourism, people coming back to tour the earth.

Penthouse: The earth, then, would rejuvenate itself?

O'Neill: That's the hope. The logical possibilities are there. But that probably won't happen if we continue our present course.

Penthouse: Would you describe life in the colonies, as far as physical characteristics and living areas?

O'Neill: I don't want to make it sound too beautiful, but the possibilities certainly exist for a very comfortable lifestyle. There'd be *many* different lifestyles because national origins would vary.

It's likely to be very attractive and exciting, but I don't want to hold out a Utopia. You would have all of your food fresh. No frozen foods would be necessary. There would be a great many colonies, with rather small physical barriers between them and easy transport available at a low cost over big distances. It would probably mean that people could move frequently to places they prefer without great expense or inconvenience. I see space colonization as a natural continuation of greater freedom, a greater amount of diversity and control over the environment.

Even in Model One there would be enough room to have houses or apartments quite large even by American standards. One setup we have worked on for a family of five had more than 2,000 square feet of floor area, plus a good-sized garden with reliable sunshine and without mosquitoes or any other pests.

Penthouse: What method of transportation would be used in commuting between cylinders or colonies?

O'Neill: For people, the easiest would be to have a vehicle that doesn't require any on-board crew and, in fact, doesn't require an engine. This vehicle would simply be accelerated by an electric motor on a cable, up to a speed of maybe 1,000 mph in a precomputed direction; it would just move in free flight over a distance of from hundreds to thousands of miles until it was stopped by an arresting cable at another colony.

Penthouse: Would there be any seasons in the colonies?

O'Neill: Yes. You would have control over the day-night cycle by the schedule of opening and closing mirrors. You would also have control over the length of the day; therefore you could control the average temperature, chilling it down to the point where there'd be snow. You would have controllable winter without much

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problem. But although people could follow variations of that kind, plants can follow those variations only in a much more limited way. If, in a given habitat, you decided that you wanted the climate of, for example, Hawaii, and you developed many palm trees and vegetation, you could not change your mind after ten years and suddenly want a New England winter.

Penthouse: Would there be increased life expectancy?

O'Neill: I would guess so. There would presumably be no reason for pollution, since solar energy is clean and transportation would not involve the internal-combustion engines. Also, there's the possibility that people with heart or lung disease could live at high altitudes, because the load on the heart and the lungs would be much less because of the low gravity. I suspect that homes for elderly people might very well be at fractional gravity in the space colonies. In fact, someone who was very badly crippled would probably live in zero gravity regions.

Penthouse: The Apollo program beneficially affected America's spirit. Do you feel your enterprise will have similar results?

O'Neill: I think even much more so. For one thing, we *need* it much more. When Apollo was started, some of the most serious global problems, notably the ecology, had not yet become apparent or serious. Now we're in trouble in many ways. We need a new direction, some way to get from under our troubles. Apollo was a scientific program and, of course, had national prestige built into it. But the satisfactions that came out of it appeared to be limited. In retrospect, I would say that one of the best justifications for Apollo is the space-colonization program. We couldn't have proposed colonization without knowing the consistency of the lunar soil.

Penthouse: America, and the world, has been subjected to various degrees of inflation, recession, and depression. Could your proposal stimulate the entire world and relieve it of some of its current problems?

O'Neill: I don't want to promise too much, but let's take two extreme situations. There is the United States, and there are the countries that are very badly underdeveloped and are trying to develop at the present time. The United States is in trouble, since nearly ten percent of our work force is unemployed and we have a serious energy shortage. The number of manufactured products which we can still sell at an advantage over our competitors becomes fewer every year. The only type of technology in which we still have a really clear lead is in space, and if we were to exploit this now, before that slips away from us also, we could gain a great economic advantage. Now that's a selfish idea from the point of view of one country, but most of the industrial countries of the world are also worrying, quite a bit, about energy costs and shortages. I think we could benefit them very much by manufacturing satellite solar-power plants that could give them unlimited power without the use of fossil fuels. Some of the most serious problems of the underdeveloped nations are in agricultural growth, because modern high-yield agriculture takes a lot of energy, mainly in the form of fertilizer. The cost of fertilizer is the cost of energy almost one to one. If we were able to supply limitless low-cost power to the underdeveloped nations, this would be, from a technical viewpoint, the most important factor necessary for their future growth.

Penthouse: Thus far the technique of space colonization seems to hold the solutions for a large majority of the world's ills, but we have yet to mention war.

O'Neill: Again, I want to be careful not to prophesy, but I can see a number of ways in which space colonization could contribute to reducing the probability of war. We're in a situation in which we're going to be running into increasingly serious limits on energy, material, and so on. Also there is increasing pressure on land area as populations increase. There has already been an increase in tension as a result of the global energy shortage—for example, the oil crisis that hit us a year or two ago. Threats of war have been made already, and most of the experts predict that the situation will get worse rather than better. The unattractive alternatives seem to be a more tense situation, in which nations are increasingly threatening each other in order to get the raw materials they need, or some massive type of conflict that will result in a global dictatorship.

One interesting result of space colonization is that, presumably, it would lead to a situation in which most of the energy used on earth would eventually be from satellite solar power, which would not be used for any production of nuclear weapons. If we stick to the surface of the earth exclusively, it seems most logical that we'll be driven to so-called liquid-metal fast-breeder reactors. These reactors, as well as being producers of power, are producers of large quantities of plutonium. So, if breeder reactors are built throughout the world, we are going to have a situation in which the plutonium production in several countries is great. In the long run, the chances are that there may be a governing leader unstable enough to take the risk of starting a war. I think we can de-escalate the situation on earth by producing space colonies.

The other point is that the colonies themselves would have much less reason for warlike activities than countries on the earth have. For one thing, their boundaries would be their own choice; if they don't like the neighboring colony, they could move somewhere else. If they don't like the land area they have, they could build more very easily, without encroaching on anyone else's space. They would be self-sufficient for energy and basic materials; so it seems logical and reasonable to me that we have a much better chance of avoiding war by moving into space than by staying exclusively on the surface of the earth.

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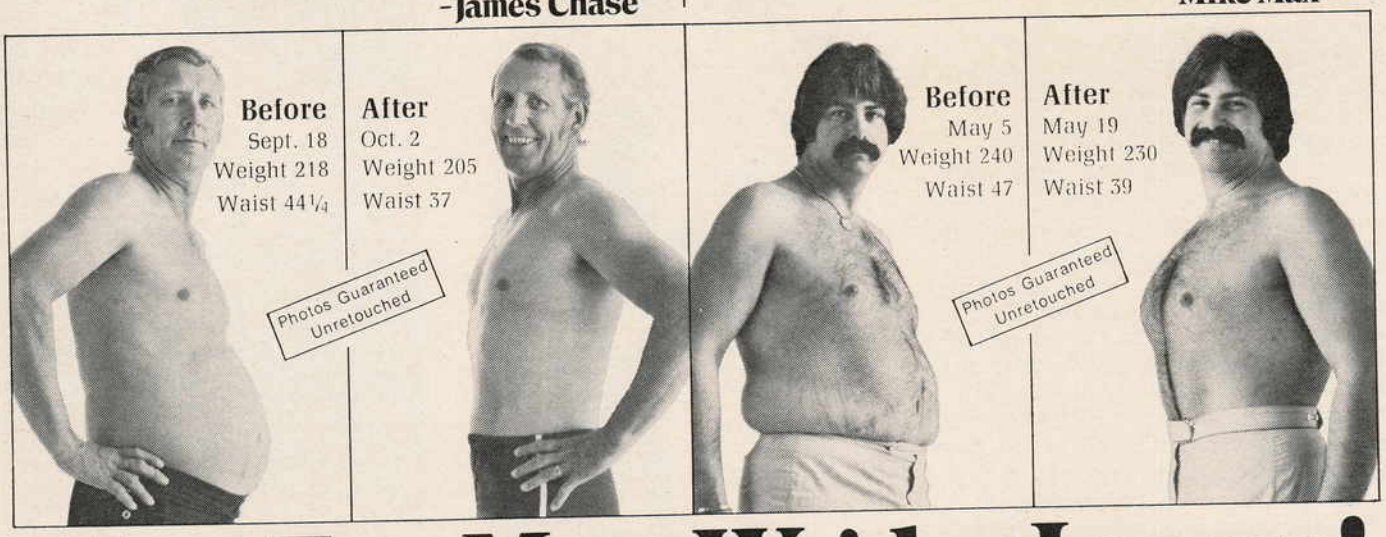

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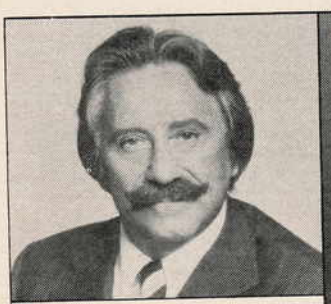

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COUPLE ENCOUNTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

looked around and noticed that at least six people were watching this little three-way. I was embarrassed, yet delirious with a tormented pleasure. The guy was still up my ass, and I could feel he, too, was about ready to come. He kept alternating between one long, slow thrust and lots of tiny, rapid-fire hits. I kept trying to catch my breath but couldn't. He was one of those lovers who don't make a sound during intercourse, but when he came he let out a piercing cry. The sound shocked the hell out of me, and I came right along with him. I collapsed backward into his arms. I was so confused. I wanted to be comforted, and so I lay there with him for a few minutes. Finally, I felt someone trying to pick me up. It was Steve. He pulled me to my feet, and I put on my clothes. Then we left. I didn't say a word to the guy I'd just balled. I never saw him again; I guess he left for the summer. Before leaving I looked around for the woman but didn't see her.

I went back to a few more of these "parties" with Steve. I thought that I'd never return because I'm neither an exhibitionist nor a voyeur. When it comes down to it, that's what group sex is all about. Steve can't quite agree. He's stopped the whole scene for now, though, but I'm sure he'll start up again someday—which is cool. If he enjoys it, why not? Perhaps if my initial experience had been less traumatic, I'd feel a lot better about group scenes. Unfortunately, perhaps, I think first impressions are very important.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

The narratives of Stephen and Alicia demonstrate quite forcibly the urgent need for all couples to communicate.

If Stephen had communicated with Patty, he wouldn't have been so surprised when she "got into some other jock." Indeed, if they had really talked about their relationship, he might have been able to satisfy Patty's real needs. Similarly, Stephen and Alicia misunderstood the other's basic needs simply because they have not talked about them.

I don't believe in "fun sex" as a regular release from sexual tension. I do believe that a sexual relationship, especially an ongoing one, must be based on some kind of emotional attachment. If it isn't, the whole thing becomes a purely physical experience, both partners become sex objects, and the sheer physicality degrades the relationship. This does not mean that the couple must be in love. I do believe, however, that both partners should have respect for one another as persons. Mutual respect gives physical sex a meaning, that is, the ultimate expression of what two people feel for one another emotionally.

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The experiences that I've had with group sex have been generated by a special kind of warmth for the persons involved. There is often a communal sharing of bodies that helps give the sex warmth and tenderness. I get the impression from Stephen's remarks that for him this affection does not exist: "I went off by myself, just to get my rocks off"; "I needed a complete emotional detachment from sex once in a while." From these remarks one wonders why Stephen didn't just go in the corner to jerk off there. Onanism would seem to suit him.

Like many young people, Stephen is guilty as hell about sex. To quell this guilt, either he tries to brush the encounter off as just another physical sensation or he convinces himself that he is deeply in love. This later state of being is his response to Patty: "This was my first big love affair. . . . I was extremely intent upon marrying Patty. . . . All my big plans . . ."

Stephen's response to Alicia is quite similar: "With Alicia I couldn't detach myself from the emotional aspects of lovemaking. That first night of lovemaking it was as though we'd 'coupled' through intercourse." If Stephen feels this way about one person, why does he need an impersonal kind of sexual outlet with a stranger? Stephen's attraction to Alicia is, I believe, unconsciously motivated by his persistent bitterness toward Patty. He is using Alicia as a "substitute Patty" in order to relieve his own damaged pride and to have revenge on Patty. He is riddled with guilt and has deceived himself into believing that he is in love with Alicia. It's the Patty situation all over again.

There is also a great deal of guilt inherent in Alicia's need for self-justification. She is trying to rid herself of a middle-class guilt by making specious, waffling statements: "I'm learning to flow with life. I'm not afraid to learn and take chances, such as not going to college and trying to achieve the so-called good life. Steve helped me to see beyond the false security of material goods, so that I could take a chance with my crafts and art."

Perhaps Alicia is too immature to realize that one must eat, have clothes, and maintain a roof over one's head. Only with passing time will she realize this, I'm afraid. In my view, Stephen has helped to corrupt Alicia by persuading her to give up "all these old-fashioned, romantic ideas about fidelity." And what tripe his sexual philosophy is: "To him sex was like having a good conversation with someone; you just don't limit yourself to one person. Why should sex be any different?"

Different from what? A good conversation does not involve the deepest of emotions; one cannot "couple" with a conversation. Stephen and Alicia have two alternatives. They can continue with their failed impersonal sex; if they do, the relationship will soon end. One can only hope that they will communicate with one another openly to thresh out a sexual philosophy that is mutually acceptable. ○

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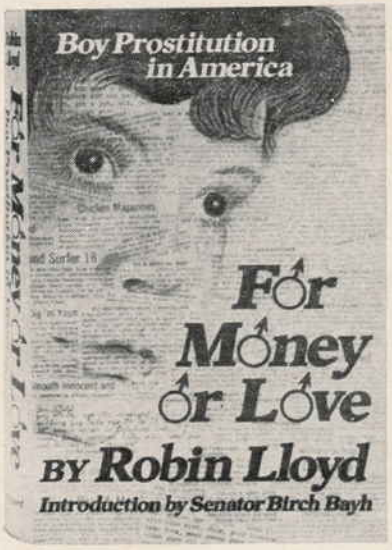

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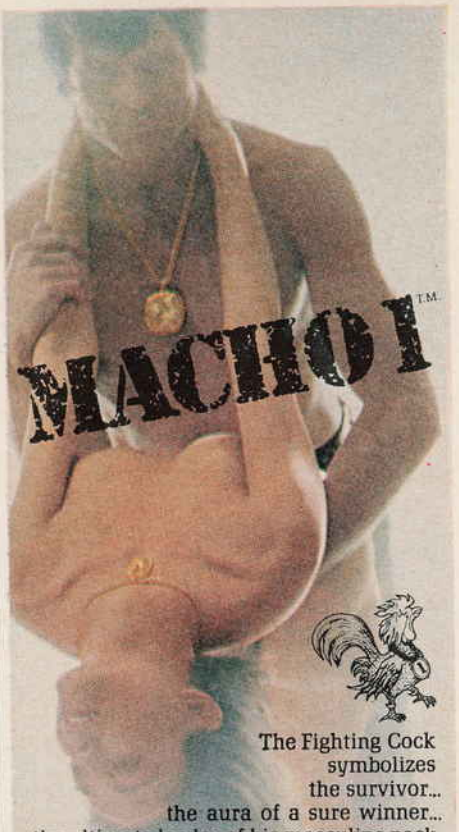

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Keeping perspiration from wetting you down.

BY ED EMMERLING

Perspiration can be so many things to so many people. Unlike our European brothers, Americans typically have a peculiar aversion to the scent of a sweaty body. Many of us may find it incredible that a person can sweat enough in a few hours to saturate the underarms of a suit jacket, the shirt beneath it, and the T-shirt under that. But it happens.

The human sweat glands work around the clock, secreting just enough perspiration so that the skin is kept lubricated and warm and toxins are eliminated from the body, and in the summer they work excessively during periods of high temperatures. Also, sweat glands work more during periods of great stress, such as anxiety about a date or fear of failing at a business meeting.

Fortunately, for most Americans perspiration is not a serious problem, since medicine and cosmetics give them something to fight it with. Basically, the two most obvious problems, excessive wetness and body odor, are concentrated under the arms. In combing the drugstore shelves, you'll discover many an antiperspirant spray (or stick deodorant) that is effective because it contains the active agents aluminum chloride or aluminum chlorohydrate. They alter the perspiration process by conditioning the cell membranes of the pores to reabsorb the perspiration before it reaches the skin. The result is that your underarms aren't wet. *Penthouse* finds that certain kinds of antiperspirants will help you achieve that objective. With stick deodorants becoming popular, basically alcoholic soap sticks containing a bacteriostat, **Old Spice** or **Mennen's Speed Stick** or lime- or musk-fragranced sticks by **English Leather**, will do the job. And so will **Pierre Cardin**'s own crisp citrus-and-patchouli fragrance in a stick (for designer-oriented tastes). Be sure to keep their caps tight against air as they may shrink down to the size of a pencil. For those who like to use talc as a dry freshener, **Gillette** has a new **Right Guard** deodorant that is a dry talc spray-on, and even **Arm & Hammer** sprays on dry with a natural unscented baking soda deodorant with corn starch to fight wetness. You can combat copious sweating by using some of the stronger antiperspirant products, such as **Mitchum** and the new **Manpower solid antiperspirant stick**, to name two, which have higher concentrations of the active aluminum compounds. It's safe to say that under normal conditions, the average man can expect between twelve and twenty-four hours of protection from any well-formulated spray or stick. If you use the antiperspirant in the morning and before going out in the evening, isn't that enough protection?

PRIVATE PARTS

Even though perspiration has no scent of its own, foul scents may emanate from the crotch and foot areas because of particular bacteria that decay the toxins and lubricants and are carried by the moisture there. We know that some will find the smell of sweat to be a sensual attraction for the opposite sex, but for those whose women care otherwise, there are crotch deodorants on the market, and two of them (by **Revlon**) are **Bill Blass's "Other" Spray** and **Braggi's Private Spray**. Because of the sensitivity of this area, deodorant formulations used here must be more gentle than those used elsewhere. To our knowledge, test results are not sufficient to warrant making concrete recommendations on the use and effectiveness of crotch deodorants at this time. Presumably, an initial degree of deodorant protection can be obtained. One sure way of keeping crotch odor down is by frequent washing and changing one's underwear daily. For the real jocks with an "itch," there's medicated **Cruex** spray powder. Foot perspiration can be kept dry with many a tried and true powder that is also antifungal, such as **Dr. Scholl, Mennen's Quinsana**, and medicated **Desenex**.

STAINS

One note about antiperspirants: they should not stain your clothes. Colored perspiration is a phenomenon, called chrome hydrosis, found in certain people because of drugs they take or some unusual aspect of their diets. In such cases the perspiration secreted isn't colorless and leaves a stain on the clothes.

ASTRINGENTS

Perspiration doesn't get along well with beards. Even though facial hair is going out as a fashionable look, many men look better with beards and mustaches. The discomfiting fact that a beard causes the face to overperspire in hot weather is hardly reason for cutting it off. Did Hemingway shave just because he moved to Cuba?

The excess perspiration causes the pores to enlarge and gives a grainy appearance to the face. Even the faces of hypertensive people who have little facial hair look overly wet. You can counteract this condition by using refrigerated astringents (especially in summer), and by rinsing with cool water periodically through the day, and, for more extreme cases, by applying facial masks several times a week. For an all-around household remedy, cold witch hazel will tighten those pores, but for some new scented ways, try **YSL's After-Shave Balm** or **Realm**, the new cologne fragrance in **Germaine Monteil's Soothing Tonic**—they will do the job and smell nice, too. For a quick fifteen-minute facial, try **Bill Blass's Peel-Off Mask** or a summer facial mask put out by **Tahitian Tan** products.

COOL DIETS

Thirsty when hot and perspiring? Well, go easy on ice-cold tea and coffee, cola drinks, and alcoholic drinks. They rob you of B vitamins, constrict blood vessels, and thus interfere with the body's power to release heat trapped inside so that you feel hotter. Besides, you won't tan as nicely, since

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it's vitamin B complex that produces the tanning pigment, called melanin, in your skin. So drink a lot of cool water; it has no side effects, and it's thirst-quenching. Iced tea rates next best, with beer and wine way down. Also, go easy on ice if you can; cool drinks are more cooling than ice-cold beverages and easier on the stomach.

This summer more protein is in order. Perspiration causes a loss of nitrogen, and extra protein will balance the metabolism. Cut down on carbohydrates but step up with cold hard-boiled eggs, cold sliced meats, and cheeses and fish. For lunch or dinner, make it Mediterranean: people there know about protein, minerals, and vitamins. From *A Year of Beauty and Health* by Beverly and Vidal Sassoon: a **Moroccan salad** consisting of slivers of cold roast lamb and chopped mint leaves (fresh) tossed into a salad bowl and mixed with vinaigrette dressing (one part lemon juice or vinegar to three parts olive oil, a pressed clove of garlic, sea salt and pepper to taste); a **Greek salad** with vinaigrette dressing, feta cheese, black Greek olives, and ripe, red tomatoes.

COOLING REFRESHERS

Reserve space in your refrigerator for summer skin coolers, such as lemon or other citrus fresheners, eye drops, cologne, and witch hazel; they're four times as refreshing on hot days.

TIPS ON COOL BATHING

To keep cool anytime during the day or at bedtime, soak in luke-warm water for fifteen minutes to half an hour; then walk slowly into the bedroom when wet and lie down. If you have an atomizer cologne like citrus-woodsy **YSL**, **Revlon**'s herbal-sweet **Chaz**, or **Faberge's Brut Spray**, and you're the kind of guy who likes his crotch to have a pleasing "designer's" smell, spray all over with your preferred scent and cool off. Kidding aside, this does work. Or for quicker results, you might want to apply either **Sports** or **Bracing Body Splashes**—both by **Aramis**—after a luke-warm shower. And speaking of colognes, there's a new one on the market that's not an atomizer yet—**Patrick**—which has a nice, light musk, summery scent.

A sudden thought: colognes all contain alcohol. If you apply cologne on the beach in direct sunlight, the chemical properties of the alcohol can cause excess sweat and rapid drying and blotching of the skin.

STRESS

If none of the treatments above have any effect on you, the reason may be that your difficulty is caused by anxiety and tension. This isn't a grooming problem. The remedy may be as simple as learning a deep-relaxation technique, such as TM, EST, or self-hypnosis—or going to church.

How does one draw the fine line between perspiring and having a perspirational problem? If people aren't averting their eyes from you, don't sweat it.

MOUTH PIECE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

Greg dropped his pants to his ankles. He wasn't wearing any shorts! (Remember the first time we went to school not wearing any panties and how excited we were all day!!?) I could just barely see him, and then I felt his full manhood against my lips. I really wanted to kiss him there, and I could just feel the tip of him on my tongue when he said, "No, not like that!" It was almost a hiss. I lifted my skirt and he entered me there, the way he really wanted to do it. It was the most incredible sensation. You know how they say . . . fireworks go off and a million colors burst before your eyes? That kind of thing. He told me he loved me, again and again, and asked me to be faithful, making me promise I wouldn't let anyone else do what he had just done to me. PROMISE.

And I did. Right there on the steps under the classroom where old Miss Pritchett used to tell us we'd never make good housewives because our minds weren't on poaching eggs and boiling hot dogs.

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

I never write anyone two letters in less than twenty-four hours, but I just have to—again—tell someone, only a *best* friend. And you know who that is!

Greg drove me to the college campus—the school that we were to attend together. The convertible top was down on the car, and our hair was blowing like crazy in the hot August wind. I'd just washed my hair with that wonderful new organic shampoo that smells like apricot, and I loved the way it felt in that breeze. It's a hassle having long hair, and I'd cut it if Greg ever got rid of that old convertible car. But it makes me feel so sensuous, and this morning I was feeling even more sensuous than I felt last night. I was eating this hot dog, lapping up the mustard—you know how I love mustard and hot dogs. I was practically sitting in Greg's lap, my face right next to his, and he began to repeat all the things he'd said to me that night before on the high-school steps . . . how he loved me, possessed me, how he was obsessed by me. God, he didn't have to *tell* me; I could feel it. He said he wanted to make love to me again.

Well, I wanted to make love to *him*. I had the same desire as last night, to take his organ in my mouth. . . . Again—after he had pulled the car over and parked next to some shrubbery—he stopped my caresses. He pushed me away from his lap and said, "No, not that—that's not making love." Then he slipped his pants off, and I saw him standing up straight and tall in the sunlight. Again, he wasn't wearing any shorts underneath, and his organ . . . Oh, Susan, it was like a strong soldier with a helmet! There, in the front seat of the convertible, I lifted my skirt and Greg entered

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me. I felt his face right up against mine, and when his sandy blond hair fell over his forehead I took a thick strand of it in my mouth, chewing it. I secretly wished it was another part of him I was tasting.

I bucked my hips, meeting his every stroke, and the fireworks exploded again. I had to hold onto the steering wheel to keep from falling out—I thought I was going to faint. My head was dizzy, and I felt absolutely crazy as his hard chest flattened mine. I kicked my feet into the air and wrapped them around his neck.

"You'll be faithful to me, Maggie, won't you?" He asked that while he was still inside me. "I know it's a lot to ask, but . . ."

"Oh, Greg . . ."

"Please!" he begged.

"Yes. I promise."

He left me off at the campus. There was hardly time for a good-bye since he had to be on a plane for New York to get the charter to East Africa that night. As I walked across campus to my assigned dorm, I wondered why all of this had happened. Why did I have to fall in love with an art major interested in African sculptures? And now, just after I'd finally lost my virginity, I was to be faithful to Greg. I had promised him—twice!

And as if that isn't enough, I just found out my dorm is coed. What a pisser! Now I ask you—what girl wants a bunch of guys to see her in curlers every morning and night? I miss Greg already. Why couldn't he be here?

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

I never thought I'd get through orientation! One entire week of upper-classmen treating you like children. One senior guy on my floor, a pre-med student, has been kidding me a lot about being a freshman, but I guess he's not a bad sort of person. I thought so at first, but he's a real whiz at math and has helped me a lot. Somehow I got put into honors courses (probably only because I did so well on my A.C.T. scores), and I don't think I'm all that smart.

Last night I was up all night long in the dorm lounge working on my trigonometry. I was boiling some hot dogs on my hot plate when Ben—that's his name, the pre-med senior—came in. He cut through those trig equations in no time at all. When he was finished, he said something about helping me with my cunnilingus. I thanked him but told him I wasn't taking chemistry until next year—the word was vaguely familiar to me. He laughed like crazy and said I really *had* to be a *freshman*. God, I hate that word, but I contained my anger. He's a brain, and I don't dare lose his help. The school curriculum is tough. So I said he could start teaching me cunnilingus—he carefully spelled it for me—so I would really be able to use it next year. First lesson is tomorrow night.

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

Oh, I don't believe what happened! I feel so guilty. And yet I feel excited. See, I went to Ben's room, and he lit some candles and a few sticks of incense, turned off the lights and put on a recording. It was something I'd never heard, a far cry from Paul McCartney. I wrote the name down because it was so beautiful. It's called *Trois Gymnopédies* by Erik Satie. You would like it a lot, I think. Anyhow, it was really a small room and the candle played wild tricks on the fishing net he'd hung on his ceiling. I fell back into this bean-bag chair he had on the floor and told him the incense reminded me of Midnight Mass. He fell on his knees, laughing.

I was still in the chair and he was still on his knees when he undid my jeans. It was like I was in some kind of trance. All I could do was watch Ben as he pushed my kneecaps away from each other, gently stroked my hair down there, and then ran his tongue all around my bellybutton and then lower, right down into me. . . . I started to say, "But we were going to do cunnilingus and . . ." And then it came to me that that's what we were doing. I suddenly remembered what the word meant! I felt so dumb, you know, how Mary Hartman sometimes feels, just so *dumb*.

Oh, Susan, his tongue vibrated inside me, and then he grabbed my rear and pulled my crotch forward so his face was buried between my lips. He started talking to me. "I love your pussy, I love your pussy lips." Things like that.

I blushed and felt pretty silly, what with my kneecaps up to my eyeballs, but for some reason I didn't feel like moving. Ben's head was somewhere between my legs when I felt something warm and thick and wet go up my rear. His fingers were in my crotch, but what about his tongue? And what about my promise to Greg? Was I being unfaithful to him?

I lowered my kneecap to check out Ben's crotch. Thank God he had his pants still on. No harm done, so I laid back and enjoyed his tongue. Ben kept *his* promise: he taught me cunnilingus, nothing more. I don't think it was cheating, do you? I mean, we didn't *do it*; we didn't make love . . .

Before I went back to my room for the evening, Ben said soon we could start on fellatio. I know I heard that word before, too, and this time I'm sure it isn't from any chemistry class!

Love,
Maggie

PS— I just looked up *fellatio* in the dictionary! Oh, God, Susan, what do I do?

Dear Susan,

I'm sorry I haven't written in a few days. I've been very depressed. Ben hasn't been around, and I'm beginning to think it was a one-night-and-that's-all. I guess maybe he thinks I'm cheap—maybe what the nuns used to tell us is true. I've been working on homework and I'm swamped with it—es-

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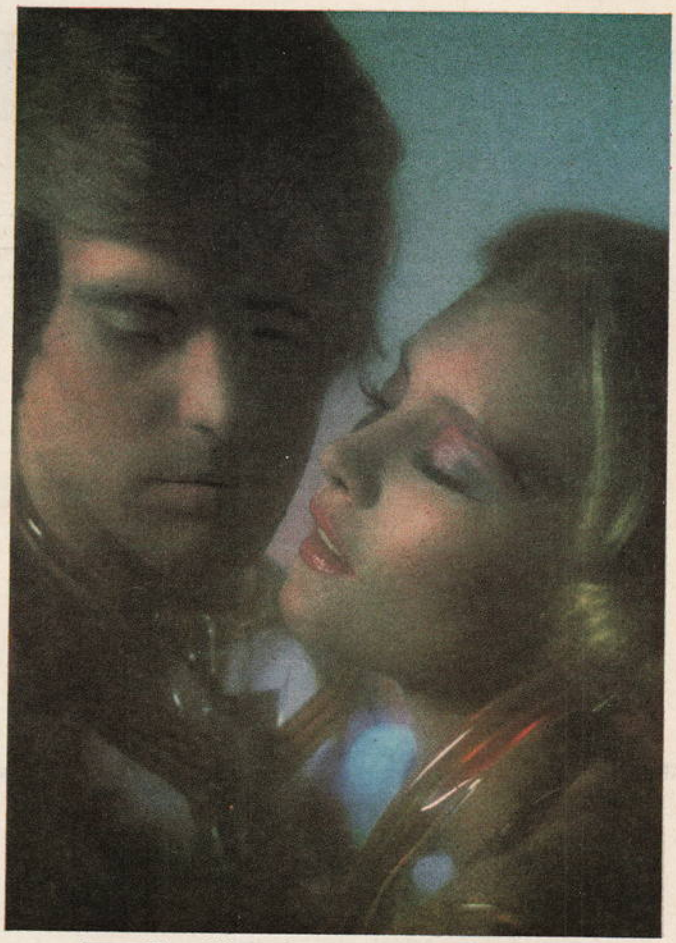

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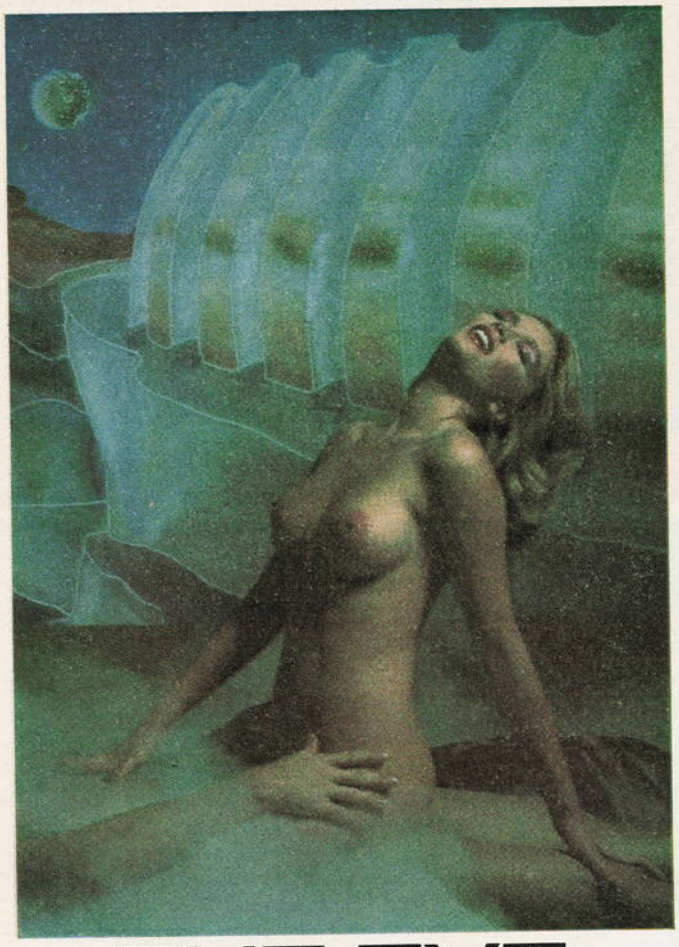

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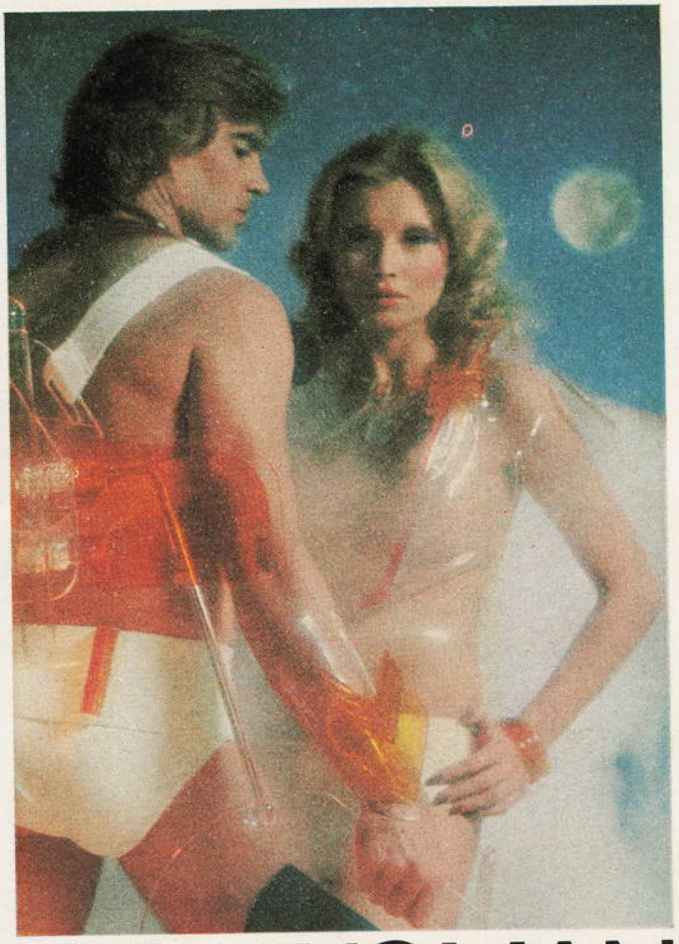

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pecially astrology. What a difficult class, and it sounded so romantic in the catalog!

Worse, I got a letter from Greg, and he told me how much he missed me and how proud he is of my making my promise to him. If he only knew how frustrated it makes me! I'm sitting here with all these books piled in front of me, eating hot dogs, looking at his picture and at the letter sweater and the scarf I knitted him, and feeling I shouldn't be at this school at all. I should be in Africa with Greg or home with mom and dad and maybe going to beauty school with you.

I miss you lots.

Love,
Maggie.

Dear Susan,

Last night after I wrote to you I was sitting at my desk in my room, crying. Ben came in without me even realizing. He asked what was wrong. I told him everything. He looked at the open astrology book and said, "Star trouble?" I nodded. He told me he would help, if I would help him. I wiped my eyes, gobbled my last hot dog, and asked how I could help him. He just looked down at me and unzipped his blue jeans. "Fellatio," he murmured.

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

OH, JESUS!!!! Susan, I don't believe it. For the past three nights Ben has been doing all my homework, and all I have to do for it is perform fellatio on him. I don't know what I like the most about it, having him finish my history papers or the taste of his big organ in my mouth.

He always does it the same way. He'll stand next to the desk after he's bent over to help me with an equation or something. I let my arm brush against his jeans and feel the bulge in the front. I never looked there on Greg before. I mean, I was never really that aware of a man's equipment in his pants. But with Ben you can't help but see it. It's big and so beautiful!

He wears white Jockey shorts, and when I open his jeans and pull them down, he likes me to suck him through the shorts until I make them all wet and gooey so I can see him right through the material. Then I finally pull them down with my teeth, and it springs out. It stands up and out from his body, and I think it looks so sexy. I said, "Oh, your penis is so beautiful!" And he said, "That's my cock. Say it: COCK." So I looked at it, and he was right—that was the word for it. "I love your *cock*," I said, and then put it in my mouth.

He sure isn't like Greg. Greg has something against letting me do that, but Ben loves it. It makes him go all mushy, and that's something to see because he's big and strong and a real jock. He steps out of his pants—out of one of the pants legs—and sits on my desk, right on top of my books, and spreads his legs and puts his feet in the drawers—I mean the drawers of the

desk! Then he rests his elbows on his knees and watches me for what seems like hours. He tells me to feel his balls (and he makes me call them his "balls" or his "nuts") and has taught me how to stroke his cock with my hands at the same time that I'm sucking on the tip.

And the explosion when he comes! Oh, it's just so incredible . . . I love the taste. The first time, I started to gag because I just didn't know so much was going to come out of him. Then it ran down my chin and all and ruined the trig paper he'd done for me, which made him a little upset (but he reworked it). So the next time he massaged my throat while he pumped his creamy liquid into me, and that caused me to involuntarily swallow and make it easy to gulp in all his nectar.

Now I do it all by myself. It's easier than eating hot dogs.

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

I'm depressed again. Ben is off with the team for three or four days at a time, and even when he's here he's too busy to do anything. But I also realize I'm *not* cheating on Greg because no one is entering my vagina—no one is entering any real female part of me! I just can't seem to get into that horrible astrology thing, and I'm sure not going to make the Dean's List unless I pass that lousy course. It's all I can do to handle all the other subjects without having to spend five hours a night on the Big Dipper or Milky Way. And the professor in that class is so serious about it. You'd think he created the damn stars himself. He's young, but he's a jerk.

I don't know what to do. I'm frustrated. I want to suck Ben some more. I go to bed and lie there sucking my thumb and I'm all curled up and I moan myself to sleep, saying, "Cock, Ben's beautiful big cock and balls, his big nuts, licking his cock and his nuts. . . ." I masturbate frantically. I think I'm cracking up. I can't wait for the finals and then Christmas vacation and seeing you so we can really talk to each other.

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

There are other Bens on this campus. I was in history, and this boy who sits next to me saw how embarrassed I was when the prof asked where my paper was and I lied and said I had forgotten it. After class this boy came up to me and said, "You really didn't do any paper, did you?" I told him that I had been feeling lousy and that each time I put something in the typewriter I just couldn't think of what to say. So he told me he'd be glad to write a paper for me, since history was his major and he was great at it. He asked if I could help him with his music appreciation. I smiled and told him the extent of my music knowledge was the radio, the Beatles, and someone named Satie. And then I said, "But I will suck your cock in return for doing my paper." At twenty years old, he nearly had a stroke. Then he cleared his throat and said, "That would be acceptable."

So, the whole time he typed my paper, I knelt between his legs and sucked on his long and thin cock. It was a wonderful way to survive the history course.

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

I'm still fighting this feeling of guilt. I guess I even surprised myself the other day when I told Ken I would be *happy* to suck his cock. Imagine me saying something like that! But it just came out, and I didn't mean it to be dirty or anything. It's just the way I know how to do a favor for a guy who helps me with my schoolwork. If I could bake pies or knit them gloves or something, I would. Oh, sure, I can boil hot dogs, and I used to knit all the time, but I just lost interest. Fellatio is so much more, well, sophisticated. It is so pleasurable and, for me, kind of fulfilling. And it doesn't take much time. Actually, there's a lot to be said for it. Maybe we should teach it in school. Miss Pritchett should hear me saying that. She'd die on the spot. But it is a good idea.

Love,
Maggie

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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OH, WICKED WANDA!
SADDLE-SORE AND GUIDELESS, OUR HEROINES WELCOME THE RESPITE OFFERED BY A HIMALAYAN RESTHOUSE NNNNNN
YOU HAVE JUST JOINED THE MILE HIGH CLUB!
DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO IN THE WORLD, IT'S ALL GETTING TO LOOK THE SAME?
NOW THERE'S A VIEW THAT SENDS THE MIND REELING!
IT'S DESCRIBED ON THE MAP AS THE TEAHOUSE OF THE GREAT.... FAKIR?
WITH OUR LUCK THAT'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN A SPELLING ERROR!
YEAH, IT'S FROM THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST. EVERY JAR CARRIES MY WRITTEN GUARANTEE!
NOW THERE'S A VIEW THAT SENDS THE MIND REELING!
SOUVENIR MOUNTAIN SNOW
COMING, DEAR!
CAN I INTEREST YOU IN THIS LITTLE ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY?
HARVEY! DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HORRIBLE MAN!
GUIDE BOOK
by FREDERIC MULLALLY
and RON EMBLETON
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, MYRTLE. YA GOTTA BE CAREFUL IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES! IT MAY BE SOME SORT OF LOCAL CUSTOM— AN' WE DON'T WANT TO OFFEND HIM!

H'M.... WELCOME TO THE HIMALAYAN-HILTON!
NO SIGN OF THE FLASHING FAKIR —BUT HE'S LEFT SOME TEA ON THE HOB!
BOOZE
INSERT COIN TO OPEN
INSERT COIN AND BLOW FOR ROOM SERVICE

HOT WATER INSERT COIN IN SLOT
TOWEL INSERT COIN IN SLOT
SOAP INSERT COIN IN SLOT
HERE, BOOFUL— A CUP OF TEA, JUST LIKE ME DEAR OULD OIRISH MOM USED TO MAKE!
TO EMPTY BATH INSERT COIN IN SLOT

YYEK!
MADE IN HONG KONG
UU-GH! IT IS ME DEAR OULD OIRISH MOM!

BATHED AND REFRESHED, OUR INTREPID ADVENTURERS STUDY THE MAP.....
LOW
THE WAY I SEE IT, PUSSCAKE, WE'RE ONLY A COUPLA HOURS RIDE FROM THE SECRET TEMPLE OF THE GLITTERING PHALLUS!
I'M SORE AS HELL GLAD TO HEAR THAT, BOO'FUL!
HOLD IT LIKE THAT, O BEAUTEOUS ONES!
I WANT TO TAKE PICTURES OF LOVELY LADIES SO I CAN BE RICH AND FAMOUS LIKE MR. ROBERT GUCCIONE!

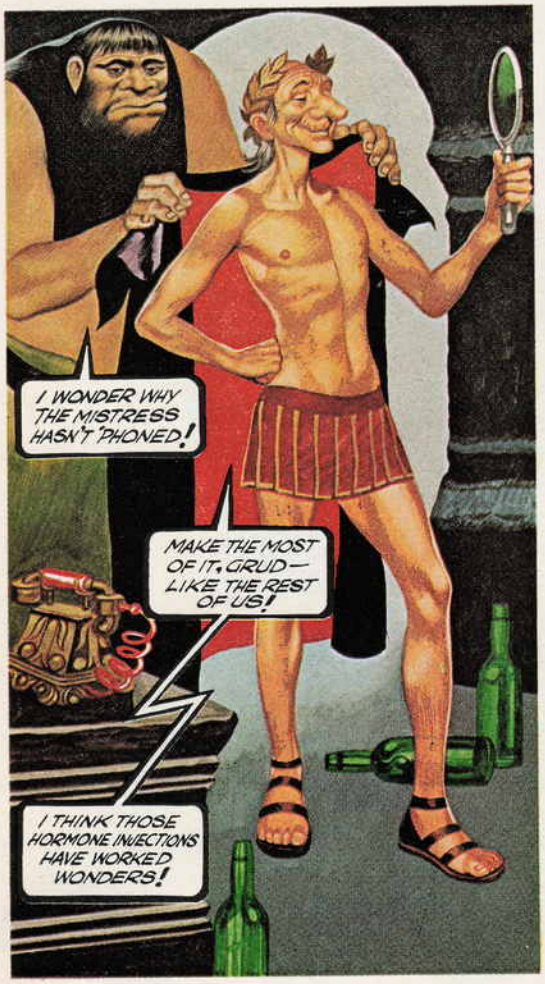
DON'T TELL US YOU'RE THE GREAT FAKIR?
THAT IS MY ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER. I AM JUST A LITTLE FAKIR!
WE'RE NOT GONNA QUARREL WITH THAT!
YOU ARE A LITTLE CREEP!
THE JOB OPPORTUNITY UP HERE FOR AN AMBITIOUS MAN IS ZERO! YOU HELP ME — I HELP YOU FIND SECRET TEMPLE!
THUD!
WHAT D'YOU SAY, PUSSCAKE?
I SAY—GIVE THE LITTLE FAKIR HIS FAKIN' PICTURES!
SKERUNCH!
HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR FAMILY ALBUM!
YOU REALIZE THAT I COULD GET 10,000 DOLLARS AN HOUR FOR THIS?
PHFUT!
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!
THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY OPPORTUNITY YOU'LL EVER HAVE!
AWAY WITH YOUR VILE HUMAN INSTINCTS!
DON'T LET YOUR WEAK MORTAL FLESH BETRAY YOU NOW!
THINK ONLY OF THE COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THIS MOMENT!
THINK BEAUTIFUL PURE THOUGHTS —LIKE DOLLARS!

LAST ONE — FOR THE BOYS IN THE DARK ROOM!
AND WHILE OUR HEROINES HELP AN ASPIRING PHOTOGRAPHER ON HIS WAY A SINISTER FIGURE IS MAKING OFF WITH THE MULES

AND WHAT OF THE REST OF THE WORLD? YOU MAY WELL ASK!
IN POLITICAL CIRCLES
ALTERNATIVE ENERGY SOURCES
U.K. PROPERTY PRICES
INCOME TAX DEMAND
U.S. GRAIN PRICES
WESTERN EXPLOITATION OF SOVIET DISSIDENTS
WHAT TO DO WITH A MILLION TONS OF USELESS CURRENCIES
PLIGHT OF THE UNEMPLOYED
POPULARITY POLL
RETIREMENT PENSION SCHEMES
AFTER SHAVE LOTIONS
PLIGHT OF THE EMPLOYED
ROAD CASUALTY FIGURES
HOW TO KEEP UP CAR PRODUCTION
MICRO WAVE TECHNIQUES
HOW TO SELL CONSUMER GOODS THAT NOBODY NEEDS
HAS IT EVER OCCURED TO YOU THAT MAN MIGHT BE SO INCREDIBLY STUPID THAT HE'LL NEVER GET IT ALL TOGETHER?

IN BANKING CIRCLES
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! EVERYTHING THAT VON KREESUS WOMAN DOES SENDS THE MONEY MARKET STARK RAVING MAD!
IN MY DAY THE DOLLAR WAS A DOLLAR!
BUT IT'S ONLY MONEY!
ISAAC SEIGN
ONLY MONEY! HAVE YOU GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND?
TEETERING FRANC
HURTLING LIRA
STAGGERING MARK
CRASHING POUND
FALLING YEN
SLIDING DOLLAR

AND AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS, THE ALWAYS PRECARIOUS DISCIPLINE OF THE PUSSFORCE DEGENERATES RAPIDLY WITHOUT THE STERN SUPERVISION OF ITS COMMANDER.....
HEY! WHO LEFT A CIGARETTE BURNING IN THE GUARD TOWER?
YOU GOT ONE! GREAT! THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH STAYING POWER!
YE GODS! THIS ONE'S A REAL CREEP!
THEY'RE GETTING FEW AND FAR BETWEEN AROUND HERE!
I WANT MY MOTHER!


I WONDER WHY THE MISTRESS HASN'T 'PHONED!
MAKE THE MOST OF IT, GRUD— LIKE THE REST OF US!
I THINK THOSE HORMONE INJECTIONS HAVE WORKED WONDERS!

I'LL GIVE HIM 10 SECONDS IN THERE!
KILL HIM!
ON MY RIGHT—HOMER SAPIENS, THE CHALLENGER! ON MY LEFT, REIGNING CHAMPION OF THE TIGER PLATOON—YOUR VERY OWN FAVOURITE—PRIVATE AMELIA AMPELTITT!

OOH, BLISS!
WHAP
OH, MY GAWD!
EXACTLY 8 SECONDS!
LOOK AT THAT EGO—AND SHE DYES HER HAIR!
CAN I COME UP TO YOUR ROOM AND HELP YOU PUT YOUR CURLERS IN?
HE'S SUCH A KINKY LITTLE GUY—NO MORAL FIBRE WHATSOEVER, BUT OVER THE YEARS I'VE GROWN QUITE FOND OF HIM!

KATMANDU! CANDYFLOSS WAKES EARLY
BOO'FUL! THAT LITTLE FAKIR HAS RUN OUT ON US! AND WHAT'S MORE— SOME FINK HAS RUN OFF WITH THE MULES!
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SPIT!
DON'T LOSE HEART, CANDYFLOSS DARLING

SOMEONE... SOMEWHERE OUT THERE... IS WATCHING OVER US!
BUT WHY? AND FOR WHAT ABOMINABLE PURPOSE? A SNOW JOB? A COUPLA HOT SPICY CURRIES? LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE? WANT TIBET ON IT?

AND NOT SO VERY FAR AWAY.... THE BEST LAID SCHEMES OF MICE AND MEN.....
BUT I'M TAKING THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS TO NEW YORK— I'M GONNA MAKE MY FORTUNE!
Take away
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MOUTH PIECE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189

Dear Susan,

I guess the word is getting out about me. Every day a guy comes up to me and asks, "Listen, so-and-so said you might need help with biology. . . ." I say, "But I'm not even taking biology." And then the guy blushes and says, "Well, how about preparing for the future. You never know when you'll have to take biology." Well, I'm not dumb. I know what they really want, but I'm not *that* easy. Anyway, I think of Greg often and still have some pangs of guilt. I love him so much, Susan. *So* much!

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

Ken came up to me this morning in the cafeteria, looked at the hot dog on my plate, and said, "I hear you've been doing half the school." What? He just laughed and winked and said, "Nothing like blowing your way through college."

Isn't that funny!

Love,
Maggie

Dear Susan,

I'm shitting in my pants—pardon the expression. Next week is finals, and I'm just about set on all of them but that GODDAMNED astrology! We have a three-hour test with all kinds of slides on the ceiling and all. It's going to be a bitch.

Anyhow, things are wonderful. I'm not feeling guilty about Greg, though I do miss him and do miss being his girl. I want to be made love to so bad, the real way, but my mouth will have to do for another six months. And it's been doing well.

The other night one of the guys in my dorm brought his younger brother in—he's just in high school—and asked if he could watch while I gave his brother his first blow job. I really couldn't say no, because Jake has done all kinds of favors for me—he even stood guard once when I was giving head (that's what Ken calls it now) and the dean of women was prowling around the dorm. The brother was trembling, and I was pleasantly surprised to find out his cock was bigger than Jake's, which I don't think Jake was all that happy about. Oh, men and their egos! Anyhow, the kid just went wild and came three times, and then I sucked Jake off along with him—at the same time. I pulled on their balls together with my hands and tickled into their ass holes, and they filled my mouth with come (or "cum," which is how Jake says it's spelled) and I thought my lips would never come back together. I don't need lipstick for weeks because they're so red!

Wish me luck next week. See you soon! (Shall I teach you fellatio with that Jimmy you've been telling me you're in love with?)

Love,
Maggie

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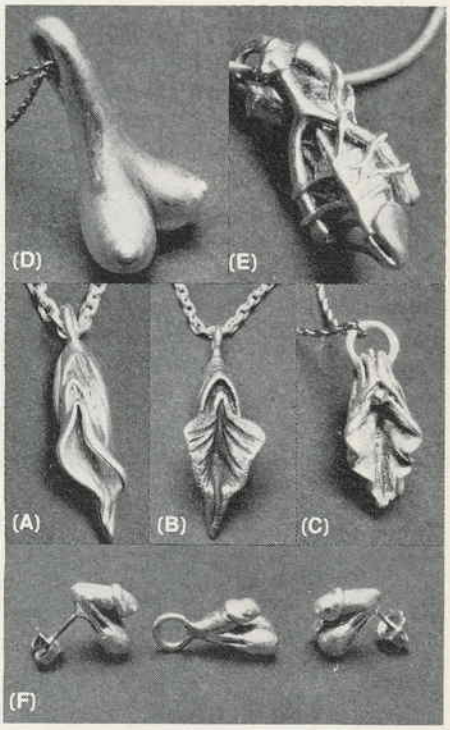

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Dear Susan,

This is going to be a long letter—my last before coming home—because I can't wait to tell you everything that happened during that incredible astrology exam. Did I ever tell you there was only one other girl in the class besides me? Well, she wasn't there the day of the test. I think she chickened out, which, in fact, I had been considering doing. Good thing I didn't!

Anyhow, I started in on it, and the test was terrible, worse than I could ever have imagined. The boy who sat on my right muttered, "This is shit, just pure shit," when he saw the questions. Our lovely professor told him to keep his mouth shut, or he'd flunk him just like that.

Well, half the time was spent doing the written test, and half doing the lousy light-show thing and then making comments on that. We had a break after the first part, and we had to turn our papers in. Then we got them back for the light-show part to give answers on that.

During the break I really felt desperate, because I had been able to answer only about twelve of the fifty questions. I went up to the kid who had called the test "shit" and told him I badly needed help. He didn't seem to like the idea of cheating. Then I really took a chance: "But I'll suck your cock during the light-show if you let me copy your paper."

He just stared at me and finally nodded, but with a grin as though I'd been putting him on. When we got back into the lab, the prof turned out the lights and started the projector and we had to make marks on the paper as he asked us questions about the stars and stuff we were looking at. I reached over and pressed my hand between the legs of the boy I'd talked to. He gasped. I unzipped his pants. It was dark, no one would see. I reached in and pulled out his nice cock and held it in my one hand. It grew. He held his breath, then reached out and took my paper and put it next to his. After the prof read us a question about the Little Dipper, my helpmate made a check mark on my paper. And that's when I dropped my head into his lap.

I sucked and sucked on him, fast and hard, trying to bring him off as fast as I could. His cock hit the back of my throat, and I massaged his balls through his corduroy pants to help excite him. I heard the prof getting off on his stars, and when he said, "Now, that is a photo of Jupiter's sun exploding, true or false?" I felt the kid's wonderful cock exploding!

But when I sat up, he seemed to collapse on the desk. Hell, he wasn't good for any more answers. He was in a coma. So I noticed the guy behind us was sitting there with his dick already out in the open—the indoor starlight reflected off it. He was beating off, watching us, and now he was offering me his cock. I grabbed my paper and went to my knees without a sound as the prof spouted on and on about Jupiter. I handed my paper up to the hunky boy and said, in a whisper, "Do the questions I

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missed on the first side, and I'll do you."

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Suddenly, my mind was no longer on astrology but on the stars that came with sex. Everyone in the room but the dumb prof was into what was happening now, and I looked around and saw cocks, cocks, and more cocks. I think all twelve guys had theirs out, hard and throbbing. Again I noticed that one of them had his jeans all the way down to his ankles and was playing with himself. The sight of it gave me goosebumps on the back of my neck. I crawled to him on my hands and knees, with my test paper in my mouth. I grabbed his cock and started stroking it. Again I had that desire to be pacified by a hard cock. I put it in my mouth and started sucking. I heard the boy sitting next to him come, shaking in his seat. Luckily, the noise from the projector and the prof's boring talking drowned out any musical licking and humming sounds I was making.

My pussy was dripping, so I pulled my panties off and tossed them into the air and a boy grabbed them and pressed his face into them. I felt reckless, absolutely free! I moved to the next desk and whispered, "I'll do you if you tell me what to write in the summation . . ." As I put his slender but fat-veined cock in my mouth, he started to whisper. " . . . the gases around some planets . . . oh, God, I'm gonna come . . . and the Milky Way spins at a speed of . . . oh, oh, Jesus!" Suddenly, he yanked his cock out of my mouth and lifted my blouse with one hand and shoved my body against his throbbing penis. He shot off pounds of come between my breasts just as the prof asked some question about shooting stars. Susan, I was damn well *seeing* shooting stars!

Then the guy next to *him* grabbed my paper, said something was wrong, and corrected an answer. I had his cock in my mouth in no time. It was different, huge, thick. I sucked it and then put his balls completely in my mouth. He started jerking off. Before I knew it I had reached out and grabbed another's big cock. I continued sucking on the balls in my mouth, and I knew he was going to come. He mumbled, "Take me . . ." And I engulfed his cock just as it started to erupt. Then the boy next to him shot off all over a globe near the wall and let out a sound that shook the room.

And then silence. Lights. The prof standing facing the tables, incredulous, wordless, squinting. He dropped his notebook to the floor. In front of him were twelve boys, all in a state of semi-undress, some holding their cocks in their hands, some lying in their chairs with semen on their legs and looking as though they'd just ex-

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THE SNOOP BUSINESS

If you've ever applied for insurance—and who hasn't?—quite a few details about your private life may be moldering in some file cabinet or stored in some computer's memory banks. Insurance companies are, by nature and by design, the nosiest businesses in the world. Over the years they have built up an elaborate system of spies, replete with private investigators and detailed dossiers on all applicants. Peter Weaver, a consumer-affairs expert, explains how these companies invade your privacy and what you might do about this disturbing practice.

I AM AN EST DROPOUT

Valerie Harper, star of TV's "Rhoda," has said that Werner Erhard changed her life. John Denver dedicated a record "To all the folks at EST." Who is Erhard, and how has he managed to instill such reverence in so many people? What is the method and the discipline that has influenced the lives of tens of thousands of Americans? G. H. Krispien determined to find out . . . and that is precisely what he did. In this funny and eye-opening account, which is based on firsthand experience, he tells us just what it's like to go through "Basic Training" at EST.

WATERGATE ON THE WABASH

In a now all-too-familiar scenario, three men dressed as telephone repairmen broke into the offices of U.S. Sen. Vance Hartke on an August night in 1970. This break-in was only the beginning of a five-year campaign of burglary, bugging, wiretapping, and political warfare in the Midwest. Nevertheless, the operation was not just a local affair. As investigative reporter George O'Toole discloses, the spying program has been linked to the highest levels of the FBI, the Justice Department, and the Veterans Administration. The program was carried out during the terms of office of both Nixon and Ford. O'Toole raises a number of perplexing questions and offers jolting answers. His report makes it crystal clear that Watergate wasn't a fluke of the system but a fact of life in political America.

MARGO ST. JAMES, THE HOOKER'S HELPER

Fifteen years ago Margo St. James was wrongly convicted of prostitution. She immediately set out to reverse the conviction and to have the judge in her case removed from the bench. It took her ten years to achieve these objectives. In the meantime, as a convicted whore, she was unable to get a job. She had no choice but to become a prostitute, and she forced herself to "enjoy" her occupation. But she never forgave the legal system and became determined to do something about the merciless exploitation of prostitutes. Today the organization she founded—COYOTE—has thousands of members and considerable political power. In this exclusive interview St. James discusses the goals and methods of the Hooker's Union and reveals herself to be not only plucky but also perceptive.

COUNTRY PORN

Is it possible to wed hardcore porno lyrics to country music? Chinga Chavin, star of the outrageous new recording group Country Porn, thinks the idea just might sell. The king of western smut, he's just the man to put the cunt back into country. Will Nashville ever be the same? Chinga Chavin hopes not.

PLUS

A profile of three top designers of men's fashions and their new fall lines . . . the past, present, and future of American wines . . . putting the new Porsche 124 through its paces . . . fiction by Andre Dubus and Ben Schwartz . . . Xaviera on love and lust . . . Wicked Wanda . . . and four fabulous Penthouse Pets!

pired, some on the brink of orgasm. And one girl. One girl with a cock in her mouth and her other hand over on another boy's balls. One girl whose test paper was not only on the wrong desk, but scribbled on in God knows how many handwritings and covered with droplets of cum.

The young professor turned his back to the room. I got up and all the guys buckled up fast, their faces red, embarrassed, still excited, worried. We were *all* worried. But what do you do, expel the whole class? And who would believe such a story? You know what I mean?

One thing I was sure of: *I* would be expelled. Or at least thrown out of that class and flunked and reprimanded by the dean of women. I even wondered if I could be sent to jail or something.

I sat down in my seat and brushed my hair back and thought of Greg and what he would think of me. I felt tears running down my cheeks.

The prof turned around, red-faced. He asked for our test papers, acting as if nothing had happened. He could hardly look any of the guys in the eye. They all handed in their papers. Then he asked for mine. I meekly held the wet paper up to him. And you know what, Susan? He was about ready to tear it up when I noticed this really big bulge in *his* pants.

Funny, I'd never really thought him an attractive guy before, but all of a sudden I had this incredible urge to do him. I didn't care that everyone was watching us. I just got up, fell to my knees in front of him, and opened his fly. I heard him clear his throat and tell one of the boys to lock the door, and all I remember after that was the pleasure I had in sucking his wonderfully masculine cock.

Susan, I honestly don't think any experience in my life compares with that class today. I'd give anything in the whole world to do my thing day after day because it felt *soooooooo* good!

Love,
Maggie

PS—Guess what: I got an A in that astronomy class! I thought it was astrology! I couldn't believe it. And all that time I was thinking the prof was a jerk. He's a swell guy. He really is.

Dear Susan,

I'll be arriving at noon as planned. Let's just go have coffee and talk over old times. I don't want to go home right away. And promise me one thing—since I have to remain unfailingly faithful to Greg until next summer, and since I'm a very normal girl with normal desires (meaning I'm horny, hee hee!). You *have* to promise to find some boys for me who want to be serviced. It'll be a cold Christmas unless I have something warm to suck on!

Love,
Maggie

PS—I've given up on hot dogs.

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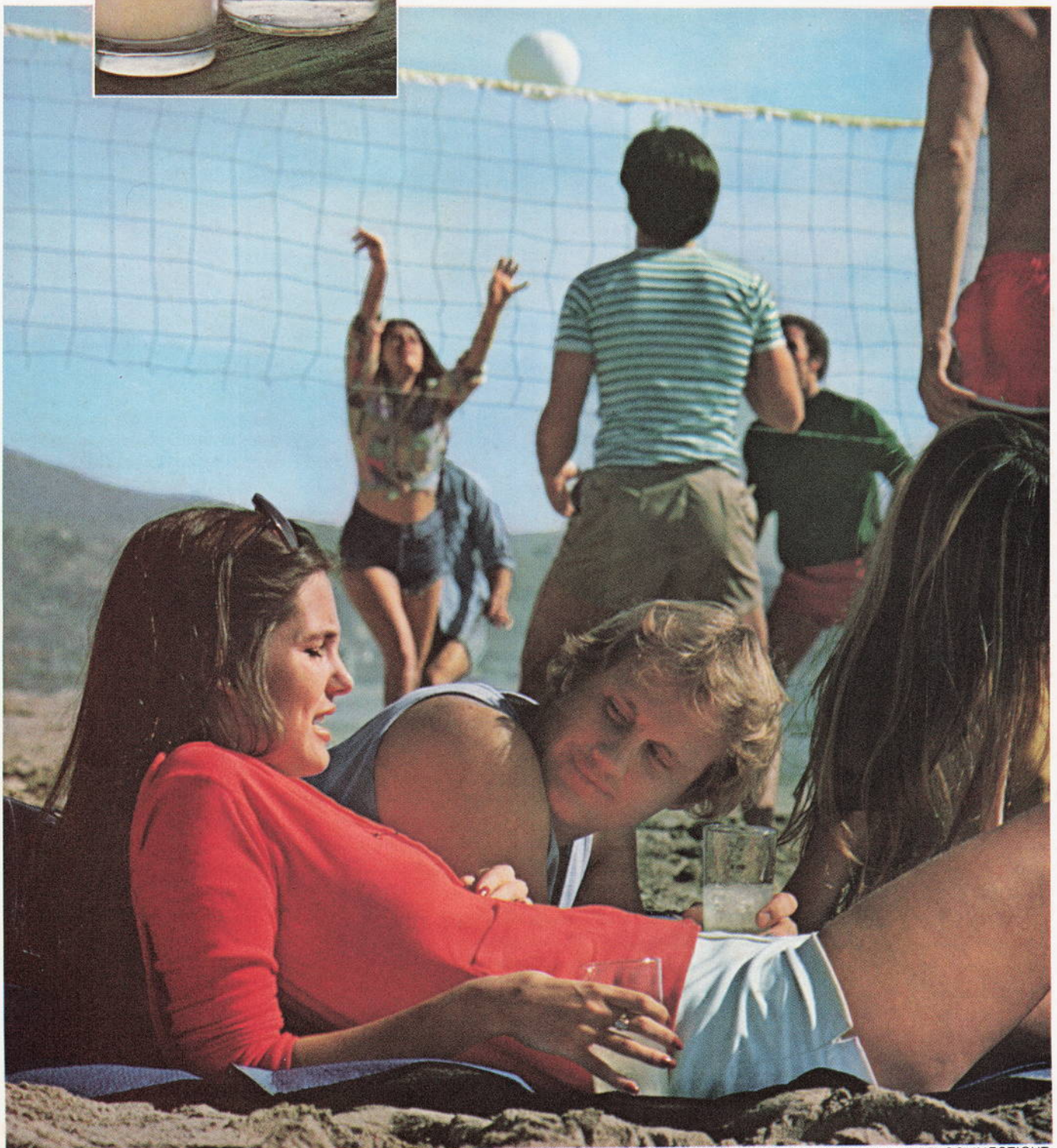

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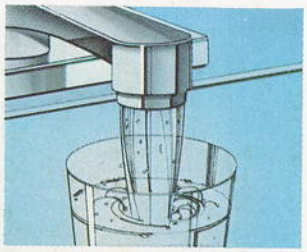

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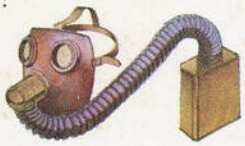

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